Collier's
TEN CENTS
JANUARY 13, 1945
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AMERICA'S GREATEST NAVAL BATTLE

A COMPLETE REPORT ON HOW WE LICKED T

Quentin Reynolds • George E. Jones • Frank D. Morris •

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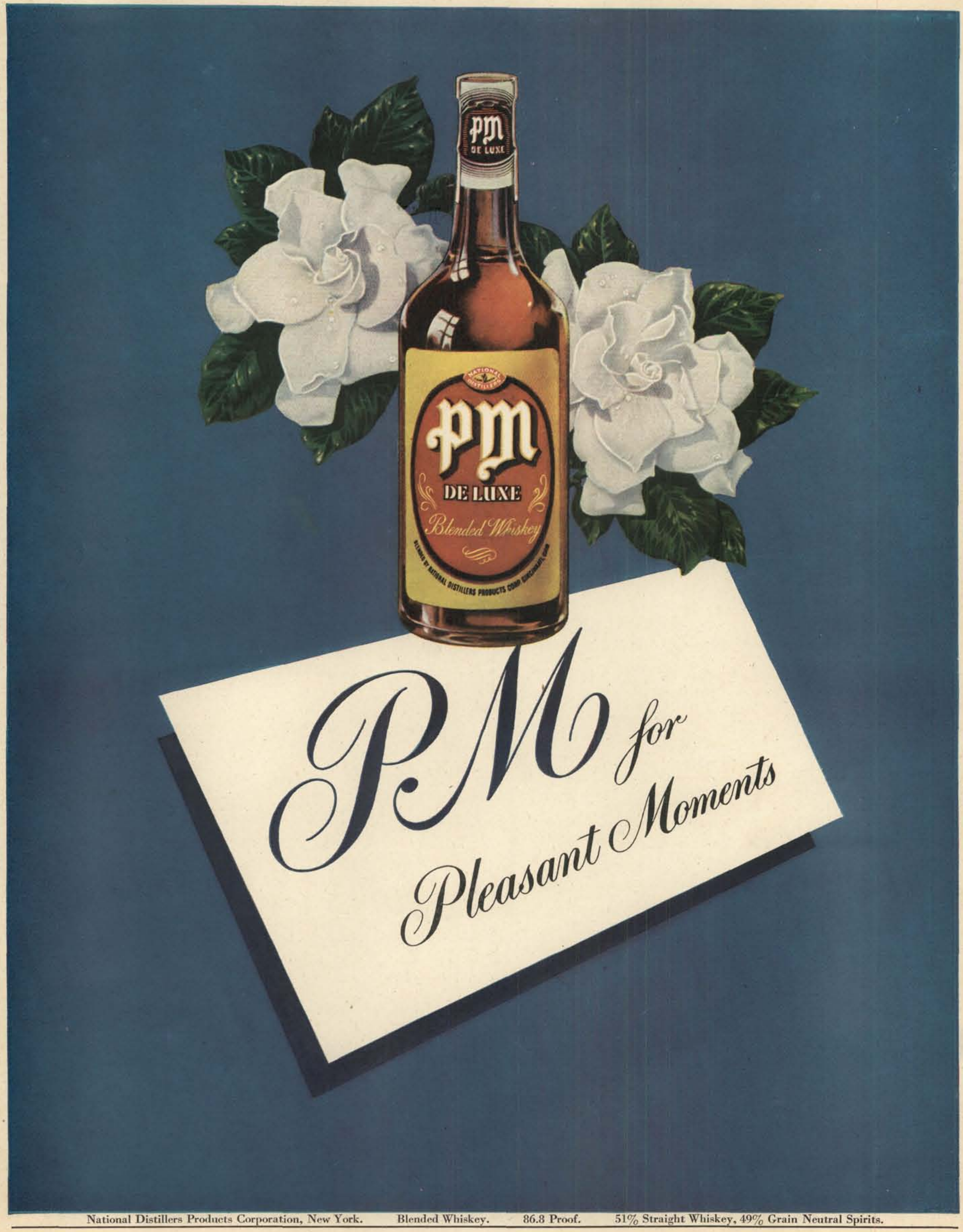
Jan. 13, 1945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DE LUXE
Blended Whiskey
PM for Pleasant Moments

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.

After that kiss —

look out for a COLD and SORE THROAT!

gargle Listerine Antiseptic—*Quick!*

Literally millions of colds and sore throats due to colds are transmitted by direct contact such as a kiss or a hand-shake. Millions more are transmitted by eating from utensils loaded with germs. Still other millions travel through the air by way of a cough or a sneeze, and still other millions develop as a result of lowered body resistance which often allows germs to get the upper hand.

If you've been thus exposed, better gargle right away with Listerine Antiseptic . . . attack the germs associated with colds and their sore throats before they attack you.

The prompt and frequent use of Listerine Antiseptic may help you to head off a cold entirely or reduce its severity once the cold has started.

Fewer Colds In Tests

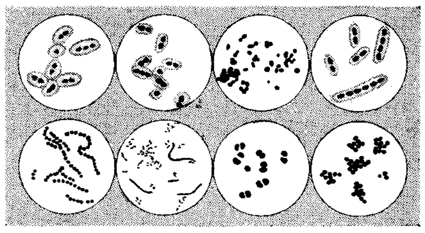
Listerine, you see, reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders" that so many nose and throat specialists say are responsible for some of a cold's most distressing symptoms.

You can see how important it is to guard against a "mass invasion" of the tissue by these ugly customers. (See panel at right.)

Listerine's quick germ-killing action, we believe, explains its impressive record against colds as shown by tests conducted over a period of 12 years.

Regular twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users in these tests had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. Moreover, their colds, when they did develop, were generally milder in character and of shorter duration.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on it is just plain common sense to start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic. Meanwhile, get all the rest you can and eat lightly. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

The "Secondary Invaders"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

Note How Listerine Reduced Germs

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

How to take a beachhead and hold it!

There are still beachheads to be won before final Victory is ours . . . and when our boys swarm ashore, chances are their first communications network is made up of those mighty little Motorola "Handie Talkies." Imagine it! Complete two-way radiotelephone service in a unit no larger than a cracker box . . . full weight less than six pounds.

After the war there will be *quieter* and *lovelier* beachheads to take and hold . . . on the shores of a tree-lined lake in Wisconsin or Missouri . . . on the friendly sands of California or Long Island. In this "operation" there will be GI's returned to their wives or sweethearts . . . with entertainment furnished by a Motorola Radio as famous as the "Handie Talkie," another exclusive Motorola Radio FIRST!

Pictured is the Motorola Playmate . . . the battery-operated portable that brings in more stations, with greater volume, rich, beautiful tone. It will be an important part of the first Motorola presentation of Post-War Radios.

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Collier's
FOR JANUARY 13, 1945

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this week

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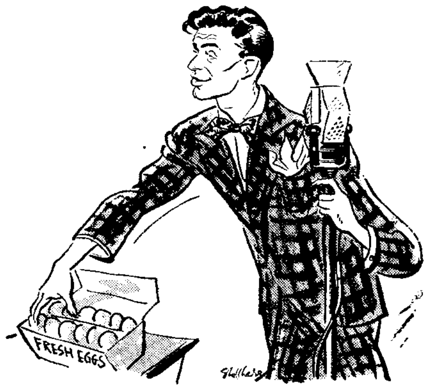
COVER *LAWSON WOOD*

any week

COMPLETELY misinterpreting our recent editorial on the subject, Miss Eunice Glowsome writes, "from Salamanca, New York, en route to Painted Post," that this is a free country and that people have a constitutional right to throw eggs at Frank Sinatra. "Especially," storms Miss Glowsome, "a serviceman on furlough. Things," she goes on, "have come to a pretty pass when we try to deny our fighting men innocent pleasures to take their minds off the horrors of war. Mr. Sinatra has the right to take eggs on the stage with him and throw back at the audience. This is a free country for him, too, I guess."



FROM a lady in Milwaukee with pen poised: "I have half a mind to write a story about some neighbors of mine. They are such a menace with five children that a body don't dare hang the clothes out to dry. How much will you pay for it and how much of it do you want me to write?"

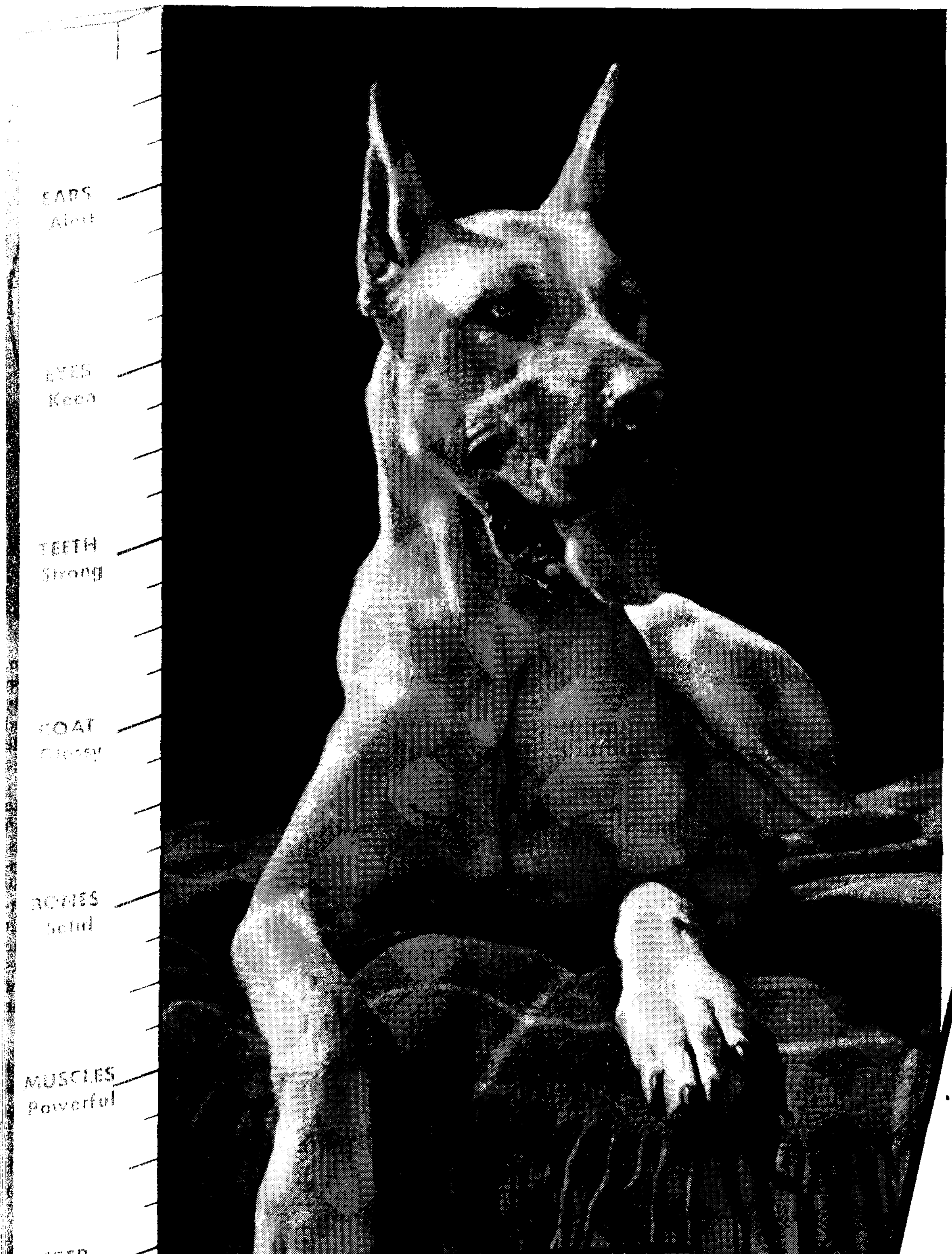
AGITATION for the abolishment of the State Department is growing. A Georgetown mother overheard her eight-year-old son say to the kid from next door: "Okay. I'll be General Eisenhower for a while, and you can put a flower in your buttonhole and be the State Department and ignore me." Furthermore, M. Ernest Calder of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, reports that a new employee of the State Department, when asked what he did there, said, "Oh, I sharpen the quill pens and keep the desks of the big shots supplied with the sand they use instead of blotters." Nevertheless, there are telephones in the State Department. We found out by calling them up. We asked whether we might be connected with the Latin America Division. And the lady on the other end said, "Certainly not," and hung up.

WE'VE got to the stage where we believe anything. Anyway, we've just been told that a lady in Springfield, Massachusetts, was called up by another lady who asked her whether she had any old clothes to be sent to London for governments-in-exile.

(*Continued on page 29*)

Vol. 115, No. 2. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1945, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y., 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice-President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice-President; William P. Larkin, Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Vice-President; A. H. Motley, Vice-President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice-President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Every Inch a Pure-Bred



and Every Inch of him completely nourished by GAINES!

● Whether you own a champion, or any other lovable dog, today you can feed the complete meal that nourishes *every inch* of him . . . to keep him looking and feeling the way dogs *should* look and feel. There's a heaping portion of *meat meal* in it—the meat meal dogs all love. There are cereals, vegetables, milk nutrients, minerals, and vitamins . . . every type of nourishment that dogs are known to need!

This is the dog food—GAINES DOG MEAL—that for over 15 years has been the trusted stand-by of big kennels whose *business* is dogs—of prize-dog breeders whose *hobby* is dogs—and of veterinarians whose whole lifetime is spent in keeping dogs happy and well.

So ask your dealer for GAINES DOG MEAL. It's the meal that supplies complete nourishment—a meal that dogs just love—a meal surprisingly cheap to feed—prepared in less than a minute. The largest-selling dog food in all America!

How EVERY INCH of your dog is nourished by Gaines!

Expressed in terms of everyday foods, here are the equivalent food values your dog receives in EVERY POUND of this balanced meal:

The body and strength-building *proteins* in 1½ lbs. fresh raw beef

The energy-producing *carbohydrates* in 2 qts. cooked oatmeal

For sleek appearance and glossy coat—the *fats* in 1 oz. butter

For strong bones and teeth—the *minerals* in 1¾ lbs. cheese

For red-blooded vitality—the *iron* in ¾ lb. beef liver

VITAMINS: The *vitamin A* in 5 eggs; the *thiamin* (B_1) in 1 lb. whole-wheat bread; the *riboflavin* (B_2) in 1 qt. milk; the *niacin* in ½ lb. fresh mackerel . . . and all other members of the B-complex which normally accompany thiamin, riboflavin and niacin.

FOR ALL DOGS

GAINES

JUST ADD WATER—AND FEED
Keep 'em fed right
GAINES
MEAL
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In 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb., 25-lb. and 50-lb. bags

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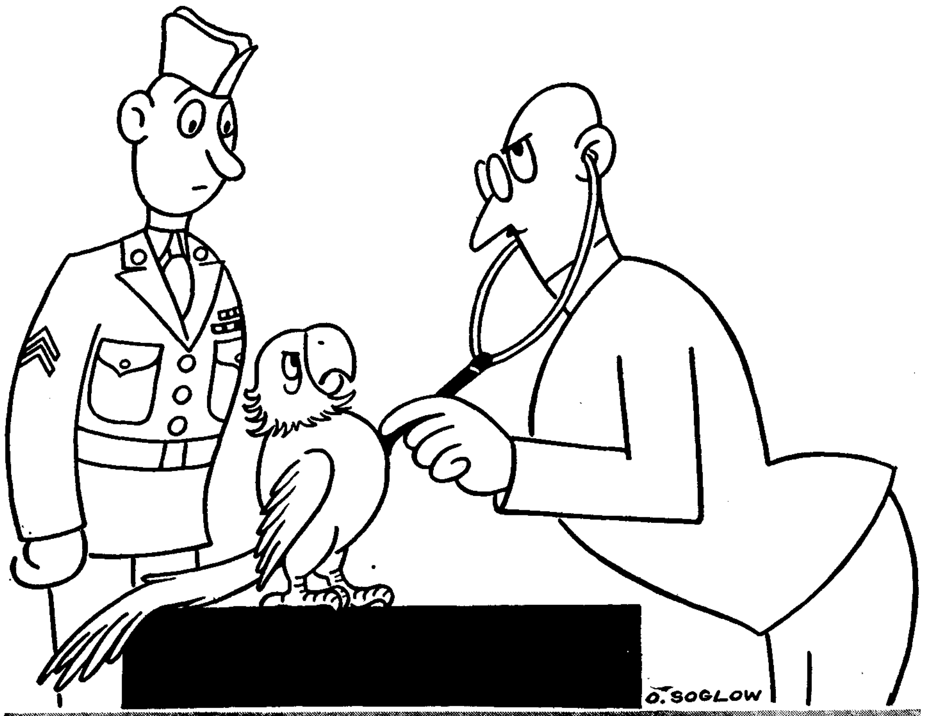

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Many obstacles face U.S. soldiers abroad who wish to bring home a pet. Some animals, such as the Koala of Australia, cannot be exported; many others, among them the European hare and various members of the parrot family, are not admitted to this country; while others would die here from lack of their native food. Further, no animal may enter an American port without a formal permit and a thorough examination for infectious diseases.

Aphids, or plant lice, have a remarkable method of reproduction. Of the eight generations produced yearly between May and October, the first seven consist entirely of females which bring forth their young alive and without the intervention of the male. The last one, owing to the cooler weather, contains males and egg-laying females which remain dormant until spring when they hatch and start the next reproductive cycle.

When a family living in the mountains of Albania loses its last man in a blood feud, the eldest single daughter must renounce marriage, don trousers and become the head of the house, carrying on the vendetta and living as a man the rest of her life.

University City in Paris, a unique housing development completed in 1939, consists of nearly 30 large dormitories which were built and are operated by foundations in some 20 countries, so that students from these lands may live together in a familiar atmosphere while attending college there. The Maison Internationale, or main building open to all, has a library, gymnasium, pool, theater, restaurant, ballroom, post office and even a bank.

In Russia, Saint Nicholas is called "Grandpapa Frost." . . . The statue of Sleeping Ariadne in the Vatican is believed to be the world's only marble figure with eyelashes. . . . Of the estimated 85,000 U.S. war plants, only 3,400 have won the Army-Navy "E" award since its creation in July, 1942. . . . There are more than 100 interracial committees now attempting to prevent conflict and develop a better mutual understanding between the whites and the Negroes of the United States.

The U.S. Army's 100th Infantry Battalion, which is composed of 1,300 Hawaiian-born Japanese, has been awarded so far nearly 1,100 unit and individual decorations and citations, including at least 1,000 Purple Hearts.

One of the largest and most unusual private libraries on record was discovered in 1897 in Krasnoyarsk, Siberia. Its 80,000 volumes, covering the cultural and physical development of the Russias, had been collected by Gennadius Yudin, who was not a man of letters or wealth, but only a merchant in that small town. Purchased from Yudin by the Library of Congress in 1907, these books have since constituted the greater part of this library's Russian collection, which is the largest outside of the Soviet Union.

Louisiana is the only one of the 36 states allowing local option that has suspended this right to prevent prohibitionists from drying up any more communities while its servicemen are overseas and cannot vote. The suspension became effective last May and will remain in force until one year after victory over both Germany and Japan.

General types of vessels, such as PT boats, destroyers and submarines, set up their own distinctive wave and wake patterns as they move through the water at various speeds. Consequently, a patrolling airman, who knows these different turbulences, is often able, through them, to identify a ship by type from a considerable height.—*By Edward Wiedebush, Jersey City, N. J.*

Asiatic cholera develops faster than any other infectious disease, many people having died of it within 60 minutes after becoming ill. . . . The government of Argentina is recognized today by only four of the 21 other countries in the Western Hemisphere—Bolivia, Chile, Ecuador and Paraguay.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Sunday night (at 10:30 E.W.T., 9:30 C.W.T., 8:30 M.W.T., 7:30 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network

Armchair General

Club Car Colonel

Main Street Major

Coffee-Pot Captain

What's your rank?

Somehow the generals and admirals of the United Nations' Supreme Command figure they can struggle along without the sage counsel and advice of our home-town strategists. But there's no harm in us civilians sounding off occasionally on the theme of "Here's what I would do if I were running the war" . . . especially if you are a full-fledged and duly qualified home-front "officer."

Here's a simple test to determine your rank. If you can get all four of the following questions right, consider yourself an "armchair general." Three right and you may confer upon yourself the eagles of a "club car colonel." Two right and you get the oak leaves of a "Main Street major." One right, you're a "coffee-pot captain." And if you don't know any of the answers—well, even Napoleon made mistakes, didn't he?

Questions

1. Which of these bombers would you order to bomb an objective 1400 miles away?

- —B26 Marauder
- —B25 Mitchell
- —B29 Boeing

2. How much gasoline would you need to move an armored division five miles?

- —1750 gallons
- —2500 gallons
- —4500 gallons

3. Your troops have captured 10,000 gallons of the best Japanese aviation gasoline. Would you authorize the use of this gasoline in American planes?

☐ Yes
☐ No

4. Why did government war agencies cut the production of Ethyl gasoline for *civilians?*

- —To make cars "knock" so people will know there's a war on.
- —To meet urgent military needs.
- —To discourage people from making long automobile trips.

The Answers, Sir!

1. Only the Boeing Superfort B29 could carry enough gasoline to bomb such a *long range* objective. The other two ships are highly effective medium bombers used for *short range* operations.

2. 4500 gallons (of high quality gasoline.)

3. Not if you could possibly help it. The best Japanese aviation gasoline is only 91-octane. American combat planes are designed for the 100-octane or better gasoline produced here.

4. To meet urgent military needs. Not until the Army and Navy say it's safe to cut back on military production can government agencies lift restrictions on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use.

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Chrysler Building, New York City

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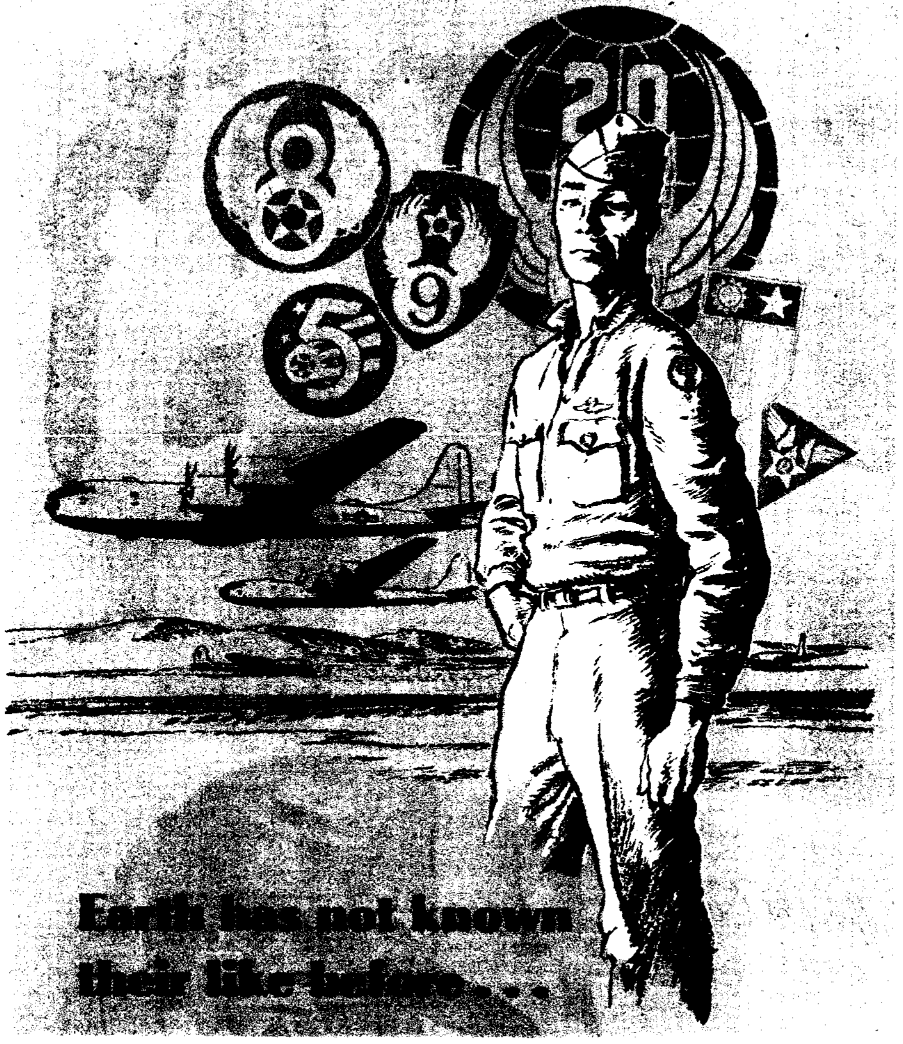
Earth has not known their like before . . .

From the Eighth, the Ninth, the Fifth . . . the Twelfth, Fifteenth, and other veteran AAF . . . they have been drawn to staff the Twentieth—only Air Force of global commands.

Operations wise, combat crafty, trial tested by English winters, sub patrols, Pacific distances, desert drought, tropic jungle . . . these men are well schooled in strategy and surprise, tactics, individual action. Stranger still—each is the cherished child of Luck who has surpassed the grim statistics of his trade, survived all dangers hostile skies can show.

Now in the great new gleaming bombers, these sons of Fortune can bring home to Nippon a boxcar load of bombs . . . and say with Scriptural certainty, that the Lord hath delivered their enemy into their hands!

In all the legends of fighting men, the rosters of the Caesars and great Genghis Khan, the scrolls of Charlemagne and the Crusades, the shining chronicles of courage . . . Earth has not seen nor History known their like before!

These are the Great Inimitables, incredibly of our day. Watch for their shoulder patch with the "20" . . . and honor them for what they are!

So much have these men given—and so much still is theirs to give . . . that no one of us can match their gifts, even in gratitude.

For the huge training program of the USAAF and our Allies, this company has manufactured more than 20,000 Jacobs engines—and more than 10,000 of another make—for use in twin-engine planes used to school bomber personnel.

Used in training, subject to the worst wear known to plane engines, Jacobs engines delivered far beyond specification or expectation . . . have increased their rated service period between major overhauls from 350 to as high as 1200 flight hours . . . served well the student airmen, saved money for the taxpayers, and established a record for performance and stamina that, to our knowledge, is unmatched by any other engine . . . For transports, freighters, feeder and lighter airplanes, there will be Jacobs engines suited to postwar needs, capable of continued performance, minimum maintenance and very low costs . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company, Pottstown, Pa.

JACOBS • **Pottstown, Pa.**

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK
R. NEELY

The colossal job of Maj. Gen. Hugh J. Knerr, head of the U.S. Strategic Air Forces in the E.T.O., is to supply the 8th, 9th and 15th Air Forces

LONDON: Half a century ago, a very young man—he was no more than seven or eight then, but large for his age and precociously self-reliant—used to haunt a bicycle shop kept by two brothers, Wilbur and Orville, in the Middle Western city of Dayton.

At first he took his bike there to pump up the tires and for greasing and new sprockets—all the grave, proud responsibilities of small-boy ownership. Gradually, because what he saw there was fascinating to his own native bent for tinkering, he grew by habit into a watchful, unobtrusive mascot. He liked the quiet, tidy, efficient, soberly dressed brothers who had a ministerial zeal in mechanics; and they liked their little friend's absorption in their work. He remembers that they were never gay or careless. He remembers especially that they were always doing something interesting with bicycles, or with their "horseless carriage," trying unusual devices that were a butt for bewildered japes by their many customers. A bicycle shop was a busy place in the '90s.

One day a townie who came in while the brothers were engaged in some unorthodox fussing with their primitive automobile jeered: "I suppose next you'll be fixin' that thing so you won't have to go drivin' it down North Main Street. You'll just hop up and fly out!"

Wilbur straightened up and stood for a few moments staring off into space, unsmiling. Then he said, "It could be."

Major General Hugh Johnston Knerr, who was that youthful witness and friend of the Wright Brothers, has never forgotten the incident. History, perhaps, may not entirely bear him out, yet he likes to think of it as the instant in which the resolve of the Wrights to be the first men to fly a heavier-than-air machine crystallized, or, at least, was first publicly articulated. It is a sort of personal satisfaction for him to think that—this air leader who, in his always embattled and often bitterly frustrated crusade for American winged power, has had too few personal satisfactions, and though now, in the fullness of his career, he finds himself enjoying the greatest personal satisfaction of all: vindication.

Recently there was a quiet and unpublicized gathering at Strategic Air Force Headquarters in Europe of old-timer cronies and aviation co-stalwarts to see honor done to Hugh Knerr. Ambassador Winant, himself a World War I pilot, was there. Lieutenant General Carl Spaatz, the commanding general, presented the Distinguished Service Medal to Knerr, with the comment that he did not know any man who deserved it more.

What memories of thirty years of struggle and discouragement and eventual great achievement "Tooey" Spaatz's words must have echoed in the hearts and minds not only of the onlookers—Ira Eaker and Jimmy Doolittle—but all down the thinning ranks of America's military early birds still at the stick and scattered around the globe: Arnold, Brett, Emmons, Chennault, Haynes, Brereton, Follett, Bradley, Kenney, Royce, Burwell and the valiant rest who fought the good fight side by side.

But all these top airmen will assure you that if one job, one contribution, in the vast sky bucket chain that almost daily spills hell and damnation over Germany, is more vital than any other, it is Hugh Knerr's.

GENERAL KNERR is Deputy Commanding General of the United States Strategic Air Forces in Europe, in charge of Administration and the Air Technical Service Command which provides for the Eighth and Ninth Air Forces here and parents the Fifteenth in the Mediterranean area. His Air Technical Service Command is the massive bow and string from which those arrow-shaped formations of beauty and death are shot over Germany. For behind the ten thousand airborne and glorious combat men stand half a million weary, faithful soldiers in the glamorless, unsung job of air-war logistics.

Logistics simply mean big business methods and efficiency in warfare. General Knerr, therefore, sees himself as a corporation division manager, and he has organized his Air Technical Service Command and faced its tasks from the business and industrial rather than the military point of view.

In its short life, the Air Technical Service Command has transported, classified, housed, flighted, warmed, fed, paid, taught and provided medical and dental care, entertainment,

(Continued on page 54)

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WANTED....eyes that make precious words come alive!

Hurry, Dad! What does he say? Read it quick! How *is he?* Where *is he? Please, hurry!*

Dad's mind is racing . . . straining to make precious words *come alive*. But his weakened, work-weary eyes are creeping . . . crawling at a snail's pace. And guessing! Missing whole words; skipping lines. Creating unbearable suspense . . .

To Victory's "V", another is needed—the priceless "V" of good Vision!

Far more than thrilling moments are at stake! Disappointments and failures *can* and *do* multiply fast when eyesight is neglected, abused, allowed to "run down".

Earning and learning power are at stake. Eyes that do not see easily, clearly, surely, cannot keep pace with mind and hand in office and shop. And in school. At every turn, impaired vision narrows the gateway to opportunity and success.

Simple pleasures and comforts are at stake, too. Reading, cards, movies, sports—all lose their zest when eyesight flags and fumbles, bringing slowness, awkwardness and uncertainty in place of sureness, confidence, poise.

It's up to you, Reader! Those precious eyes of yours must last you a lifetime. Their condition is your responsibility—your gain or loss. Don't deny them the elementary safeguard of professional correction and care by an Optometrist or Ophthalmologist . . . or the skilled technical services of an Ophthalmic Dispenser (Optician).

Make those precious eyes of yours stay alive—for life!

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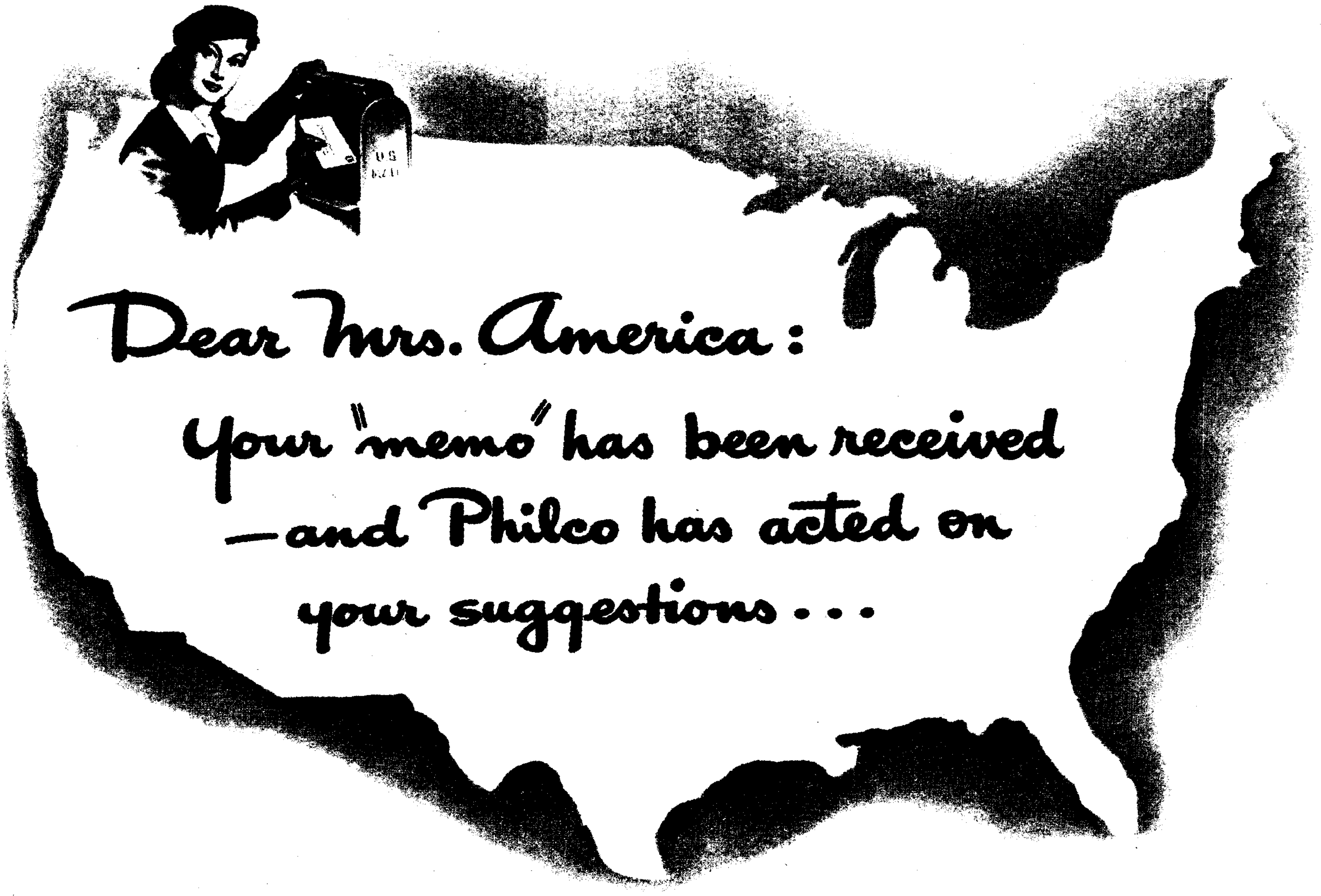
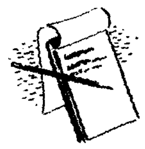
BETTER VISION BVI *FOR BETTER LIVING*



Dear Mrs. America: Your "memo" has been received —and Philco has acted on your suggestions . . .

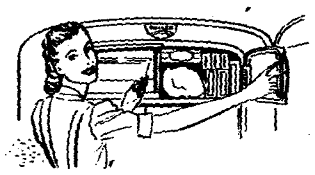


A great metropolitan newspaper requested its women readers to submit a "Memo to Manufacturers" telling just what they wanted in household equipment after the war.

Particularly interesting to Philco is the fact that the thing most women wanted most was a new refrigerator. Nearly 30% of the women who wrote were hoping for a new refrigerator . . . just about double the desire for any other appliance.

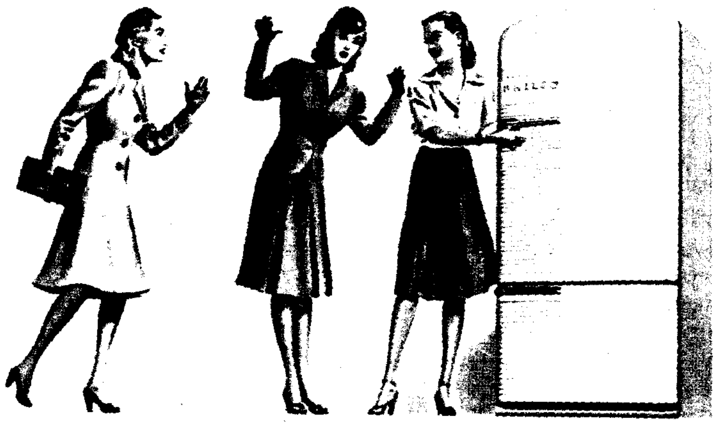
And these women had very definite ideas on what they wanted in that new refrigerator! They wanted a separate compartment for freezing fresh meats, poultry and ice cream . . . and ample space for storing frozen foods.

Today . . . Philco can report it has *acted* on that recommendation. Even *before* the war, several Philco Refrigerators provided a separate compartment for frozen food storage and home freezing. Some day . . . the date depending on military requirements . . . Philco dealers will display new, modern, greatly improved refrigerators . . . featuring the *Freezer-Locker* . . . Philco's post-war contribution to better and more economical living . . . Philco's completely satisfactory answer to the expressed desire of the women of America.



The Freezer-Locker will be just one of many Philco developments. This is not the time to speak of them . . . nor the time to suggest their delivery is close at hand. But great things are coming . . . great progress is being made. So, Mrs. America, look to Philco for the most advanced types of post-war refrigerators!

Tune in the RADIO HALL OF FAME . . . a full hour of Top Hits from all fields of entertainment. Sunday, 6 to 7 P. M., E W T, Blue Network.



PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 13, 1945

America's Greatest Naval Battle

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS *with the Pacific Fleet* • GEORGE E. JONES *with Admiral Mitscher* • FRANK D. MORRIS *at Washington* • RALPH TEATSORTH *with Admiral Kinkaid*

Here begins the complete and thrilling story of the Second Battle of the Philippines, told in terms of men who fought and of some who died when, at last, the Jap fleet was forced to come out and be licked. Here are three days that will live in naval history forever

This story of a great naval action was too big for one war correspondent to see or cover, so Collier's asked four veterans to report various phases of the battle. George E. Jones, United Press Correspondent, was aboard Vice-Admiral Marc A. Mitscher's flagship, and Ralph Teatsorth, United Press Correspondent, was with Vice-Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid. Quentin Reynolds covered the over-all story at Pacific Fleet headquarters, and Frank D. Morris rounded up information in Washington. The reports from all four correspondents blend together but, in a general way, the work of each is indicated by marginal labels

ADMIRAL WILLIAM F. "BULL" HALSEY is a legend in and out of the United States Navy. Few men in our times have been able to seize the imagination of their men as Halsey has in nearly three years of fighting. His men admire him, sometimes fanatically, sometimes unwillingly, because he is a fighting admiral and because he speaks their blunt, salty language. His hunches, born of experience, pure instinct, and hatred of the Japs, seem to put his forces in the right place at the right time.

Jones Reporting

For instance, his ships seemed to be in the right place late on the afternoon of October 16th, when an American pilot on patrol sighted a force of Japanese cruisers and destroyers moving at high speed from the northeast toward a mighty American fleet, waiting just over the horizon.

"Just my luck," the pilot grumbled. "If we use the radio we will tip off the Japs and by the time we get back to the carrier it will be too dark to launch planes."

When Admiral Halsey got word of the approaching Jap force he felt sure his prayers were being answered. So did Vice-Admiral Marc Mitscher, commander of the famous carrier task force which included the Essex, Lexington, Hornet, Wasp and Enterprise. Their planes had been roving the Philippines area for the past two months, blasting some two hundred Jap airfields and knocking down more hundreds of Jap planes.

Aboard Mitscher's many carriers, ordnance crews in yellow helmets worked late that night filling the bomb racks of the Helldivers, the torpedo bays of the Avengers and the machine-gun ammunition belts of the Hellcat fighters. Across the flight decks of these Essex-class flat-tops, snakes of hose wriggled their way as the fueling details poured hundreds of gallons of high-octane gas into the planes' tanks.

Morris Reporting

Well before dawn the first scout planes roared across the flight deck and up over the bow ramps to hunt down the enemy. Behind them they left hundreds of Helldivers, Avengers and Hellcats, all loaded for Japs and ready to strike. Just below the flight deck, in their ready rooms, bomber pilots were getting a final briefing.

Then—at the last moment—Bull Halsey's luck ran out that early morning. The Jap force sighted his patrol planes at dawn, and turned tail. Bull was disappointed but not discouraged. He had repeatedly challenged the Japs to slug it out and he knew there were ways to force them eventually to accept the challenge.

He sat down aboard his flagship with Rear Admiral "Mick" Carney, his brilliant chief of staff, and commanders of other fleet units hunched over a huge round table in Halsey's living quarters and began mapping the next step. Perhaps it was then that the Second Battle of the Philippines began to move from the preliminary to the decisive stage that was to come hardly a week later. Perhaps that was the beginning of a page of history that will be read in a thousand American schoolrooms fifty years from now, a hundred years from now, as long as school kids study the decisive naval battles in our history. Just as we once learned of the exploits of John Paul Jones and Farragut and Dewey and Decatur, so the kids of the future will learn of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, who conceived the broad strategy of battle: of Halsey and Mitscher and Kinkaid and Sprague, who led the fleet units that broke a great Japanese fleet.

Reynolds Reporting

The next step in the war in the Pacific had called for invasion of the Jap-held island of Yap in the Carolines. But Bull Halsey had a better idea.

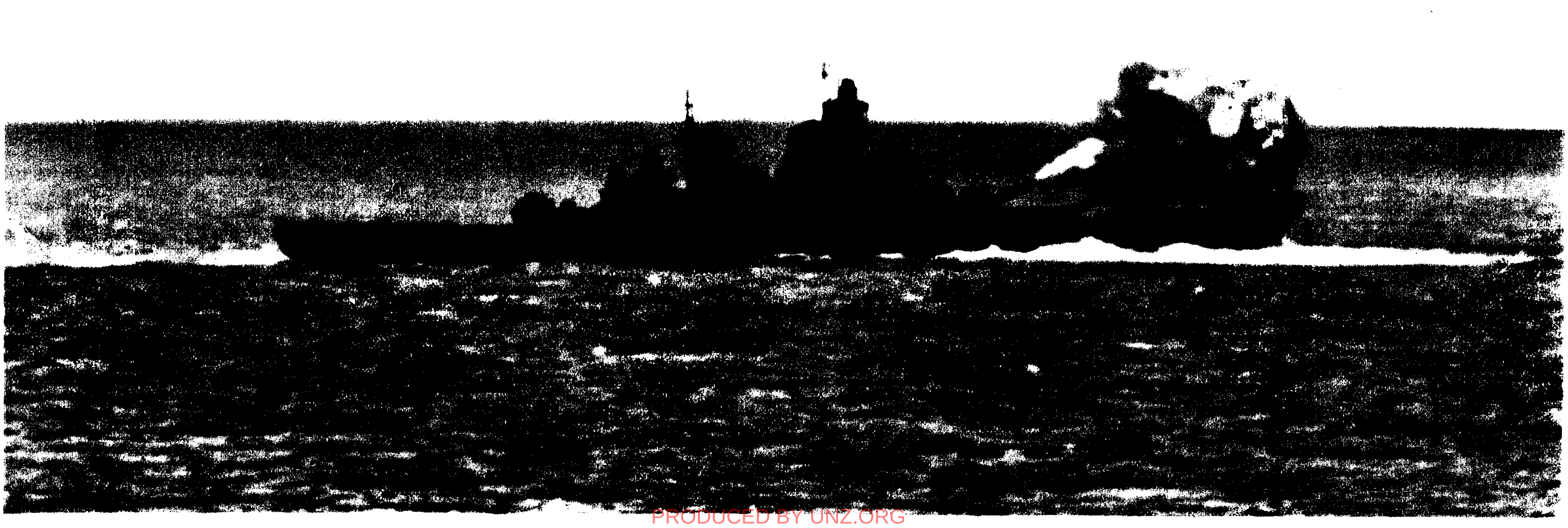
Why not by-pass Yap, he suggested, and take advantage of the terrific pounding which Mitscher's task force had been giving the Japs in the Philippines for the past six weeks? Why not speed up the schedule and invade the Philippines at once? The proposal was passed along to higher authority. General Douglas MacArthur was willing and, by herculean effort, could be ready. Admiral Nimitz gave the go-ahead signal. Throughout the vast Pacific war zone there was a sudden switch to neck-break tempo.

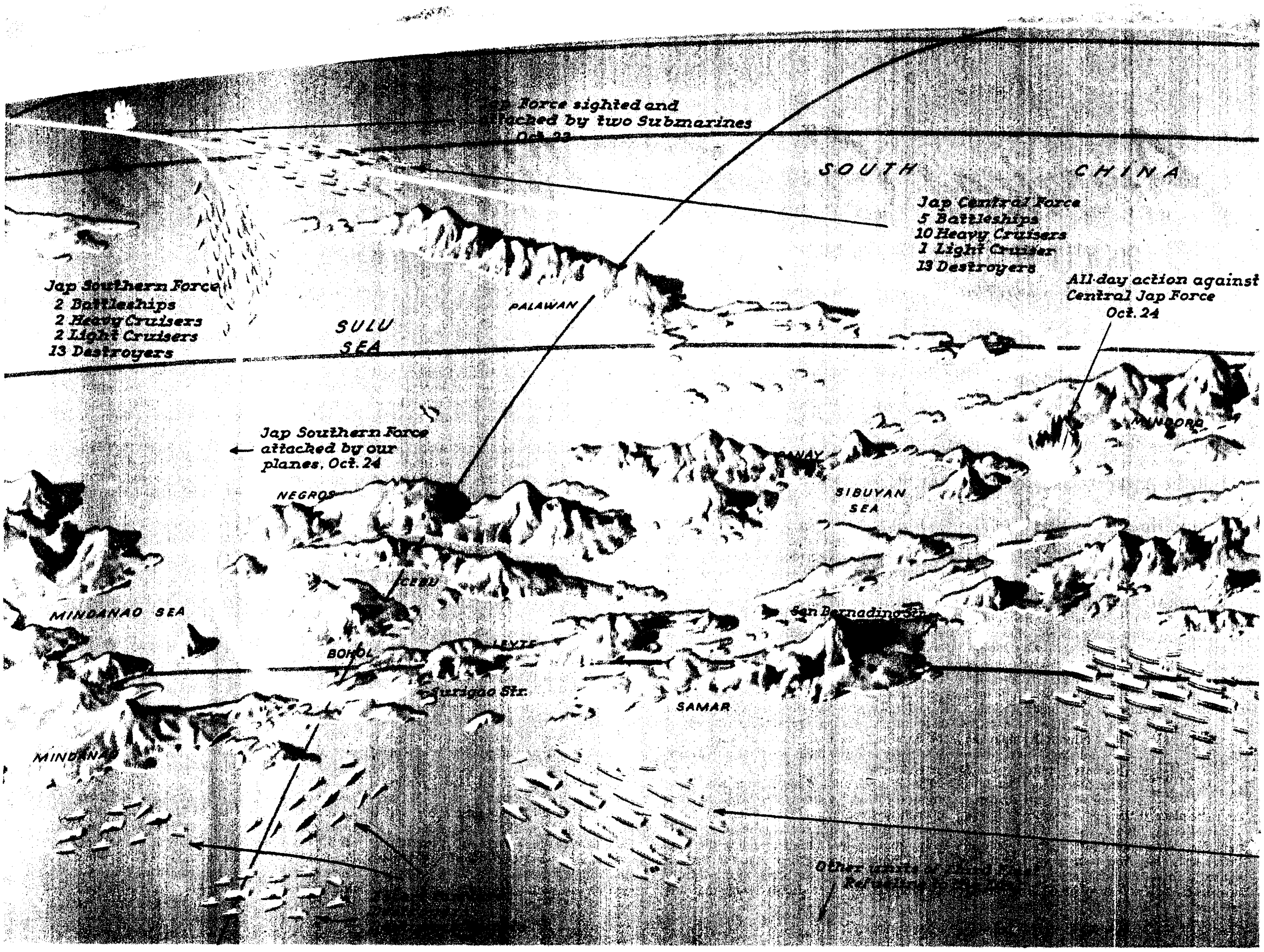
The 7,000 islands and islets of the Philippines lie like a scattered handful of giant green boulders guarding the western approach to the South China Sea. The main islands are Luzon, with the capital of Manila, on the north, and Mindanao on the south, spreading over 77,720 square miles. Some 275 miles north of Luzon is Japan's Formosa island, while to the south of Mindanao lies the 700-miles-wide Celebes Sea and then Jap-held Celebes, flanked by Borneo. This was the bastion Japan must hold; a green bastion of jungles, and swamps, and rugged hills and scattered towns—except that it was not all green on the morning of October 20th. Great columns of flame and smoke spurted up from Leyte island, midway between Luzon and Mindanao, where two units of the U.S. Fleet, working with Lieutenant General George C. Kenney's Fifth Air Force, lambasted Jap defenses and hammered Jap airfields, while planes from Halsey's Third Fleet shellacked airfields in the northern Philippines. MacArthur, striking midway between the main Philippine islands, began landing on Leyte.

This return to the Philippines was the culmination of everything that had gone before—the Marshalls, the Gilberts, the Marianas and the other historic steppingstones—and it also made inevitable the greatest naval battle in our history, the battle that the enemy had been avoiding. The landings had been made. Now it was up to Nimitz's Navy to protect the ground troops from Jap naval and air attacks which everyone from the admiral down to the newest messboy in the Fleet knew would come. But where was the Jap fleet? MacArthur's ground forces stabbed inland the next day, given air support by the little (relatively speaking) CVEs, or baby flat-tops, that stayed near his transports in Leyte Gulf. Another day passed. Where was the Jap fleet?

Before dawn on Monday, October 23d, one of our submarines patrolling the South China Sea was cruising on the surface to recharge her batteries when a large group of ships was contacted. The skipper knew, from Intelligence reports, that they weren't ours. They must be Japs. Another American sub in the same area also located the warships which were moving northeast, probably from Singapore, through Palawan passage.

A crackling radio message carried the news to Halsey's flagship. The final sentence of





the message is typical of submariners: "We are moving in to attack." But that was enough to tell Bull Halsey where the Japs were making their first move on this vast, azure checkerboard. That was the beginning.

It was the *beginning* but it also was the end for some of the participants out in the South China sea. The Americans had found a submarine commander's dream come true. They moved in close and started spewing torpedoes at three Jap heavy cruisers. The foaming wakes of four deadly projectiles darted straight for each of the three cruisers. Four war heads struck each of the ships, and the explosions sent them twisting, lurching through the sea.

Twelve direct hits in a single attack broke the enemy armada's precise formation. The ships swerved and dodged in confusion; milled about like stampeding cattle. Two of the big cruisers shuddered and lay dead in the water, torn and smoking and sinking. A third hobbled uncertainly away, with doubtful chances of reaching safety. But after the first confusion, the Japanese ships reassembled and again took on the appearance of an armada. Doggedly, they ended the chaos and, still pursued by the subs, plunged on to the northeast. Their destination was obvious: Leyte. Their purpose was just as obvious: to destroy MacArthur's transports and carriers and pin our invasion forces down without supplies or aerial protection.

On the afternoon of October 23d, the word began to drift through American warships from flag bridge to engine room: "The Jap fleet is coming out." Air Intelligence officers, who must keep themselves and their squadrons abreast of developments, nodded their heads when asked if it were true, but they could not as yet fill in the details. That night, the information crystallized, and the aviators, assembling in the air-conditioned ready rooms, saw the approaching shadow of battle as they received their instructions for the next day:

"Our subs have located and attacked a force of enemy ships. We think the Jap fleet has come out to fight."

The men of the Third Fleet had been in action since August, getting fuel and supplies at sea. They badly missed the occasional feel of firm ground under their feet, the change from monotonous life between the same steel bulkheads where they looked at the same faces day after day.

The airmen had matured; lines developed around their eyes and mouths as they went out on a timetable schedule to pound the enemy. Sometimes they were able only to chew hurriedly on a sandwich and gulp an over-hot cup of coffee between strikes, meantime contemplating their own chances of getting back, and counting off on invisible fingers the men who failed to return from the last attack. The pilots had been looking forward hungrily to a rest, but Third Fleet veterans now prophesied: "If Bull Halsey sees a chance to beat hell out of the Jap fleet and get this war over sooner, he won't give a damn about you or me or himself or anything." They knew that this was it.

Now Halsey had to anticipate the enemy's plans. There were two logical routes for the Japs to take in order to pass through the Philippine Islands and converge on Leyte. One led across the Mindanao Sea and through Surigao Strait, southeast of Leyte, and thence to our beachhead on Leyte Gulf. The other route, longer but safer for the enemy, led across the Sibuyan Sea, northwest of Leyte, through San Bernardino Strait and thence southward through the Philippine Sea, past Samar, to Leyte Gulf. The Japs might follow either route—or they might split their Southern Fleet, follow both routes and thus converge on Leyte Gulf from both north and south, pincers fashion.

Later on October 23d, it had become evident that the Japanese Southern Fleet from Singapore, reinforced by ships from the Philippines, had split and was attempting the anticipated pincers movement against Leyte. An American sub again contacted the enemy near Mindoro Strait, just south of Manila, and torpedoed another heavy cruiser, which was severely damaged and driven into Manila Bay.

Now almost all of the pieces were in place on the checkerboard. There were uncertainties, of course, and there were errors of judgment but the picture fell naturally into three parts; a three-ring naval circus. The line-up was:

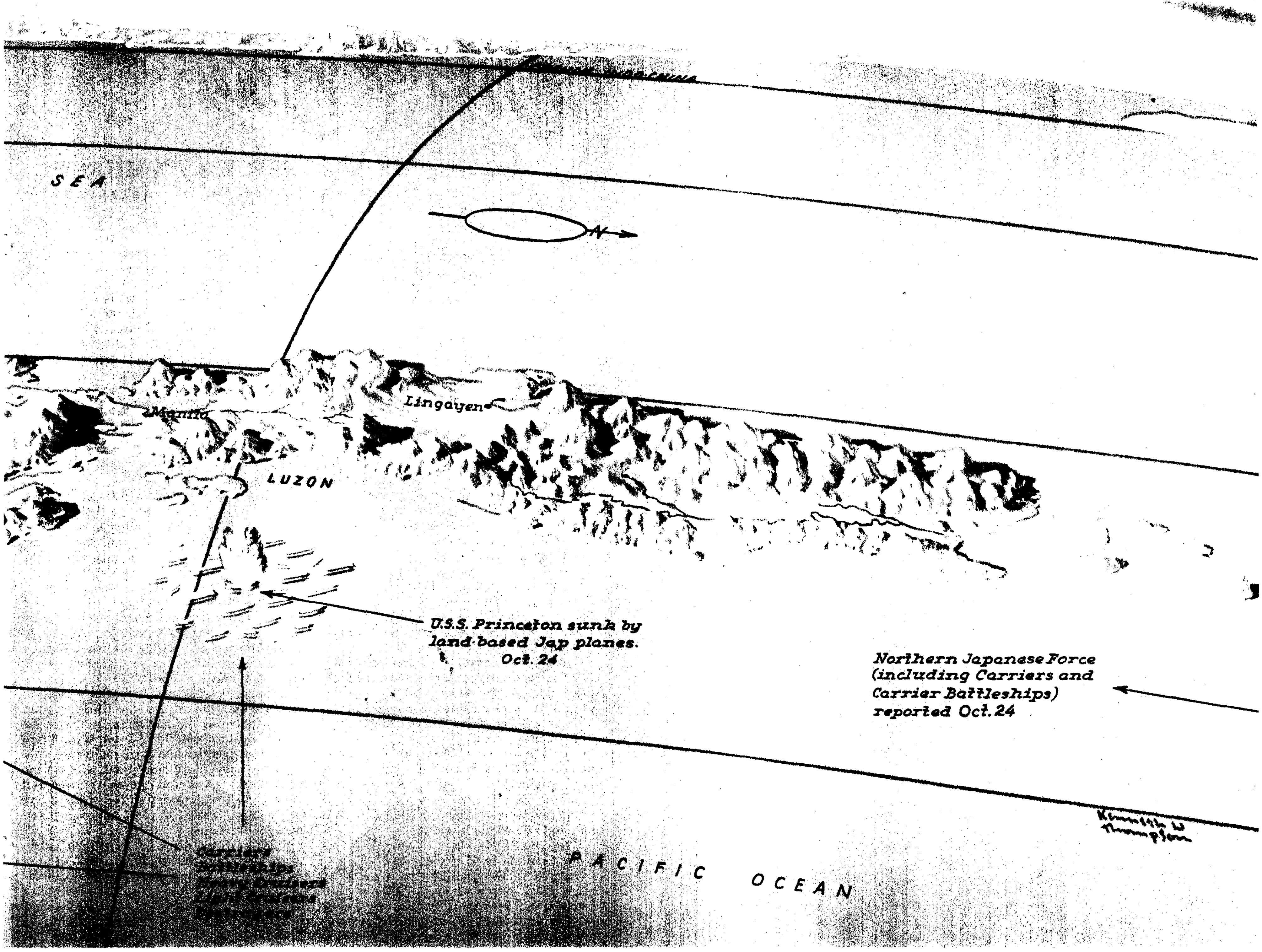
Ring One, in the south: The Japanese Southern Fleet from Singapore had split in two, and the battleships Fuso and Yamashiro, accompanied by two light cruisers, two heavy cruisers and eight or ten destroyers, were cutting across the Mindanao Sea to narrow Surigao Strait, from which they intended to emerge and attack our Leyte Gulf beachhead from the south. Our Seventh Fleet under Admiral Kinkaid was disposed across the ten-miles-wide strait to meet this threat.

Ring Two, in the center: The remaining and larger part of the Jap's Southern Fleet was steaming northeastward through the Sibuyan Sea toward San Bernardino Strait from which they intended to attack our Leyte Gulf beachhead from the north. This enemy force included five battleships—the new, speedy Yamato and Musashi, and the older Nagato, the Kongo and the Haruna—as well as seven heavy cruisers, one light cruiser and about 15 destroyers.

Ring Three, in the north: Halsey's Third Fleet of warships and carriers was waiting northward of the Gulf of Leyte to meet the enemy force heading for San Bernardino Strait (Ring Two) and also to engage whatever enemy fleet might be sent down from the north (Formosa or Japan) to join in the battle. Halsey felt certain the Japs would send reinforcements from the north.

Halsey had disposed his available carriers—all under Mitscher's command—to provide the maximum search coverage of the Philippines area. To the north, search planes of Rear Admiral Frederick C. Sherman's carrier force ranged west of Luzon. Farther south, aircraft from other carriers commanded by Rear Admirals Ralph Davison and Gerald F. "Jerry" Bogan probed the Sulu and Sibuyan seas, between Luzon and Mindanao.

The men of Mitscher's task force will remember October 24th as a day of continuous attack by enemy aircraft.


SEA
N
Lingayen
Manila
LUZON
U.S.S. Princeton sunk by land-based Jap planes. Oct. 24
Northern Japanese Force (including Carriers and Carrier Battleships) reported Oct. 24
Carriers
Battleships
PACIFIC OCEAN
Kenneth W. Thompson

Three-dimensional map showing the positions and courses of the Jap ships and the American forces taking part in the three-day, three-ring naval battle in Philippine waters

Once during that bomb-shaken day, "Oklahoma Pete" Mitscher came slowly from Flag Plot, where the executives of the task force transact their business during action at sea. His wrinkled, weather-beaten face and pale blue eyes registered nothing but sunny anticipation.

One foot followed the other onto the open bridges, from where he could see men at their battle stations, awaiting another enemy onslaught. Then the vice-admiral came forward and lightly punched a newspaper correspondent's arm. Scanning the skies with a slight smile as if to search out the ultimate fate of the issue, he remarked, almost inaudibly, "Just one damn' thing after another. . . ." This remark may not take its place in naval history with the classic utterances of Farragut and other heroes of the sea. On the other hand, it probably comes closer to a business-like philosophy of combat: Take developments as they come without losing stride.

Mitscher, who knew and trusted his men, may have been disturbed because the task force was under sustained attack while itself dealing out only preliminary blows to the enemy. At this moment, however, the machinery was in motion to assume the initiative, and Mitscher knew that when the pendulum of battle swung, nothing could stand up to the power of the task force.

Five Jap battleships, headed by two super-battleships of the Yamato class, were moving through the strait south of Mindoro Island into the Sibuyan Sea. Their escort included eight cruisers and thirteen destroyers. This, indeed, was big game! Commander Dan F. Smith, Jr., of Pittsburg, Texas, commander of the Third Fleet's Air Group "X," led his dive bombers, torpedo planes and fighters into attacking position west of the enemy force. The beleaguered men-o'-war consisted of two groups, both heading east.

An ideal attack means an assault by great numbers of torpedo planes and dive bombers, with fighter-strafing support if possible. Under ideal conditions, the first torpedoes will be launched while the confused and battered enemy turns this way and that. American airmen had long awaited the opportunity. This was their chance.

Perhaps the enemy warships sensed the desperation of the attack, for they turned toward the American aircraft at high speed, spewing clouds of antiaircraft fire as they turned. They did both with the unanimity of a well-trained chorus line. Only one ship was out of step. Trailing in the column of three battleships was the Musashi, one of the Yamato-class monsters. Perhaps because of a previous hit, she wheeled left and north. Commander Smith spotted the Musashi, "big as Lookout Mountain and twice as unprotected." She seemed to be going at the rather slow speed of ten knots, and Commander Smith picked her as the target.

The enemy ships were "shooting like maniacs." Smith recalls with a slight chill, but, perhaps, by a stroke of luck, not one of the attacking planes in his formation was shot down. The dive bombers peeled off out of the sun and plummeted down in quick succession on the Musashi. Avenger torpedo planes skimmed low over the water, launching torpedoes port and starboard against her long, graceful beam. Two torpedoes were seen to rip into her portside, sending up high geysers of water from her bulkheads, and Dan Smith swears that he saw four others heading for her starboard beam.

When the attackers pulled up and away, the Musashi's bow was under water almost to the base of her bridge structure, and her stern was high in the water. She circled slowly that afternoon, great oil slicks forming a multicolored wake, under the anxious care of destroyers. She was not seen the next day, or subsequently, and it may well be that she sank.

The antiaircraft reached a violent tempo as the American carrier-based air groups attacked that day. One torpedo-plane pilot, Lieutenant Robert Cosgrove of New Orleans, said the flak reminded him of "going into a cave." His squadron mate, Lieutenant (jg) Otto Bleech of Pahokee, Florida, had two thirds of his left elevator shot away, while Ensign A. R. Hodges of Norfolk, Virginia, returned to his carrier with his elevator control cable shot away to one control, his hydraulic system destroyed, and his radioman wounded. From another carrier, an Avenger pilot fervently whispered, "I was praying when I got out of my run—I was so damn' lucky to get out alive!"

Mitscher's pilots piled up a heavy score against the Japs with bombs and torpedoes. Four of the enemy battleships were reported damaged heavily, and practically every other ship in the force was hit. In addition, 150 Jap planes were blasted from the skies by our fighters and antiaircraft. At dusk our scout planes advised Halsey that the Jap ships had reversed course and apparently were in retreat to the northwest.

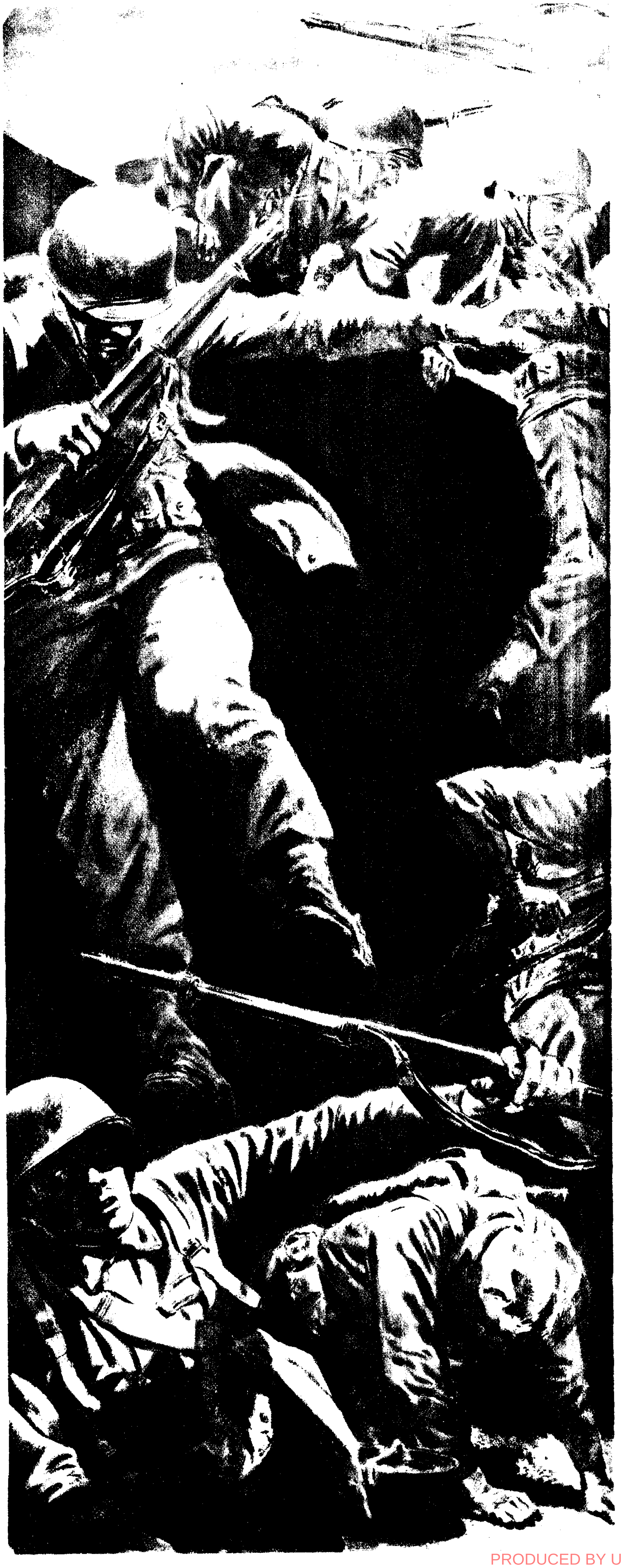
But while we were delivering these telling blows against the enemy on October 24th, Sherman's carriers were under attack—dangerously so. At 8:01 A.M. our fighter patrols "tallyhoed" two large groups of bogeys (enemy aircraft) thirty miles astern. Admiral Mitscher glanced at a correspondent: "Better get ready to duck inside—they're dive bombers." It was rather murky weather, and the warships headed toward a rain squall.

Our fighters began slashing into the enemy aircraft, but the bogeys were "all over the sky from six to twenty-four thousand feet," according to the interceptors.

From several directions, the enemy attacked. Black specks, hardly visible to the naked eye, danced in and out of the clouds, then roared down on the twisting, turning American warships. Guns banged away with that peculiarly stirring symphonic effect of kettledrums and basses—the five-inch batteries—beating out a deadly, rhythmic undertone to the melodic clatter of the automatics. Bits of paper from the powder casings fluttered breezily across the flight decks as the ships rocked from side to side. The warm

(Continued on page 64)

MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON



"Some of the boys ducked around the wall. But I went over it, and when I came down, I had a broken ankle"

OBSTACLE COURSE

BY WALTER HAVIGHURST

ILLUSTRATED BY W. C. GRIFFITHS

The New Englanders seemed pretty cold and hostile to the kid from Colorado, until he learned that loneliness can wear more than one face

WHILE the MP at the gate looked at his papers, Private Dan Weld stared down the Post Road with bitter eyes. Behind him spread the acres of Camp Cutler—the trampled drill grounds, the long rows of barracks, the big frame hospital under its flat roof, the naked target range. He could hear the sharp shouts of a sergeant and a hurrying thud of feet sounding back there, and he had a swift, wry picture of the obstacle course with its upthrust ramps and walls.

The MP handed back his papers. "So you got three days," he said. "Going home?"

"Colorado," Dan said, staring down the road. "I couldn't even get there."

The MP twirled his stick in boredom. "Boston?"

Dan shook his head. He didn't like Boston—the narrow, twisting streets, the abrupt distorted squares, and never a bright look anywhere. "It's a no-good town," he said.

"Revere Beach, then. That's plenty lively."

"I got no money."

"Come seven," the MP said with a knowing grin. Then he added in a wise, indulgent tone, "Better lay off those bones, son, if you can't roll the numbers."

Dan said without feeling, "There was nothing else to do in the hospital."

"Well, they'll take care of you at Revere. It don't cost to look at the ocean."

Ocean. . . . Dan had another scene in his mind, and it was a whole lot different from the ocean: The rolling yellow plain, land swelling up to the front range of the mountains. "We've got Blaze all ready for you," said the worn letter in his pocket. "He's shod now, and two hands taller than when you left. But he still nuzzles your old jacket on the wall."

The boy's gray eyes narrowed. "They're shipping us out next week. I'll see plenty ocean."

"Well, you put in for a leave," the MP said, doing the monotonous trick with his stick. "Now you got it."

"Yeah, I got it," Dan said. "But things went wrong." He pushed the peaked cap back on his head and picked up his little canvas dunnage bag.

"So long, Doughfoot," the MP said.

"So long," Dan said.

He didn't know where he was going. He didn't care.

He left the highway at the first crossing, then began to walk north on a curving road between green hills. Occasionally a car passed him, but Dan didn't cock his thumb. It was no use—those lean, long-nosed Yankees couldn't see you, not even your uniform. And besides, he wasn't going any place.

By the time the sun was overhead, he had begun to limp. He was a tall boy—rangy like a colt—with a long, quiet face, paled a little after three weeks in the hospital. He had big hands and big feet, and a wide, good-humored mouth that began to tighten now as the pain stiffened his ankle. He left the road and sat down on a stone wall in the shade of an arching elm. As he eased the strings in his shoe, he had a swift picture of the twelve-foot wall and the landing pile of cinders beneath it. Obstacle course, he thought grimly.

Ahead of him the road climbed, past a white farmhouse and a weathered barn, curling over a hill. Idly he tried to change the green hills of Massachusetts into the tawny hills of Colorado, but it wouldn't seem real.

A car stopped in the road. Then the driver saw Dan. "Hmp!" he grunted. "Thought it was Jason Stark."

As Dan stepped out, he saw the bundled mail on the driver's seat, but the back was empty.

"Going up the hill?"

The mail carrier was a little man with a thin, suspicious face. "Postal delivery," he said. "It's against regulation to take passengers." He turned away and started the car. Dan stood in the fading fumes of the exhaust, as it rattled away noisily.

He shrugged his shoulders, standing there, then began to limp slowly up the hill. There was the white farmhouse, L-shaped and running back through a covered porchway to an unpainted shed showing cordwood stacked to the eaves. Across the yard stood a weathered barn, and through the dim door he saw deep mows bearded with hay. But what took Dan across the barnyard, the pain forgotten in his foot, was the half door of the stable where a sorrel colt looked out with lifted ears. There was a white blaze on its forehead.

"Whoa, boy," Dan murmured, stroking the velvet neck. The animal's eyes whitened and the nostrils tensed and quivered. "Good boy—good boy." Slowly the ears came down and the eyes grew quiet.

Standing there, Dan felt a rocking saddle under him, and the rhythmic creak of stirrups. Then a stirrup gave way. For an instant Rabbit Ear rose up spruce-blue above the close green Massachusetts hills, and a sorrel yearling was racing down an obstacle course where a wooden wall rose like a cliff of stone. Then the world went out.

AFTER a long while something nudged him, hard. When his eyes opened he saw a heavy shoe nudging his shoulder. His gaze followed up to a stern-faced man in a faded blue shirt.

"What you after?" the man demanded.

Dan sat up slowly, and stared at his G.I. shoe with laces taut across his swollen ankle. "I'm from camp," he said. "Camp Cutler."

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm on a furlough. I was going up the road, and I saw your colt standing in the stable."

The farmer's face was like the rocky field that climbed beyond the barn. "Better get on your way, then."

Dan stood up. "Yes, sir," he said. But at the first step his foot gave way, and he sank down on the grass.

The man bent over him. "What's wrong with you, boy?"

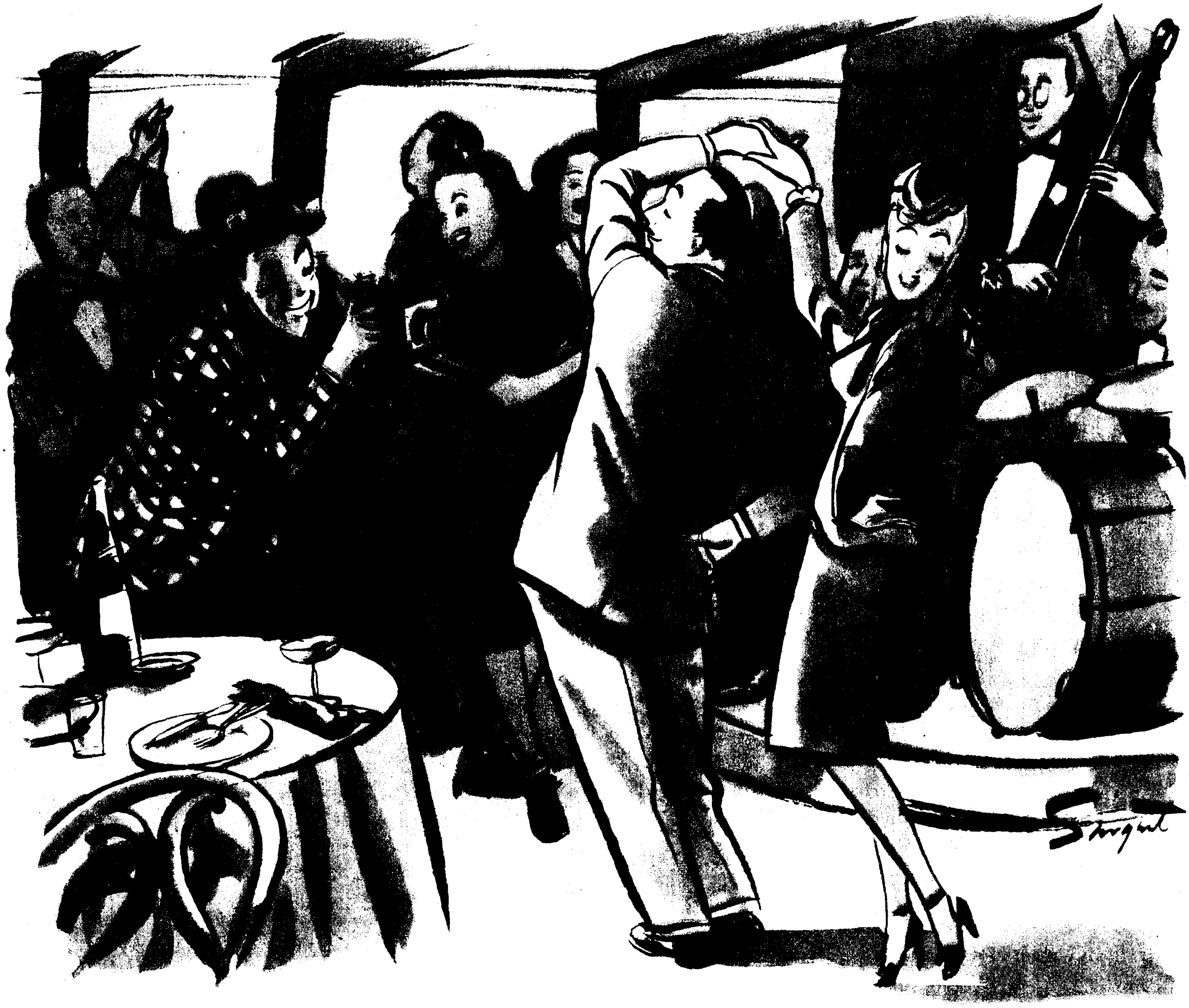
Dan drew a sharp breath. "Ankle," he said. His face was white as paper.

The farmer grunted. For a moment there was something bitter in his craggy face. Then he bent down. "Come on," he said. His lean arms were surprisingly strong under Dan's shoulder.

That way they crossed the barnyard, the hens clucking curiously behind them and the sorrel colt lifting its pointed ears from the half door of the stable—a tall soldier with a jerking step leaning on a stooped and silent man. A woman came to the kitchen door.

"Jason," she said in a raised, half-frightened voice. "What is it, Jason?"

(Continued on page 58)



Right in the middle of our rumba a flash bulb goes off and I see Hank Parsons of the Daily Eagle giving me a grin

STRICTLY DOMESTIC

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD SARGENT

You never can tell about a wife. Grumble about her friends, and she begs you to be polite. Lean over backward being nice, and—well, look what Madge did to Joe

LIKE most people, I am just a guy who plugs along in the clay pits to keep one dime rubbing against another in my pocket, and while my wife and me, we got a nice home out on the edge of town, and own a car and two kids, nobody ever heard of me and never will. And, in fact, I never know any famous people at all, but it so happens that my wife goes to college with Olivia Smithfield Drake, female columnist and lecturer, and not only goes to college with her, but lives in the same sorority with her, and is vice-president the year Olivia is president. So whenever we are entertaining people my wife wants to impress, she drags the conversation around to politics and international questions, and then she says something like, "Did you read Olivia Smithfield Drake's column this morning?" This, of course, is just the old build-up, and then Madge says, very casual, that Olivia is an old friend of hers.

It seems that after Madge and Olivia graduate from college, Olivia goes to Europe, and when she gets there, she lands a job with a press association, and this is where she gets her start and later becomes famous. And she had asked Madge to go along to Europe with her but instead Madge stayed home and married a guy working for the power company, meaning me. And when my wife and I have an occasional scrap such as happens in the best of families Madge is apt to start feeling sorry for herself and she will begin to wonder out loud what percentage there is in raising a family, and I can see she is thinking about why she didn't go to Europe that time and maybe figuring she played the wrong horse.

"An intelligent woman," says Madge, "shouldn't have to spend all her time taking care of children and cleaning a house and keeping food warm for a husband who lives on a golf course."

"Now, honey," I say, "you know what would have happened to you if you went to Europe with Olivia Smithfield Drake. You would have married some guy over there and right now you would be doing exactly the same thing you are doing now because you are the home type and you couldn't get away from it."

"I see," says my wife. "I lack the intelligence to be anything but a cleaning woman. Thank you!"

So we are off from there and you can see why I will be just as happy if my wife never meets this Olivia Smithfield Drake again.

But she is constantly cropping into the conversation, and then one night I stagger in from my daily toil, and Madge has a glow in her eyes and she says, "Oh, Joe. Guess what?"

"The children have whooping cough," I say, fearing the worst.

"No," says my ever loving. "It's about Olivia."

"Dead?" I inquire hopefully.

"Don't be ridiculous," says Madge. "Joe, she's coming here."

"It's not necessary," I say. "If she's after my opinion of the postwar world, just refer her to Raymond Gram Swing."

"Of course she isn't," says Madge. "She's giving a lecture at the College Club. We made final arrangements today. She charges seven hundred and fifty dollars."

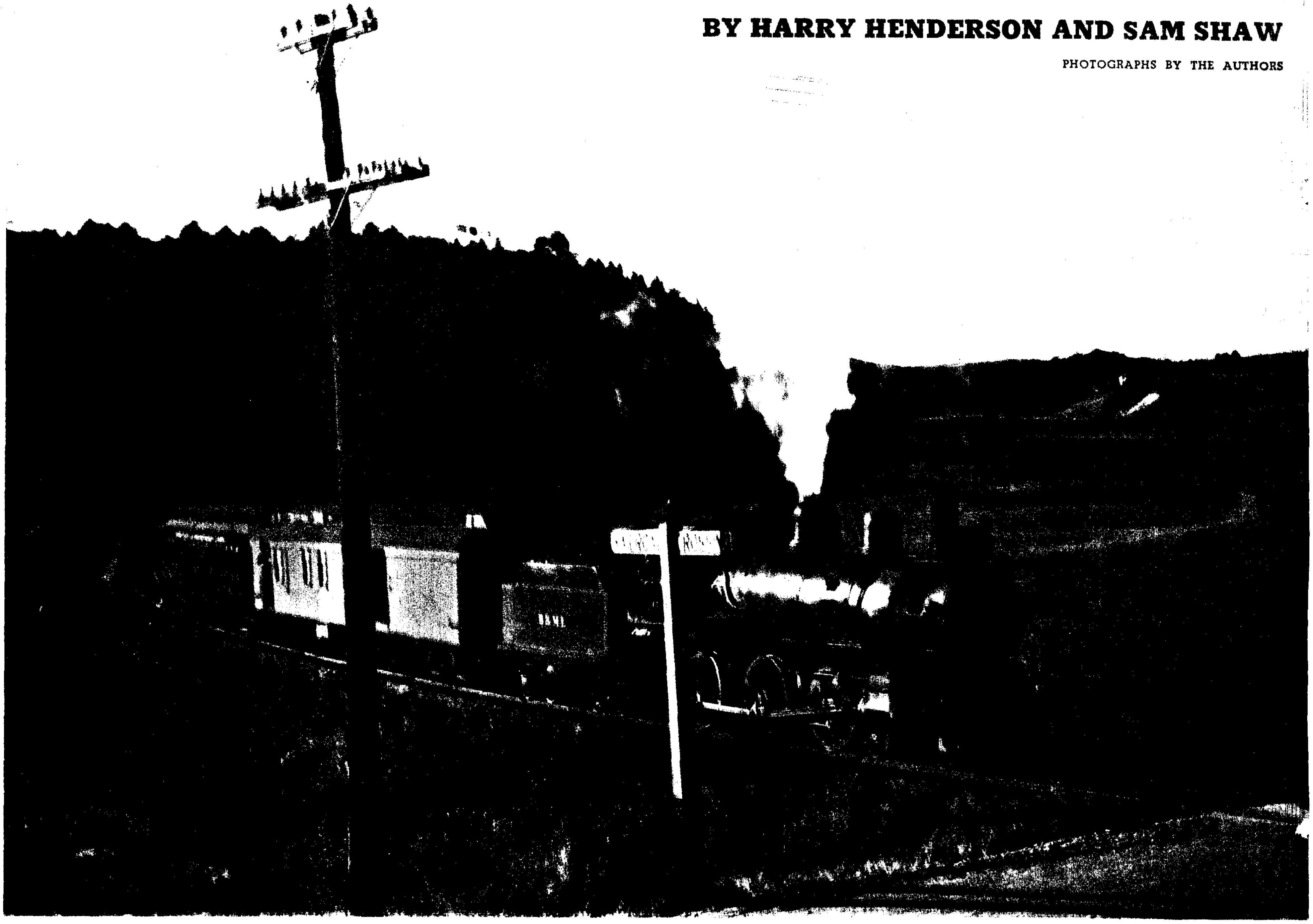
"Well, honey," I say, "maybe I am wrong at that. What with taxes and inflation, maybe it would be a good idea for you to get into this columnist lecture business."

(Continued on page 47)

CRACKER-BARREL RAILROADERS

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS



The "varnish" run of the Belfast and Moosehead Lake R.R., America's only municipally owned passenger and freight steam railroad, passes the upper reaches of Penobscot Bay. The engine, over 50 years old, has been repaired so often that little remains of original

James J. Hill used to say, "I could take a Swede and a wheelbarrow and build a better railroad than this." Faced with isolation, Belfast, Maine, did just that—only it substituted Yankee ingenuity and brawn for the Swede

AMIDST the shelves, cases of drugs, medicine bottles in the rear of Maine Hills' drugstore in Belfast, Maine, the officers and directors of the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad, America's only municipally owned and operated steam railway, were winding up their monthly meeting.

Lanky Auditor Wilfred I. Hall, nasally intoning a comparison of 1943's revenues with 1944's brought smiles to the faces of the assembled directors. Burly, easygoing President Clarence A. Paul, still in his work clothes because he hadn't time to get home from his welding shop, grinned broadly when he heard the road's surplus was now $50,000. W. A. Cobb, a slight, precise New Englander who manages the local power plant, nodded approvingly when he heard that September freight brought in $8,738. In one corner, Treasurer Jake Holmes, who operates a coal and wood agency, rose silently to stretch muscles cramped from sitting too long on an empty pop case. General Superintendent Walter L. Bowen, a thin, energetic man who seldom takes off his hat, impatiently lighted his cigar again and waited for Auditor Hall to announce a revenue increase of $8,002 over the same months in the previous year.

Sitting together on a large crate, three directors—Irving Dinsmore who owns a shoe store that has been a Belfast landmark for 100 years, Secretary Maurice Lord and Elmer Roberts—listened silently and continued to add chin whiskers to the moose-head insigne on the firm's stationery. As Hall finished his report, somebody opened the front door.

"Wait a minute," interrupted pipe-smoking, gray-haired Maine Hills, and he disappeared through a doorway in the bottle-filled shelves. It is because Hills can't get anyone who knows how to fill prescriptions, to replace him, that the directors meet in the rear of his drugstore.

Dinsmore looked over his spectacles and asked Hall, "Was that coal $9.43 a ton?"

Hall nodded.

"I can remember when we got it for seven dollars," said Dinsmore in a shocked tone, and everyone nodded.

"Go ahead," said Maine Hills, returning with a prescription which he went about preparing with a mortar and pestle.

President Paul brought up new business: major repairs to a locomotive. The directors hesitated.

"Why," said Superintendent Bowen, "when we get this repair job done, there'll be darned little left of the original engine."

That settled it for the directors. Then as the meeting ended, Hall, who is ticket agent as well as auditor, reported that their campaign to increase freight by giving away "Ship By Rail" stickers decorated with a moose head was already bearing fruit; freight had increased $100 this last month.

"The merchants and people of Belfast are really getting behind it," said Hall, swallowing the last of his soft drink. He could have added that they've been behind it for seventy-five years. And for the last twenty years, the life of Belfast has depended on the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad. Twice a day it highballs across thirty-three miles of Maine hills from Belfast, quiet and snug on Penobscot Bay, to Burnham Junction, where it connects with the Maine Central Railroad and the outside world.

If you're going to Belfast you get the B. & M.L. passenger special at Burnham Junction. You clamber off Maine Central's streamlined coaches and walk a few yards to where the B. & M.L. train waits—a puffing, 50-year-old freight engine with six white drive wheels, a mail car and a wooden, old-fashioned, open-vestibule passenger coach painted a rich brown and trimmed in black. The fresh paint and white tires of the engine give the little train a certain impudent gaiety as it stands across from the long,

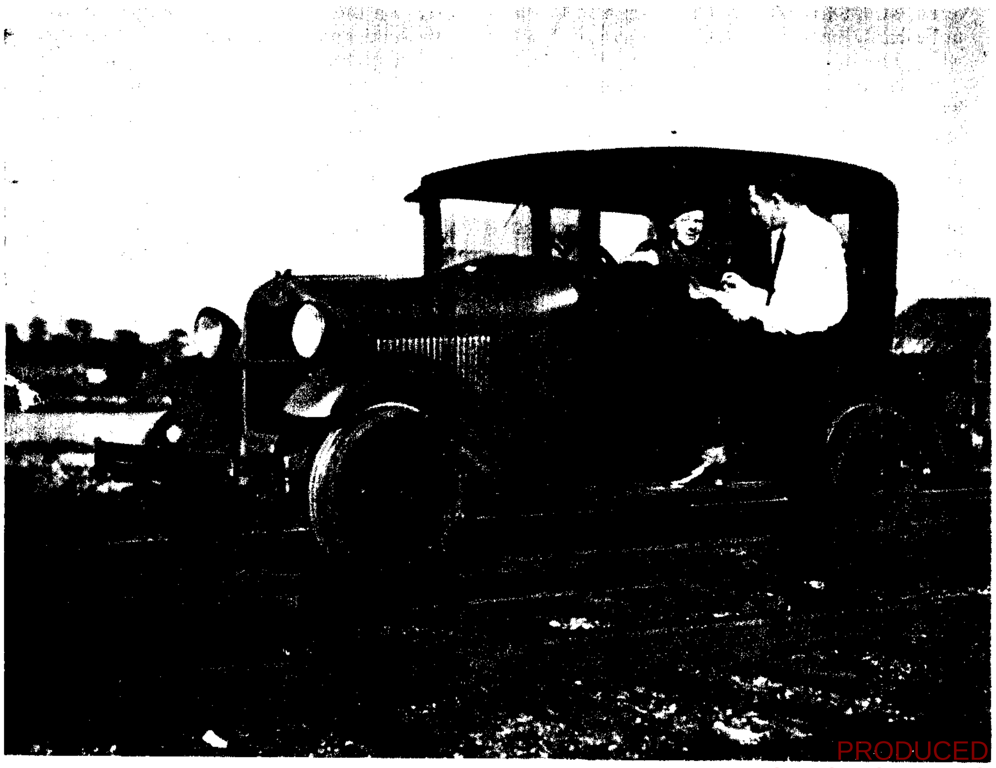
(Continued on page 66)

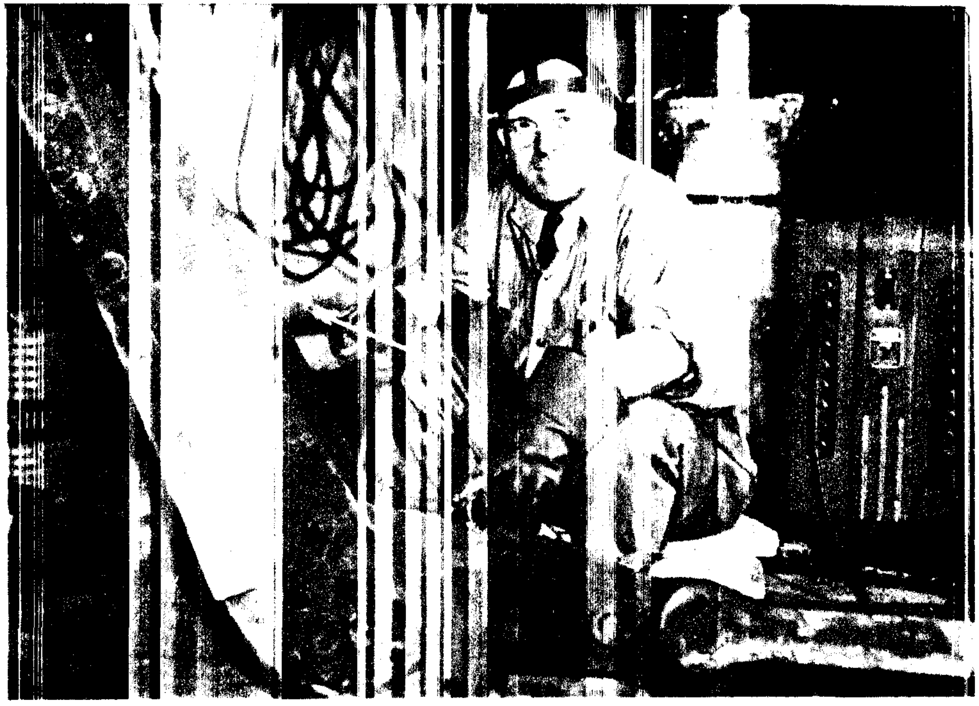
Jovial Pat Shaw has been the B. & M.L.'s only conductor since the railroad began independent operation in 1926. In the morning he wears the cap shown below as he makes up the freight train. But in the afternoon, for the passenger run, he switches to his conductor's cap

Pat Shaw collects fares for the [illegible] from Belfast to Burnham Junction where the B. & M.L. connects with [illegible] Maine Central. He knows most of the road's patrons from such notables [illegible]ist Ben Ames Williams and Admiral William Pratt to the draftees aboard. Passengers number nearly a hundred a day now, but Pat remembers days when "I didn't see that many in a month"

The B. & M.L.'s regular train crew: Brakeman Charles Page, Fireman Frank Holmes, Conductor Pat Shaw, Engineer C. H. Young, Brakeman Ross Freeman. But regardless of these titles, they all alternate at other jobs. Holmes and Young, for instance, take turns being fireman and engineer. Shaw, who started railroading on the Boston and Maine, is the only one who has worked on other roads

"MOTOR 90," a secondhand car equipped with flanged wheels, is the pride of B. & M.L. Its name stems from the fact that it cost $90. Shown at its wheel is General Supt. Walter L. Bowen, who is checking with Auditor-Ticket Agent Wilfred Hall before setting out on an inspection trip. It's red because it is also a fire-fighting unit, necessary to protect wooden B. & M.L. coaches

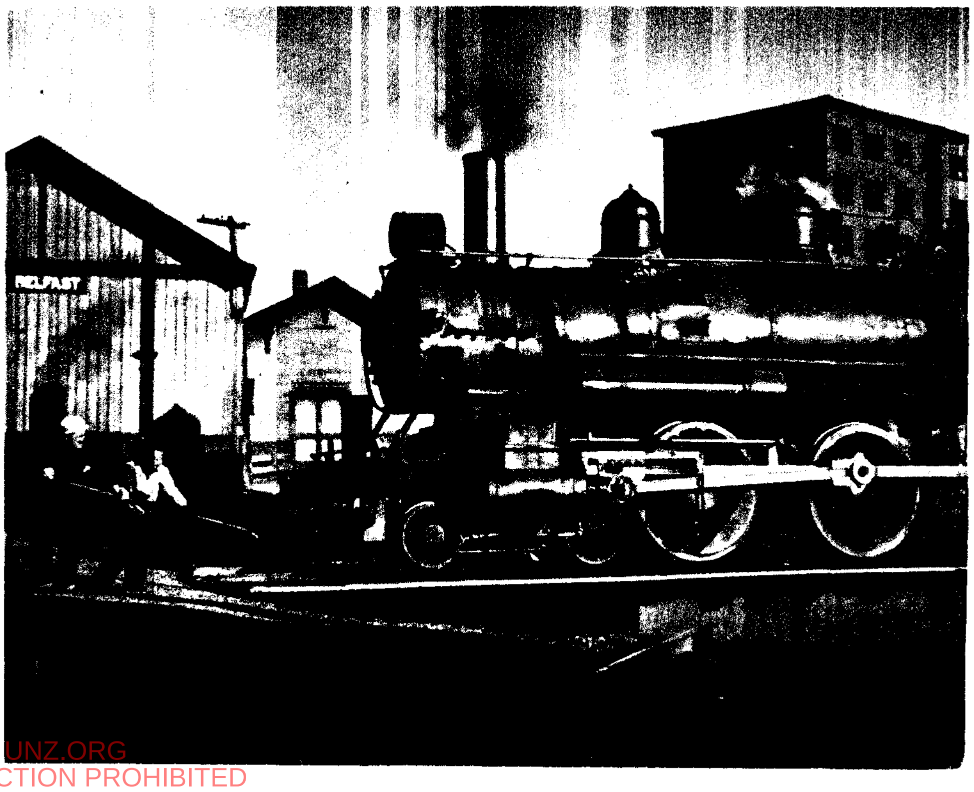




The hardest-working railroad president we ever saw is Clarence A. Paul, head of the B. & M.L., shown here at work in his garage and welding shop. The B. & M.L. has no vice-presidents. Its officers and directors serve without pay—except the treasurer and secretary who get $100 and $25 a year respectively. They serve because the life of the town depends on an outlet for its products

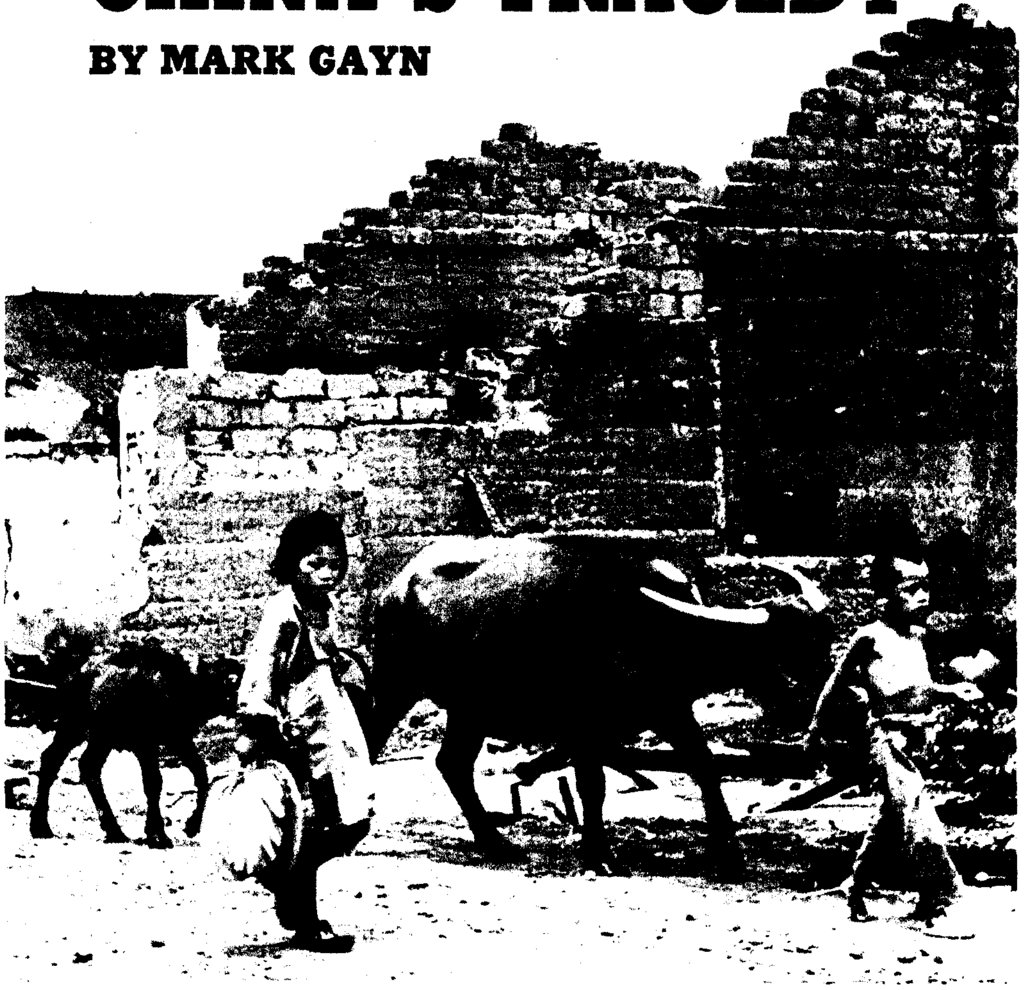
Directors J. S. Holmes, W. A. Cobb, Maine Hills and Irving Dinsmore (back to camera) listen to report from Supt. W. L. Bowen. They meet in the rear of Maine Hills' drugstore because he can't get anyone to replace him for a night. The railroad serves all of Waldo County and one director, Elmer G. Roberts, comes from the near-by village of Brooks which owns 200 shares of B. & M.L. stock

Pat Shaw and Clyde Lane, who perform all the odd tasks about the railroad from throwing a switch to painting a snowplow, push the turntable around to ready the engine for its afternoon passenger run. The roundhouse contains three engines which are used on succeeding days. They are all the same make and age so that parts can be easily replaced. Red building in background is a local shoe factory

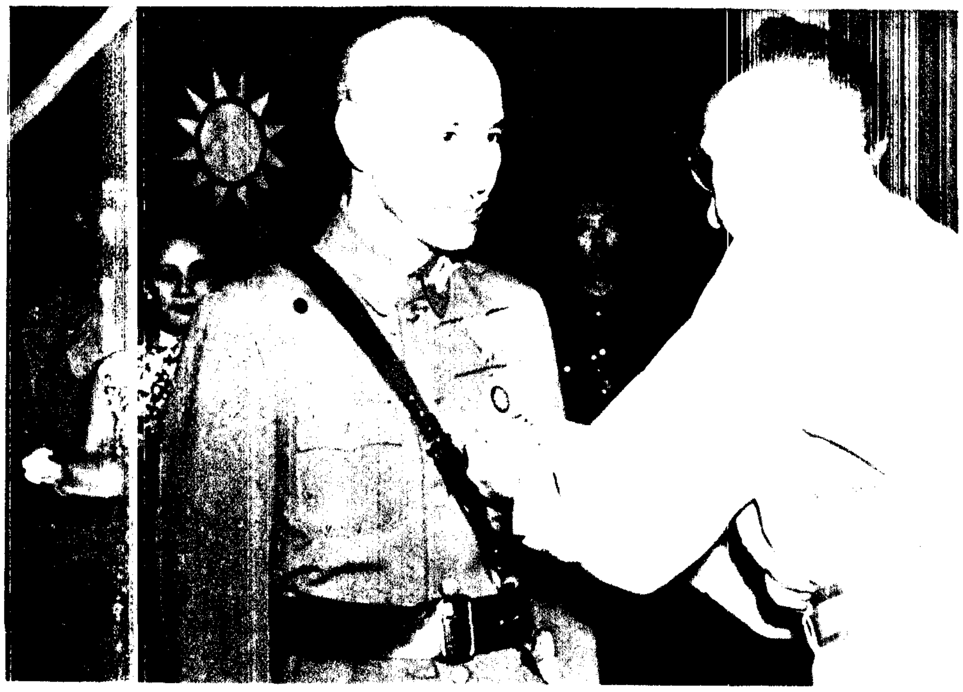


The Cause of CHINA'S TRAGEDY

BY MARK GAYN



In some sections of China, food is so scarce that women and children are sold into slavery at so much per pound. Girls bring half as much as pork



In happier days, before his recall at the request of Chiang Kai-shek, Gen. Joseph Stilwell pinned the Legion of Merit on the Chinese leader

The morale of China's people and their regard for the government of Chiang Kai-shek are at their lowest ebb. The nation is cut in two, and the Japanese threaten its very heart. This report tells what caused this disaster and why only democratic reform can save the country

THE zero hour in Free China, the hour of crucial and irrevocable decision, came in December. After years of bloody effort, Japan had hacked a corridor across Asia, split China in two, placed her armies in a position to strike either at China's nerve center in Chungking or the key supply base at Kunming.

In the eighth year of her war, China was forced to the verge of complete military collapse and today she is weakened by disunity, hunger and corruption, by her own warring political cliques and by a strangling blockade. Her armies are battered, underarmed and ill-trained; her reserves are pitifully slim. Only the most drastic measures by China and her allies can prevent a disaster. But these measures must come at once, for China has no more time to spare—and no more space to trade for precious time.

The story of how China steadily drifted to chaos and defeat can be told in many ways. It can begin in 1926, when a young, earnest Chinese general named Chiang Kai-shek, flanked by his Russian advisers, launched his historic drive to sweep China of warlordism. Or it can begin a year later, when Chiang broke with his Red allies, and a wave of terror swept China. Or it can begin in those unbearably hot, tense summer days of 1937 when Japan struck her final blow at China.

Or it can well begin—as this report will—with last April, when a swarm of Japanese "guerrilla" bands, followed by 200 whippet tanks, attacked in the green plain of Honan Province. That April, the Japanese played a canny game. For months their agents, disguised as merchants, had crossed the front lines freely. They scouted the Chinese defenses, talked to the officers and men, carefully felt the people's pulse. They found that the Chinese army in Honan was rotten with graft and inaction, that it lacked equipment, that it was hated by the farmers from whom it had extorted grain in the two preceding years of famine.

When the dossier on Honan was complete, the Japanese struck. At first they used only 40,000 men, split into small, mobile units. Facing them was an army of 250,000 under General Tang En-po, who had a fighter's reputation but kept his headquarters far, far behind the front.

When the blow fell, the Honan Command had 700 trucks. Five hundred of them were immediately seized by Chinese officers and officials to move their families, concubines and chattels to safety. Left without transport, the Chinese army promptly took over all carts and oxen it could find.

Oxcarts are the pillar of peasant economy. Angrily, the farmers began to resist. Leadership came from the old village secret society, the Red Spears, which for decades has defended the safety of the villages. As the peasant bands grew, they began to attack Chinese army units up to 500 men. The farmers were not for Japan but their slogan was "Better Japan's soldiers than the men of Tang En-po." In all, they probably seized 50,000 rifles.

Meanwhile, the small Japanese units streaked across the young wheat, cutting rail lines, taking towns, disorganizing Chinese defenses. In a few weeks, nothing remained of Tang's army. It had crumbled into nothing, leaving behind an evil memory and the bodies of hapless, ragged soldiers strewn along the country roads.

Honan was Japan's. So was the crop, one of the best in Honan's history.

Poised for the Final Thrust

Now the Japanese rested briefly. Before them, to the south, lay the heart of Free China, with its rich rice fields, teeming cities, American air bases, ragged soldiery, bickering generals, its abject poverty of tenant farmers side by side with the vast and insolent wealth of speculators. A blow here made good military sense. It could establish a land link with Japan's looted empire in south Asia; it could diminish the American successes on the seas and in Burma; conceivably it could knock disunited and exhausted China out of the war.

General Yasuji Okamura was picked to deal the blow. He was more than an able soldier; he was also a member of that brilliant Japanese army clique which made intrigue and subterfuge the elder brothers of the cannon. The pattern of the campaign in Honan was duplicated on a larger scale.

Swarms of well-trained, Chinese fifth columnists filtered into the area. They were armed with tommy guns and hand grenades; they knew the terrain and its people. Behind them came guerrilla-type Japanese units.

Okamura played his hand well. His agents murdered and sabotaged; they spread fearful rumor; skillfully, they played on the tragic disunity of Free China. They tore up the close web of outposts which warned the American air bases of the approaching enemy raiders. The bulk of the Japanese army was still far away, but with the web destroyed, the key American airfield at Hengyang had to be abandoned.

Changsha, Free China's rice bin, was Okamura's first objective. Four times previously

Chinese army medics minister to a wounded soldier. Unfortunately this treatment is not always possible the Japanese had reached for it, but each time they gave it up. Now the city was defended by two feuding Chinese generals. While the enemy neared, they quarreled. The area commander, a competent general named "Tiger" Hsueh Yueh, could not be reached because of disrupted communications.

Then the Tiger and the High Command in Chungking began to argue over strategy. Orders were issued and countermanded, and made again—until Changsha fell, and then Hengyang. Kweilin itself, with its all-important American air base, lay naked, waiting for the rape.

From Kweilin, the Japanese sent a column west, to menace China's most important cities and life lines. The shabby, tragic campaign was drawing to a close.

But Okamura did more than take territory. With his scalpel he ripped sores, picked long-standing myths, widened the cracks of disunity he found on China's prostrate body. What followed Okamura's thrust—and notably the recall of General Joseph Stilwell and resignation of Ambassador Clarence Gauss—were not phases of China's sickness, they were its symptoms.

A little was told of this sickness in the first splurge of free speech following the recall of General Joseph Stilwell. But much as yet remains untold, and much that has been distorted awaits correction.

Dr. Sun Fo, son of Sun Yat-sen, is a leading democrat

Chen Li-fu, with his brother, controls the party machinery

Chen Kuo-fu, other brother, is Chiang's close friend

The Truth Must Be Told

This report is based partly on personal knowledge, partly on the accounts of a host of American observers. It is not intended to be, nor can it be, a general indictment of Chiang Kai-shek, his government, his party, or the Chinese people. Such an indictment would be both untrue and unfair. This is a reporter's report on China, a picture of a friend in great distress.

The picture is not pretty. But for China's sake, as for our own, the truth must now be told. The hour is too late for falsehood, for false optimism, for bickering and self-righteous indignation.

First, a few conclusions on which all observers are united:

(1) *The influence of Chiang Kai-shek and his government is at its lowest in ten years.*

(2) *National morale is at its lowest point.*

(3) *Disunity, physical exhaustion and the inability of her allies to send in sufficient supplies are all responsible for China's tragic defeats. For this disunity the only effective cure is democratic reform—rather than the addition of one or two Communists to the cabinet.*

All American observers agree that Chungking's voice becomes less authoritative with each outbound mile. Even before last summer, the outlying provinces frequently defied the central government. Since Okamura split Free China in two, this dissidence has increased.

It can now be revealed that the dissident leaders are united in what is loosely known as the Southeast Council. Today the council is less a formal body than a tendency and a lot of secret meetings. But little separates it from the final step—that of renting a headquarters, hiring a staff and acquiring a fancy seal.

Among the dissidents are several southern generals and governors. Some of these are well-meaning men, some utter scoundrels; many are motivated by personal ambition. But all without exception find support in the general dissatisfaction with Chungking's undemocratic trends.

One reform-minded governor recently asked an American official for a detailed report on the workings of county government in the United States. If some day an American political scientist discovers the county pattern of the sovereign state of Tennessee duplicated in a certain Chinese province, he can trace the phenomenon to the Chinese separatism of 1944-45.

In some vital areas of south China, the dissidents allow no Chungking troops. In others, Chungking's officials are tolerated but ignored. These areas are filled with swarms of Chungking's secret service men, and money is spent freely. But the best Chungking has been able to achieve thus far has been an uneasy armistice.

Hand in hand with separatism marches a decay of spirit. One of the graver charges against Chungking is that it has failed to give popular morale the boost it needed so desperately. China's countless Wangs, Wus and Liangs have been asked to make colossal contributions to the war effort and the government's upkeep—in blood, in compulsory labor, in backbreaking taxes, in forced sale of grain at low prices. Yet none in Chungking has bothered to explain—as the Communists have done—why such sacrifices were needed. As a result, the blood, sweat and cash given by China's weary millions appear to them to be unfair imposts, forcibly collected by a remote and cruel government.

Little surprise, therefore, that Yunnan Province, with its great American base at Kunming, was described by a competent American observer as "defeatist." In neighboring Kwangsi, where the U.S. Air Force lost so many vital bases last year, seventy per cent of the people are said by another American to be either indifferent to the war or ignorant of the issues. ("Who are Americans?" said the widow of a Chinese officer. "Aren't they the light-skinned Japanese?")

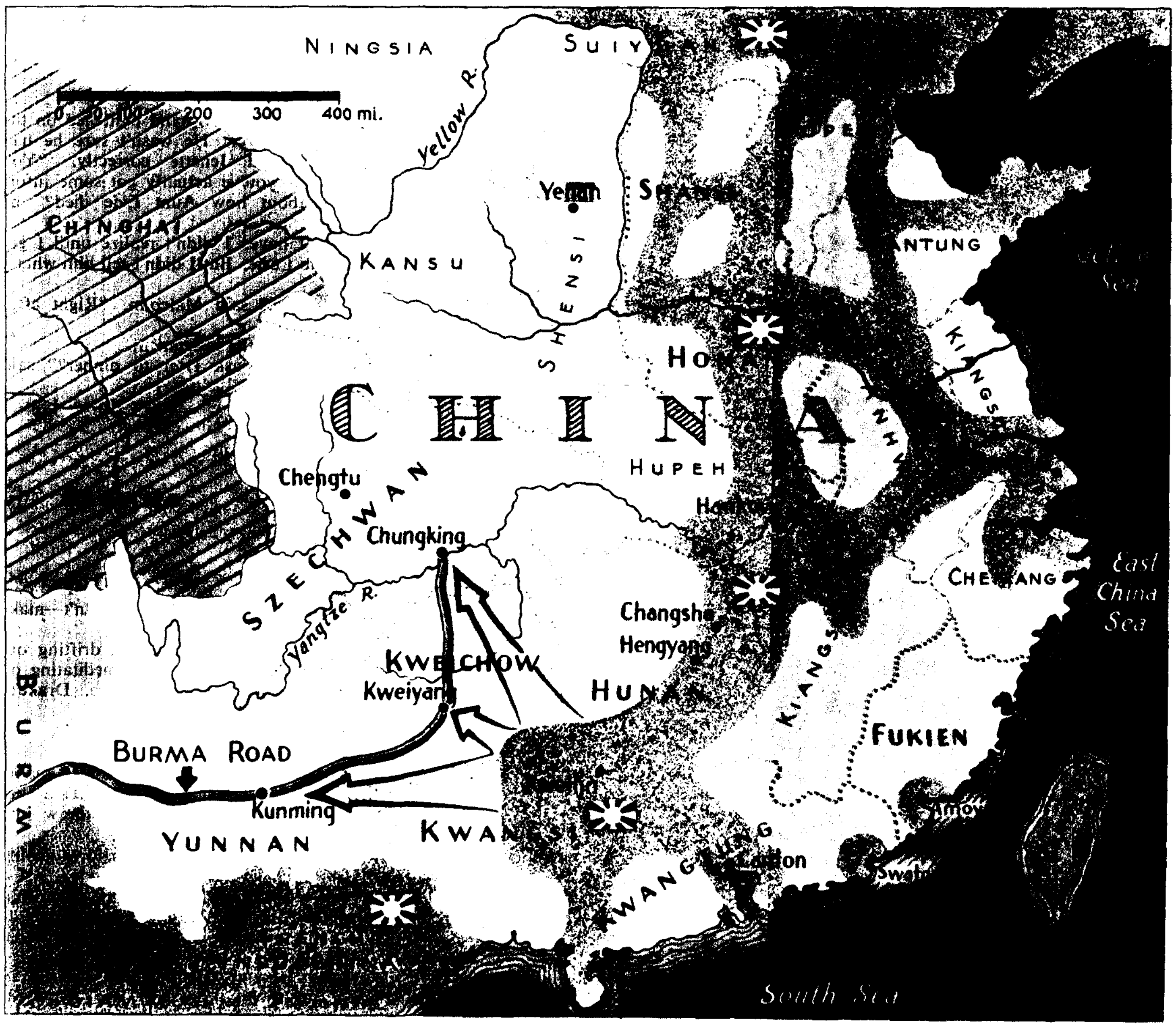
Food is the Ruling Interest

American sampling of public opinion in South China showed the people were most concerned with the threat of famine, secondarily with increased democratic reforms, and—a poor third—the war. All this with the enemy on the doorstep.

Sometimes dissatisfaction boils over. In Fukien Province, villages rose bloodily against conscription gangs. In Shansi and Honan, farmers battled the rapacious Chinese soldiery. In Yunnan, "younger generals" plotted to kidnap Chiang Kai-shek on his way home from Cairo. In Kansu, behind an air-tight censorship, a miniature civil war is in progress; Chinese troops are ambushed by the peasants, roads are dug up, government warehouses are attacked and looted, tax collectors are defied. In Kweichow Province, now under Japanese attack, similar uprisings have broken out under the leadership of an old secret society.

Most of this unrest involves farmers, as it must in a country in which rural distress is so deep and widespread. Thus far, the unrest has been held in relative check by fear of punishment and lack of organization. But

(Continued on page 66)



Black blot of Jap conquest bisects China, forms a springboard for possible drives on Kunming, Chungking or Kweiyang

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDERSON-GUILLUMETTE • MAP BY GUS BETHKE

Net of

BY ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

The Story:

It was bad enough for MALCOLM DRAKE, recently discharged from the Merchant Marine because of battle shock, to have to rely on strong sleeping pills and the hospitality of his brother, ARTHUR, and wife, HELENE, to help him back on his feet. It was far worse when HELENE'S twittering AUNT EVIE slumped to the floor during cocktail hour, and DR. LURIE, the family physician, pronounced her dead of an overdose of alcohol. The whole family, plus the doctor and two guests—LILY KINGSCROWN, a charming neighbor, and IVAN JENETTE, AUNT EVIE'S musical protégé—had been there to witness that MALCOLM had given her only a small drink. But in spite of that, HELENE informed MALCOLM reproachfully that the butler had seen him pour a very stiff drink, and her sister, VIRGINIA, in love with MALCOLM, made it plain that she, too, believed this lie. When the will was read, suspicion thickened, for MALCOLM had been left twenty thousand dollars. JENETTE, whose name had not been mentioned, stamped off morosely, and then, surprisingly, phoned to say that if MALCOLM would bring along some money, he'd tell exactly how and why AUNT EVIE died.

II

MALCOLM'S hand tightened on the receiver. He wasn't sure he had heard Jenette correctly. "You mean you—you've actually got some information about how Aunt Evie died?" he asked.

"Yes, I have. I didn't realize until I got talking to Lurie. But I didn't tell him what I know."

"I'll come," said Malcolm. "Right after dinner."

He hung up the instrument.

"You didn't ask Ivan to dinner?" said Helene.

"Well, no . . . I'm sorry. No. I didn't."

The two sisters moved away, and he sat where he was, on the edge of the table, in the dimly lit hall.

What does Jenette mean? he thought. Does he mean he saw me fixing that drink? But he didn't, because I didn't fix her a big drink. But if he thinks he did . . . This could be blackmail.

But what if it's something else? If it is—if I could be—absolutely sure I didn't—make any sort of mistake . . ."

"Well . . ." said Dr. Lurie, drifting out from the library. "Are you meditating on how to spend your inheritance, Drake?"

"No," said Malcolm.

"Oh, merely not feeling sociable?"

"Tired."

"I shouldn't give way to that sort of mood, if I were you, Drake," he said. "It's a very bad, a dangerous thing, to withdraw into yourself."

"If I knew how to do it," said Malcolm, "I'd be doing it now."

"I'm sorry you've chosen to adopt this attitude of hostility, Drake. It's *bad* for you. I'm your physician . . . and naturally concerned with your welfare. I can help you—"

"Don't bother," said Malcolm.

As always, these brushes with Lurie gave him a great sense of well-being and happiness. He was pleased to see the dark flush in Lurie's face.

"And the day will come—" Lurie began, but Arthur's voice checked him.

"Sorry you can't wait and have dinner, Doctor."

"Thank you, Drake," said the doctor. "Another time."

He put on his overcoat and took up his hat and went out of the house, and the two brothers remained in the hall.

"Take it a little easy, Malcolm," said Arthur.

"There's something about that fellow—" said Malcolm.

"There's plenty about him," said Arthur. "But compromise is the art of living. There's no sense in getting his back up."

"He won't let me alone."

"Nobody gets let alone," said Arthur somberly. "Just take it a little easy, Malcolm. Come on back now and have a little drink."

That feeling of almost joyous excitement remained with Malcolm. Jenette's going to tell me something, he thought. If I can know—for sure—that I didn't make any kind of mistake, I think I'll be all right again. I'll be able to walk out and get a job, start living again. . . .

It was nice in the drawing room; it was cozy; the voices of the three women were light and sweet. He glanced at Virginia and found her looking at him; he smiled at her, and her answering smile was warm and possessive.

Helene's caller took her leave and Helene went out into the hall with her.

"Could I use the car after dinner?" Malcolm asked Arthur. "Just for an hour or so?"

"Well, but it's Ben's night out, and you don't drive."

"I'll drive you, Malcolm," said Virginia.

"Thanks, Virginia, but it's . . ."

BACK came the feeling of being trapped in the house and not able to get out. He was expected to explain, if he wanted to get away, and he could think of no explanation with any sense to it.

"It's business," he said.

"All right," said Arthur. "I'll send for a taxi. What time?"

"Eight-thirty," said Malcolm, with immeasurable relief. And in a very low voice, "Could you lend me some money?"

"I've only got forty bucks," Arthur said. "Here . . ."

Arthur never bothered him, never asked him questions. Arthur seemed to think he had as much right as anyone to come and go and not explain. That made dinner all right. A nice dinner, two sisters and two brothers, all friendly and cozy.

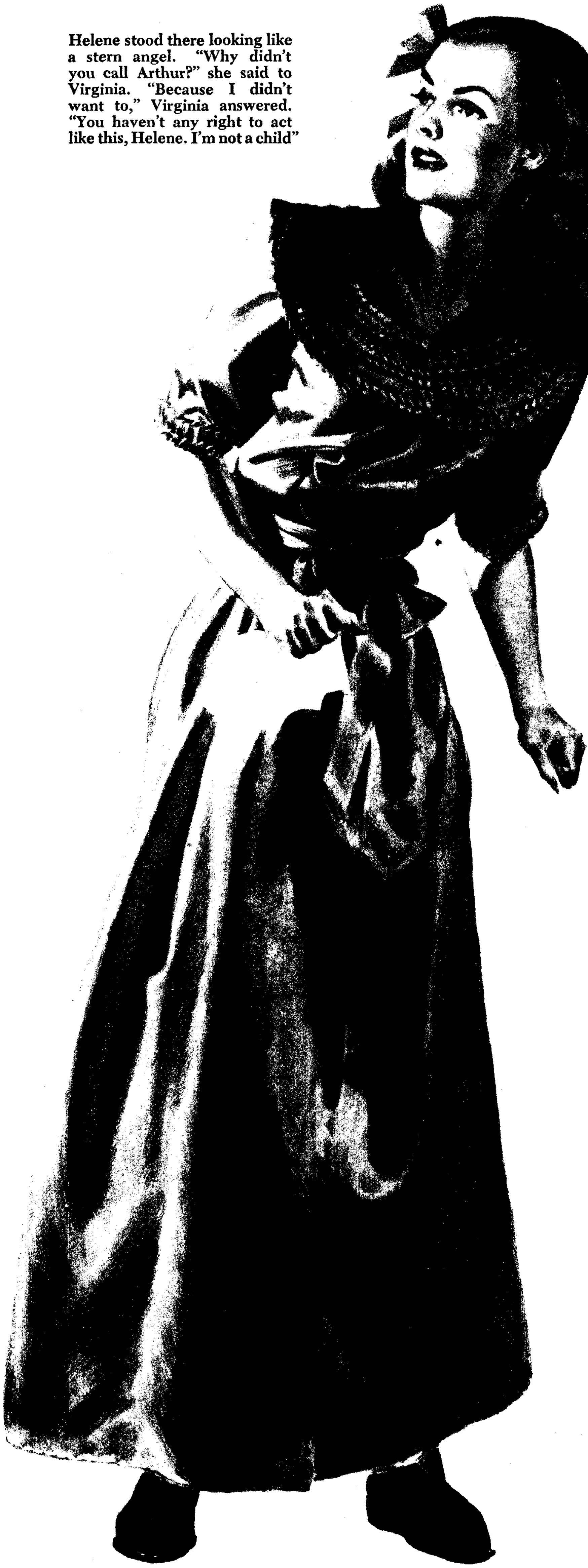
It was a very fine thing to get into the taxi and set off—alone. I ought to go around alone more, he thought. It was a sweet night, mild, a little misty, and he felt fine.

The Willow Tree Tavern looked very nice—a long, low, red brick building flush with the street, the lighted windows rosy. He went into the lobby and it was attractive; chairs with chintz cushions, red-shaded lamps. It would be nice to stay in a place like this, by myself, he thought. Just for a while.

He went up to the desk; there was no clerk

COBWEBS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



Helene stood there looking like a stern angel. "Why didn't you call Arthur?" she said to Virginia. "Because I didn't want to," Virginia answered. "You haven't any right to act like this, Helene. I'm not a child"

there, only a woman with dyed red hair at a switchboard.

"Yes-s-s?" she said, with a cross hissing.

"Mr. Jenette, please," said Malcolm.

"Mr. Jenette has checked out."

"Well, no—look here! Try his room, will you, please?"

"Mr. Jenette has *checked out,*" she said angrily. "It's right here, on my list."

"But just try him, won't you?"

She plugged in, angrier than ever.

"No answer," she said.

"Well—maybe there's a note for me? A message?"

"What name?"

"Drake," he said. "Malcolm Drake."

"There's no message for any Mr. Drake."

"Can you tell me when he checked out?"

"No, I cannot. I just came on at eight o'clock."

"Well . . . Who was here when he left?"

She answered an incoming call, and he waited.

"If you could tell me who was here when Mr. Jenette checked out—"

"Mr. Price, I suppose."

"Can I speak to him?"

"He's gone home."

Something wrong about this, Malcolm thought. Jenette wanted me to bring along some money; he said he didn't have his fare into New York. Some mistake. He's got to be here.

There was a bellboy sitting on a bench, an elderly bellboy, growing bald, with an anxious face.

"Look here!" Malcolm said to him. "I had an appointment with Mr. Jenette, and they tell me he's checked out. They—if you could find out whether he's left a note in his room for me . . . And if his bag's gone."

"His bag's gone, sir, because I saw him take it. Because when he came off the elevator and I asked him if I could take his bag he said no."

"When was that, about?"

The elderly boy mused.

"About six o'clock, sir," he said. "Around then."

"Take a look in his room for a note, will you?"

The elderly boy went up in the elevator and came down again.

"No, sir," he said. "There isn't any note."

Malcolm gave him a dollar, and went outside. He felt an unbearable fatigue, a leaden weight on his heart. The fog was thick around him again, and he was stupefied, miserable.

Maybe I misunderstood Jenette, he thought. Maybe he didn't say—any of that. I don't know . . . I want a drink. Only not here. I don't like this place. I'll find a nice little bar in the village, and I'll get talking to someone.

It was only a mile to the village and he walked it fast. He found a place with a red neon light and there was a jukebox playing inside. It was a fine tune, loud, brisk and martial; it made him feel good. He went up to the bar and ordered a straight rye and a glass of water.

There was a man sitting on the stool next to him, a middle-aged man in spectacles, with a round face. He looked friendly.

"What's the latest news?" Malcolm asked.

"It's pretty bad," said the man. The loud music stopped and it was very quiet. "People don't realize," said the man sternly, "what war *is.* I was over in France, in the other war, and I happen to know. But these people, they don't know a thing."

"No . . ." said Malcolm.

"These people," said the man, "don't know what sacrifice *means.* They make me sick."

"Yes," Malcolm said.

He finished his drink quickly and paid for it and went out. I can't talk to people like that, he thought. I wish I had somebody of my own. I mean, somebody who'd be there . . .

He didn't want to go in any more bars. Loneliness made him almost desperate; he called up a retired ship's captain he knew in Brooklyn.

"Come along over," the man said. "The wife and I—we'll be happy to see you, Drake. Come right along over, and we'll have a glass of beer and talk over the old days, the good old days. Take the Eighth Avenue subway, get out at . . ."

"Yes, yes," said Malcolm earnestly. He was not able to explain that he was not in New York.

"Then you get a trolley and—"

"Yes, I see!" said Malcolm. "I'm going to try to make it first thing next week."

"Come here now," said the old man.

"Thank you, sir," said Malcolm, "but I can't make it *tonight.*"

HE CAME out of the telephone booth in the drugstore, and a franticness seized him. I don't know what in hell to do. I don't know where to go. Too early to go to bed. Unless I took one of the capsules. But no; I'd rather get drunk. That's better. You're around with other people, and you feel good, after a few drinks.

So he set off to get drunk and get talking to somebody. Only he didn't seem to get drunk, only cold and sick. He sat at the bar in this place, wherever it was, and nobody spoke to him. Every time he looked up, he saw his own face in a mirror. I look like a monkey, he thought. A sick gorilla. This stuff might as well be water. I *can't* get drunk.

Cold and sick, that was all. He got up and left this place, wherever it was, and when he stepped out into the street, into the raw damp air, he began to stagger. No, this is all damn' nonsense! he told himself. I'm *not* tight.

But just the same, he couldn't walk straight and, as he went weaving along the street, he gave a loud hiccup. He was ashamed of that. There was a taxi standing near the corner; he got into it and gave the address of Arthur's house. He realized now that he had left his hat behind, in that bar, whatever the name of it was; he hiccuped again, and the whole thing was disgusting and beyond measure wretched.

He stumbled going up the steps and fell on his face. He picked himself up, and there was a cut on his forehead; he wiped off the blood with his handkerchief and he remembered he had no key. If the side door is locked, I'll have to ring the bell, he thought.

The side door opened, and there was Virginia.

"Oh, Lord!" he said.

She didn't say a word, just took his hand

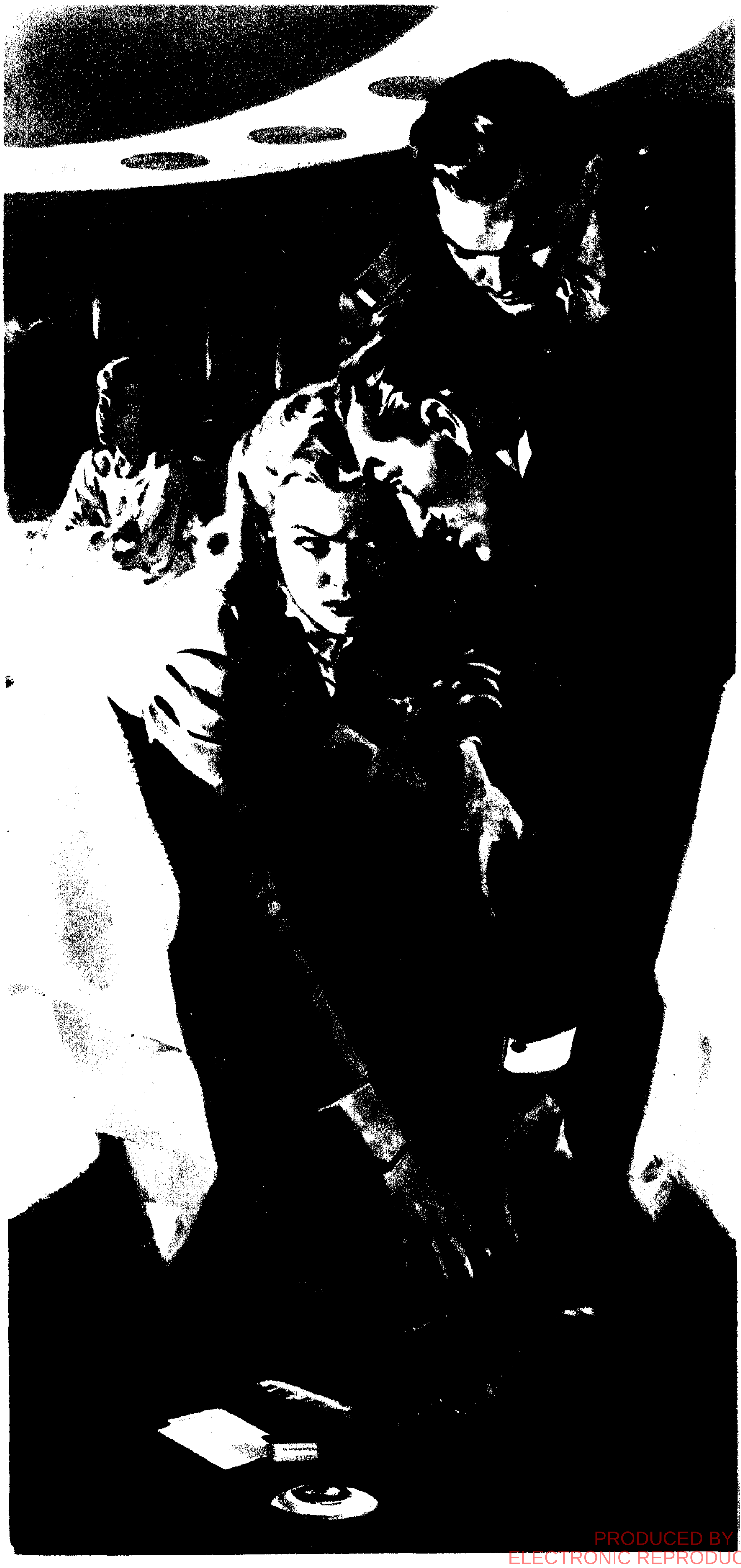
(Continued on page 29)

HOLD MY HAND

BY IRENE KITTLE

a short short story complete on this page

She raged at herself, but too late, for she as well as her husband and the waiter all bent down for the purse at the same time. It was the waiter's head she bumped



WHEN they began to laugh they couldn't stop, and the sounds of their coupled laughter swept through the darkly gleaming room, mingled tenderly with the faint ringing of silverware against china, and finally expended itself against the talk of the other diners, so that some of these turned toward the sound with faces gone suddenly soft and tolerant.

"Hold my hand," she said again and reached hers past the empty glasses and found his and held it tight, tight even after the waiter, smiling with them, came this time without being signaled.

She had come in that morning from a day and night on a train from the West, and she had worn her best suit and had looked better than most of the women who got off the same train after sleeping in the clothes they were wearing. But at Pennsylvania Station, her usual impractical impatience sweeping over her, she had been afraid she would be late meeting him, and wouldn't wait for her turn at a cab in the station, but ran out into the street, full into the driving rain.

When she had found a cab, when finally one had stopped for her, the suit was rain-soaked, ruined.

When she blew into his arms at the hotel, they were too stunned to know if either was dressed, much less how. But later when he saw that her small bag held only fresh blouses and learned that her clothes were being sent on, he it was, without even asking, who had the suit sent down to be pressed.

She wasn't troubled, thinking: Well, he knows me. He's been married to me long enough to know I don't think much about my clothes.

Still, she was faintly surprised, recalling that he had never noticed them much before.

She was surprised again to learn about the reservation for dinner. He had made it before she got there, at a restaurant which, before the war, they would have both called chi-chi, and avoided. She wondered a little about the restaurant, but held her tongue, thinking maybe this is one of those little adjustments a soldier's wife must learn to make. Though when he had roused her from the deep, sweet sleep into which she had fallen to tell her they'd better get dressed, she had wanted to say, "Oh, let's not. Let's have dinner here—right here in bed." But she hadn't.

So it didn't really matter to her to find that the man who pressed suits had gone home without pressing hers. Drowsy, hoping that meant they wouldn't go out, she listened to her husband on the telephone, heard him say his wife would have to parade naked through the lobby unless they sent the suit back, even if it wasn't pressed. Then it was that she sat up straight and examined this man who'd been away so long, and behind her dark eyes lay the memory of the stories she had heard from other soldiers' wives of how the war can change a man so you hardly know him.

WHEN the suit came back, more crumpled and forlorn than ever, she struggled into it, about to make a joke of her appearance until she saw the troubled frown with which he contemplated it. To make things worse, she seemed to have lost her lipstick, and her pale lips were the last straw under her pale, limp hair.

"Sweetheart," he said softly, almost too softly, when she told him about the lipstick, "do you still lose things?"

"Everything except my men," she had been going to say gaily, but suddenly found she couldn't. A quick fear seemed to hit her full in the chest, knock the wind out of her voice.

Thinking how unlike themselves they were behaving, she was silent, frowning on the way down in the elevator. Somewhere in that silent ride down, her heart went off by itself, and she knew she was not only frightened, but hurt and angry. If you, she said passionately to herself, if you had been stuck off in a war plant in the West the way I've been, maybe you wouldn't have such a wonderful wardrobe, either. And her dark eyes smoldered against the immaculate olive green of his uniform.

"Wait a minute," he said, as they came abreast of the drugstore in the lobby.

When he returned and handed her a lipstick—the shade, the brand she had been using a year ago when he went away—shame was an insufferable cloak over her, and she had a furtive desire to skulk behind him so that he couldn't see how the damp hem of her skirt rippled about her knees, how the war goods bumped out, making her look round and ambiguous where she was straight and defined as a boy. Tears had sprung to her dark eyes, but she kept them from overflowing her lids, and it was this effort which sent her into a silent huddle in one corner of the cab they took to the restaurant.

She was herself city born and bred and knew with the knowledge that most city people have that your clothes do not really matter, that you can go any place wearing anything, and no one will care so long as *you* do not care. But as they entered the restaurant a large, handsome girl who might have been a model brushed by them, and the girl's tawny hair and luminous make-up and rich, exciting perfume made her realize how she must really look.

"Like an ugly duckling left out in the rain," she mumbled to herself, expecting her husband to laugh, to reassure her. But he hadn't heard her, or else he didn't think it was funny, for all he did was try to guide her along in the path of the waiter showing them to their table.

HER shoes were slightly stiff from having been wet, and this, coupled with her brand-new discomfort, made her falter, stumble and drop her purse—like a fool, a country bumpkin. She raged at herself, but too late, for she, as well as her husband and the waiter, all bent down for the purse at the same time. It was the waiter's head she bumped. When she reached the table she wanted only to die.

She didn't look at her husband while he ordered drinks. When they came, she downed hers in one gulp.

"Where'd you learn to drink like that?" he asked, surprised.

"We war workers," she said evenly, perversely, "just don't know what to do with our money. Just spend it on drink like crazy."

They sat in silence for some moments, and, finally, though he had not touched his own drink, he beckoned for the waiter to bring her another one. When she had drunk most of that, she dared to approach the question that loomed achingly in her mind.

"Just tell me one thing," she said, on a deep breath. "Where did you get this sudden interest in going to smart places, in how my clothes look. Are the Fifth Avenue stores dressing the girls in the Solomons now?"

He stared at her. "I thought you didn't love me," he said softly. "Listen," he went on, "all the way back I kept thinking how I never used to take you any place that was well—smart, expensive; how I never used to notice if you had a new dress. And I kept thinking how untidy you always were, and how maybe you didn't really want to be." He stared at the big tears rolling down her cheeks. "They teach us to be neat," he said, trying to explain. "Oh, honey, honey, I love you. You're beautiful."

"Me?" she said, her voice rising. "Me? You're talking about me?" She brushed the tears away fast, and she snorted furiously. "Don't think you can get away with that, young man. I know what I look like. I look like an Idaho potato that's been standing too long in a pan of water."

Her misery was gone, she felt suddenly strong, even beautiful. "And if you want to know," she went on, watching the laughter crawl up his face, measuring it with her own curving lips, "if you want to know what I think: The perfect ending for this perfect evening would be for me not to be able to get my shoes back on—I took them off because they were damp—and for you not to have enough money to pay the check. I am just sitting here waiting for that to happen."

He began to laugh even before she did.

"Oh, hold my hand, darling," she said, "hold my hand and everything will be all right."

And that was when the waiter asked him if he wanted anything else. And that was when he said no, he had everything he'd ever want.

ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY

Hazel Willard, fully protected from flash fires by mask and flameproof suit, handles trench mortar powder in the rework house where it is cut into strips and weighed

SAFETY *i*

BY SIGMUND SAMETH

PHOTOGRAPHS MADE FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Don't worry if a friend or relative has a job in an explosives plant. As long as he obeys the factory rules, the chances are he'll be all right

THE safest industry in the United States is the manufacture of explosives. According to the Department of Labor and the National Safety Council, the accident rate among workers in a powder factory is phenomenally low—only 4.6 disabling injuries per million man-hours. This is less than one half the rate of American industry as a whole. If you work in an explosives plant you're actually a better insurance risk than if you had a job in a filling station.

The explosives business is safe because it's dangerous, and because extraordinary precautions are taken to prevent the one big accident that might destroy an entire plant. In certain jobs, powder workers shiver in unheated sheds all winter. In others, throughout the summer, they perspire in long underwear. In still others, they wear overalls with a single latticework pocket designed to hold a small handkerchief and nothing else. A flock of grazing sheep constitutes a safety device. Sewing machines are operated through periscopes. Hair-trigger sprinkler systems stop fires before they can start. And the garbage man is a graduate engineer.

Recently I visited the Radford Ordnance Works in Virginia—a plant rushed to completion before Pearl Harbor. It served Uncle Sam as model for a number of other plants and is generally admitted to be the safest munitions factory in the world.

As you drive across the steel span bridging New River, you begin to smell the plant hidden behind the hills. Two hundred-foot fume stacks trail wisps of yellowish smoke across the countryside. Drab, efficient-looking buildings dot the green fields in a regular pattern.

Munitions factories do not encourage casual sight-seeing visits. I was given a badge with a number, donned a flashproof uniform, and pulled on heavy, nonsparking rubber overshoes. Only then was I permitted to tour the powder line, where I learned operating precautions the same as any beginning workman. In safety circles ABC stands for "Always Be Careful." At Radford the warning is carried to fantastic lengths.

Take the lunch-box search, which is part of the daily routine at the gate. Guards may even require workers to unwrap bulky sandwiches. One man during spare moments whittled a cigar holder from a chunk of scrap material—which would have been just dandy if his "imitation amber" hadn't been smokeless powder. A guard relieved him of the lethal plaything.

Any powder worker at any time may be called on by plant police to submit to a match search. The contents of the pockets must be laid out on a table and the pockets turned inside out. For each oversight a two-weeks layoff is imposed—except during fishing season. But this lenient rule applies only to safety matches. "Strike-anywhere" matches—and wise Radford storekeepers don't even stock them—mean immediate dismissal for higher-ups or laborers.

The unhappiest man at Radford is slight, balding Marshall S. Byers, who has a large sunny office, which he never occupies, and a pretty stenographer, who is no longer disconcerted by unprovoked groans which punctuate her boss' deepest thought.

Byers is safety superintendent of the plant and in that capacity he is a professional worrier. Through subtle personal magnetism he instills a similar brand of constructive pessimism in his staff of twenty-four safety men. One is an ex-Marine Corps captain, another is a former college instructor, and a third used to be an auto-tire salesman.

The safety superintendent's favorite demonstration keeps him continually begging friends for worn-out shirts. A group of new workers assemble at the burning ground where waste nitrocellulose is destroyed. Over two iron fence posts are draped (a) an ordinary shirt, (b) a shirt treated with "flashproof" chemicals. Midway between these two exhibits a mound of powder is poured on the ground. A loosely rolled newspaper, laid downwind as a fuse, is ignited. Then Byers carefully *walks* away, for in running he might stumble and fall.

The powder flashes with a searing flame which singes eyebrows forty feet distant. Only a blackened shred remains of the first shirt. The one which was chemically treated flutters from the fencepost, white and entire.

"Therefore we insist that you wear flashproof clothing," Byers concludes.

Safety clothing for the gals—more than half of Radford's workers are women—must not only be safe but chic. Early models made their wearers look awkward, and they invented excuses for not wearing them. The headpiece was the crowning indignity. It was better to take the chance of getting burned than be seen in an asbestos safety hat. The management finally had a fashion stylist design a sky-blue flashproof turban. The girls still insist on a little hair showing, and the safety men are willing to compromise on that.

When he is not destroying haberdashery the safety superintendent in his fire chief roadster with rope-wound bumpers tours the plant at 15 mph until he finds something to complain about. It may be a "spill" of corrosive or flammable material which must be roped off, a steel hammer in a building where only sparkproof brass hammers should be used, a workman sliding a can across the floor instead of rolling or carrying it, or an empty acid drum accumulating dangerous hydrogen.

To understand the problems which keep powder makers tossing nights, let's follow a batch of the deadly stuff from the building where cotton and acids meet in nitrating vats to the spot a mile and a quarter away where they emerge as smokeless powder.

"Give us a flashless, nonhygroscopic product (FNH)," the Army will specify, "for a gun of a certain model with a certain projectile. When so loaded it should give a muzzle velocity within narrow limits—say 2,900 feet per second plus or minus ten."

(Continued on page 72)

Strips of trench mortar powder are put into place by Nevla Duncan and sewn together. Later they are cut into pieces one and one half to three inches square for loading

Patton AT THE PAY-OFF

BY GEORGE CREEL

EUROPEAN

Gen. Patton adjusts the belt holding his famous ivory-handled pistol, above. The gun is more than an affectation: He holds world's pistol-shot record, regards this weapon as much more accurate than regulation automatic. Below, with Gen. Eisenhower, second from left, he inspects a German dugout emplacement somewhere on the Third Army front

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

WHATEVER else may be said about life in the United States, it is never dull. The convulsive shifts in public opinion—daily and sometimes hourly—make St. Vitus look like a cataleptic. The Hall of Fame can change into a rogues' gallery overnight, and vice versa with equal ease and rapidity.

Take the strange case of Lieutenant General George Smith Patton, Jr., who stormed the bastion of Metz for the first time in modern history. Scarcely more than a year ago he was in the doghouse without even a bone to gnaw or straw to sleep on. He had given the back of his hand to a hospitalized soldier in Sicily, and an enraged people searched their souls for louder denunciations.

Congress scored his brutality and temporarily denied him further promotion, as one unfit to hold command, and yet in the second battle of France, Patton again was in the thick of the Allied dash toward Germany, and his name again was in the headlines. What brought about this transformation of public attitude? How did Patton escape from the doghouse? How has he justified his escape?

If people think that the change is due to a change in General Patton, then they will do well to ready themselves for rude awakenings. He is just what he was and always will be—a man set in an iron pattern. You can praise him or scorn him, but look the whole world over, and it is doubtful if a human being can be found whose mind, thought and habits of life are cast in a more lasting mold.

From childhood he has held with simple faith to the creed that a soldier must never admit a single weakness of the flesh, and must take it without whining, no matter how tough the going. If occasion rises, tomorrow will find him rawhiding all who fail to measure up to his own Spartan standards, and that without any loss of rasp and fluency as a result of the Sicilian incident. His hand is still a fist.

Undersecretary of War Robert Patterson, on his recent inspection trip through France, decided on a visit to Patton's Third Army headquarters—not an easy chore, as he was charging forward at the rate of thirty and forty miles a day. The party located him at last in a dreary patch of woods and were guided on the final stretch by the general's stentorian bellows as he acquainted his men with the facts of life from the military standpoint. The headquarters consisted of three battered trucks, one for Patton's cot, one for his maps, the third for his radio equipment. Scattered around were pup tents for his staff officers.

"Well, I can't say much for your housing," commented the Undersecretary. "Why don't you find yourself a château?"

"To hell with 'em!" rumbled Old Blood and Guts. "Too comfortable. Get in a château, and those birds," flicking a thumb in the direction of the staff, "never would want to get a move on. When it's like this, they're glad to hop along, hoping the next halt will be better. But it *won't*."

If Patton hasn't changed, neither has his reputation as a soldier changed among either his supporters or his enemies on the field of battle. That he has such a reputation must be obvious. Had he been no more than a bold and impetuous cavalryman, the soldier-slapping incident would have ended his career. The incident put General Eisenhower on a spot. He considered General Patton his ablest broken-field runner.

Moreover, there were other men in the War Department who had respect for Patton. He was one of "Pershing's boys," hand-picked by old "Black Jack" himself. General Marshall believed Patton could not be spared, and insisted only on a public apology. Patton was aide to Secretary of War Stimson in 1911 when the Secretary was serving his first term at the War Department. Stimson, like Patton, is a horseman, and the two have been lifelong friends. Weighing the mistake against Patton's long career, General Eisenhower dared to take an unpopular course. Was his decision a wise one? Has Patton come through?

Eisenhower gave one answer recently after Patton had taken Metz—the first general to take it by all-around assault since 451 A.D. He pinned the Bronze Star on Patton's battle jacket. For one day the general wore no other ribbon. The Bronze Star is not one of the highest Army awards, but Patton valued it because it is almost the only one he hadn't already won.

Why did Eisenhower defy public opinion and give the soldier-slapping general a major role in France? Here are some clues to the answers, as well as proof that you can like or dislike Patton, but you can't ignore him

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Patton is told about a special new valve grinder by S/Sgt. Woodrow Smith, of Winfield, Ala. The general keeps close tabs on the details of his Army's operations and on the things that affect his men's comfort

Before D-Day in France, Eisenhower began to use Old Blood and Guts again. He was the commander the Germans most feared. He had outmaneuvered them in Sicily, running them dizzy with his tactics and strategy, his swift marches and furious descents. It was Patton whom their eyes were fixed on. It was this fear that Eisenhower played upon. Few things were ever more insecure than our first toe hold in the drive on Rome. At any moment the Germans might ascertain the weakness, and smash down from the north.

To Corsica, therefore, went Patton with much blaring of trumpets, and straightway the Nazis fell into a dither. What did it portend? A drive across into Northern Italy? It was just the daring sort of thing that might be expected of him. As a result of their sweating indecision, the Germans sat tight, not knowing where a Patton blow might fall, and as a result the Allied toe hold below Rome became a firm foothold. This chore chored, Old Blood and Guts was quietly transferred to England to head the Third Army.

Patton's personal popularity has been the subject of much controversy, but his terrific driving methods are intended to avoid being pinned down and thus escape the heavy casualties of position warfare. Many experienced soldiers have expressed appreciation of this characteristic, regardless of Patton's other traits. Europeans, too, have looked upon him as colorful and flamboyant and they are inclined to hail him—however mistakenly—as typically American.

During the first weeks of the Allied invasion of Normandy, one question was most often asked in the American ranks, "Where's Patton?"

Army and Navy officers, Negro duck drivers and assault troops asked the question, and often added, "When Old Blood and Guts gets here, we'll start moving."

On D-plus-seven, our Second Armored Division was rushed up to meet a German counterattack west of Carentan. Two grimy M.P.s stood in Isigny and watched the Second Armored roll through to battle—miles of bristling, roaring monsters crammed with soldiers. The M.P.s shook their heads in admiration.

"That's Patton's old outfit," one said. "Toughest bunch in this Army. Hitler never saw nothing like them!"

The German radio said: "Our main blow cannot be struck until we see where General Patton will land."

On a French roadside one day, two German paratroopers argued noisily with an American sergeant. They insisted that they had surrendered to a "unit of General Patton's Army." They resented being told that Patton was not in the field; that they had been taken by men with a lesser reputation for violence.

Finally, one night the news got out that Patton was landing. Third Army tanks had begun rolling ashore.

The Infection of the Patton Legend

"Several of us had jerked on our shoes, jumped into a jeep, and were hurrying to the beach before we took time to ask one another why the hell we were behaving like military sophomores," a Navy lieutenant, who had been a writer in civilian life, reported later. "Hadn't we seen a thousand tanks land already? Did we think that *Patton's tanks* rumbling out of LSTs at midnight would look any different? All of us were becoming infected with the Patton legend. Of course, *Patton's tanks* wouldn't look like ordinary tanks! Would Forrest's cavalry have looked like ordinary cavalry?

"Next day I saw the general himself on the beach," the Navy lieutenant continued. "And when you see General Patton on a battleground you get the same feeling as when you saw Babe Ruth striding up to the plate. Here's a big guy's who's going to kick hell out of something. Everybody on the beach was running to join the crowd around the general's jeep, but when I arrived I detected disappointment. The general was behaving strangely. He was wearing only *one* six-gun. Instead of boots he had on G.I. shoes. The only thing unusual about his dress was a close-cut jacket which emphasized the drumhead tightness of the general's belly. Worse, the general was neither scowling nor cussing; he even smiled now and then. He was just talking casually with some of his men."

But the general's heroics saved the scene. He knows that Al Jolson must always sing Mammy for every audience, and that Patton must utter at least one Pattonism. He stepped into his jeep, stood up, and unlimbered his buzzsaw voice: "Men, I'm proud to be here to fight beside you." Then, ripping the air with an imaginary trench knife, he roared, "Now let's cut the guts out of these Krauts and get the hell on to Berlin!"

Corny? Well, it got a cheer.

"And when we get to Berlin," he bellowed, "I'm gonna personally shoot the goddam eyes out of that paper-hanging so-and-so! Just like I'd shoot a snake!"

Patton can never be anything but flashy. He's stopped driving his own tank, but he still frequently wears "pink" jodhpurs, polished cavalry boots and his burnished helmet. Three silver stars distinguish his jeep which also has red leather seats, an antiaircraft gun and a multitone horn.

But his flamboyance impresses the Nazis. Recently they dropped leaflets stating he was a five-pistol man and comparing him to Al Capone and John Dillinger. The general was amused, had the insulting passages read aloud to a press conference, and no one laughed louder than he.

The famous Patton pistols are not an affectation, the general happens to be the world's finest pistol shot. Practicing for the Olympic games in 1912, he broke the world's record for pistol shooting, and his mark still stands. He developed the Army's method for firing from the back of a galloping horse, and wrote the Army's textbook on handling the pistol.

One of the pistols he now carries— the ivory-handled revolver with the American eagle carved on it—was made for him specially by the Colt company in 1914. It is notched twice because while Patton was on the border as General Pershing's aide, he used this pistol to kill General Julio Cardenas and another Mexican in a running gun fight.

The general's other pistol—the .45 service automatic—is carried as a spare, he has never given it his complete trust. When the general was asked which one of his pistols he intended to use on Hitler, he replied: "Well, because it's the G.I. weapon, I guess I'll let the automatic have first shot, but if the damn' thing jams, I'll call on Old Faithful and give Corporal Hitler the same medicine I gave General Cardenas."

Much was made of the general's "French sword" with which he was photographed in France. But here the story is the same as with the pistols. Representing America in the modern pentathlon in the Olympic Games of 1912, Patton won the world's fencing championship, defeating the champion of the French army. Then, in 1913, while studying cavalry tactics at the famous French school at Saumur, the general worked steadily to improve his technique with both the *épée* and the broadsword. To help him, Mrs. Patton translated the French lectures on the use of the sword, and the general returned to Fort Riley as that post's first "master of the sword."

Patton remembers that somber day when mechanization came, and veteran cavalrymen of his command marched up with tears in their eyes to junk their sabers. He regards posing with a French sword as a gesture to those men and to their gallant past. But this is a sentimentality for which the general is notorious, and it has nothing to do with killing Germans.

Tanks, on the other hand, are good weapons for winning battles and it is interesting that when, in 1917, General Pershing gave him command of the first American tank unit, Patton replied in these words: "Sir, I accept my new command with particular enthusiasm because, with the light tanks, I believe I can inflict the greatest number of casualties on the enemy with the smallest expenditure of American life." From that day, he has devoted himself to learning how the cavalry tactics of Phil Sheridan and "Jeb" Stuart could be implemented and improved with modern weapons.

It is significant that Patton commanded *light* tanks during the first World War. The War Department has been criticized at intervals because our Sherman tank cannot slug it out with the heavier German Tigers. The Tiger has more armor and a heavier gun than the Sherman, but the Sherman is built to implement General Patton's theories of tank warfare. When he must choose between mobility and armor in a tank, he chooses mobility. In Patton's book, American tanks do not seek duels with German tanks; this is a job for our self-propelled heavy guns. The task for American tanks is to exploit break-throughs; to sweep around flanks and across enemy supply lines in the manner of the Patton maneuver at Le Mans when he

(Continued on page 60)

Something to Build On

BY NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD

It was all there when he came back—a good job, a beautiful girl, the remembered way of life—and then he discovered, he wanted something new

HE WAS looking at the stars when he saw her. She was a pretty girl, looking down at him, not laughing, but with humor in her voice.

"The tide's coming in, soldier," she said. "You'll get wet."

By the time he had sat up she was already a shadow moving toward the cliff, and presently he saw her again, going up the steps of the cliff itself, making for one of the houses along its edge. He had been aware of the lights of those houses throwing blobby yellow splotches on the breeze-tipped water in the bay. The Matthews' house, where he was staying, was the largest, and from here looking up at it he had been vaguely shamed by its pretentiousness as though he, himself, were in some way responsible for having set it down here among snug little cottages.

Bill stood up and shook himself. The sand fleas had been at him and his feet were wet, but he had been in places where for days at a time he had been wet through, and instead of sand fleas there had been lice. He had come down here to the bay shore to examine his recent thinking, but now, going up the cliff steps toward the Matthews' house, he knew that nothing had been resolved by his thoughts. He still wanted, doggedly, to be as he had been before he'd become a soldier. He still wanted to love Deedy without wondering what was in her head; he wanted to drink champagne until nothing made sense; he wanted to dance all night without remembering there would be work to do tomorrow. He wanted these things and Deedy had provided them for him during the week he had been back and they didn't taste good.

He had been here a week. Tomorrow he would go into civvies—he had blown himself, had a couple of suits tailored—with that little button for his lapel, signifying he had been where things were happening, signifying too many had happened to him. The little button would do everything for him except explain him to himself.

Deedy's father was in the library when he entered the house, and he called Bill when he saw him.

"Come in here," he said. "You'll be in the firm one of these days, and it's time you took some of the load from my shoulders."

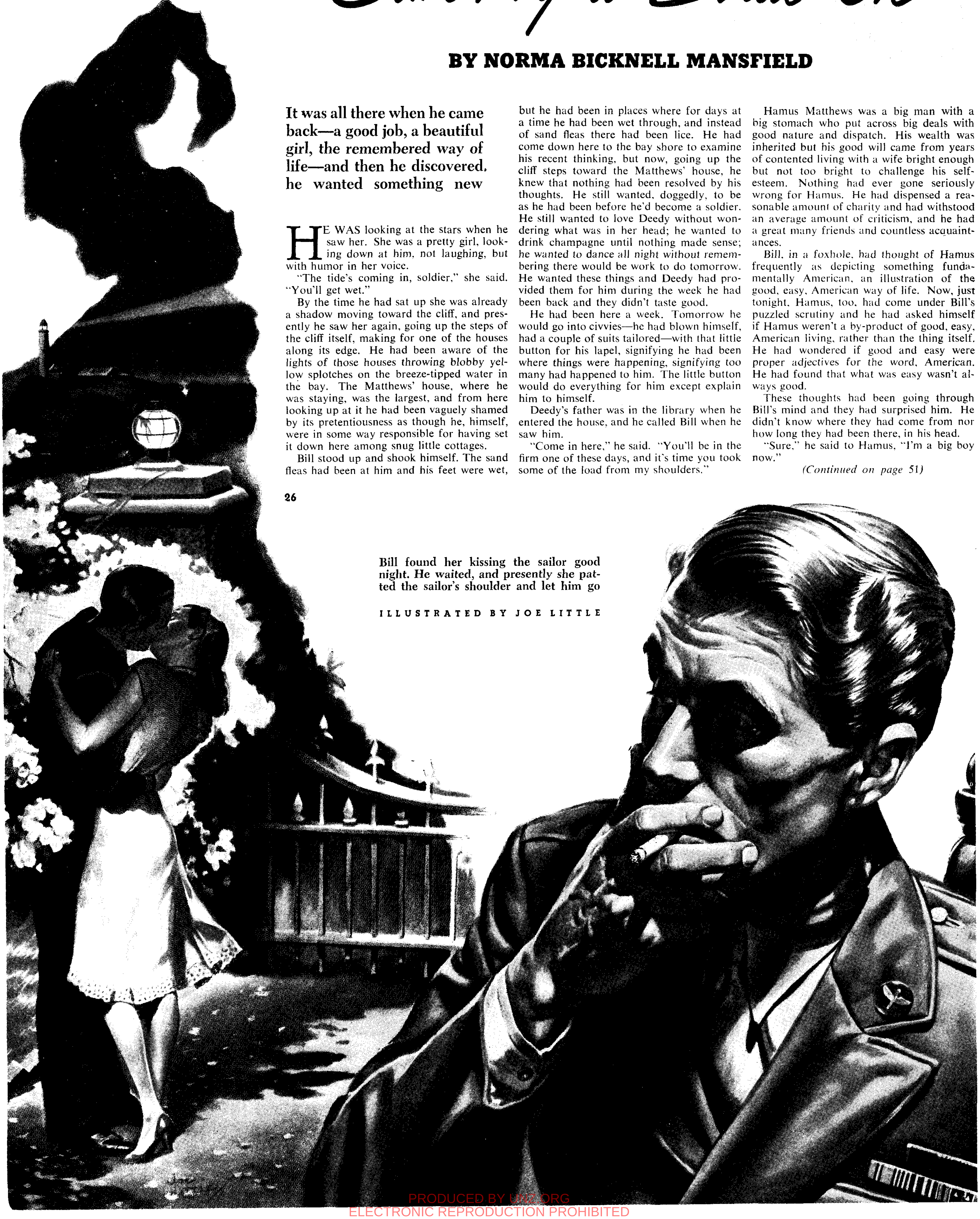
Hamus Matthews was a big man with a big stomach who put across big deals with good nature and dispatch. His wealth was inherited but his good will came from years of contented living with a wife bright enough but not too bright to challenge his self-esteem. Nothing had ever gone seriously wrong for Hamus. He had dispensed a reasonable amount of charity and had withstood an average amount of criticism, and he had a great many friends and countless acquaintances.

Bill, in a foxhole, had thought of Hamus frequently as depicting something fundamentally American, an illustration of the good, easy, American way of life. Now, just tonight, Hamus, too, had come under Bill's puzzled scrutiny and he had asked himself if Hamus weren't a by-product of good, easy, American living, rather than the thing itself. He had wondered if good and easy were proper adjectives for the word, American. He had found that what was easy wasn't always good.

These thoughts had been going through Bill's mind and they had surprised him. He didn't know where they had come from nor how long they had been there, in his head.

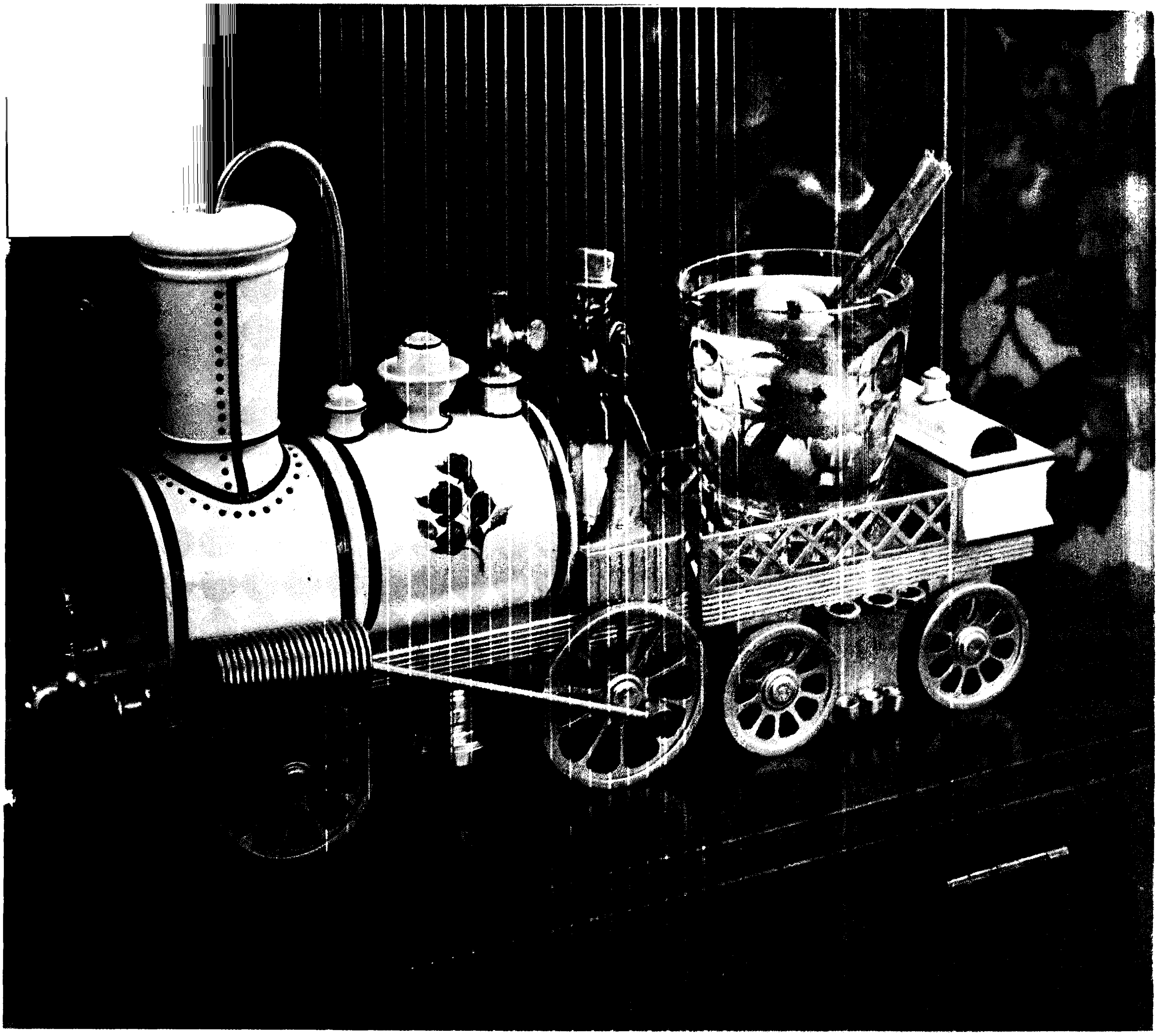
"Sure," he said to Hamus, "I'm a big boy now."

(Continued on page 51)



Bill found her kissing the sailor good night. He waited, and presently she patted the sailor's shoulder and let him go

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE LITTLE



How they made a Toddy hot in 1830

IMAGINE a little antique locomotive whose sole function in life was to make a Hot Toddy!

We found one. It looked just about like this . . . spirit lamp, spigot, and all.

But, of course, the real secret of the perfect Hot Toddy isn't *how* you make it hot.

The secret of the most soul-satisfying, heart-warming Hot Toddy you ever raised to your lips can be told in two words: *Four Roses!* For the whiskey you use is the heart and soul of this glorious cold-weather drink.

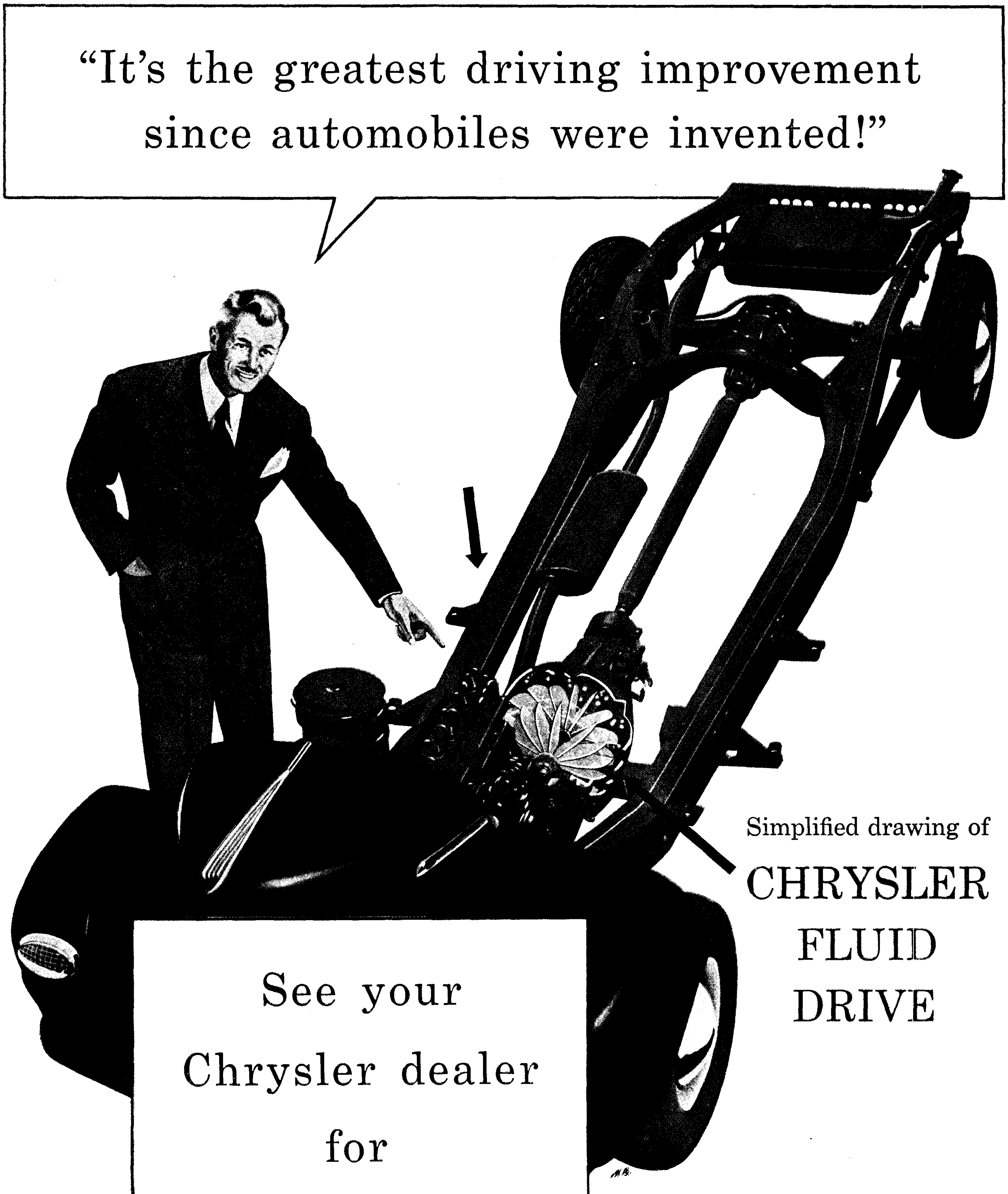
How to make the world's finest Hot Toddy

Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (bruise it firmly), four cloves and, if you wish, a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of Four Roses... and fill the glass with steaming hot water.

FOUR
ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY
—the same today as before the war

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City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CHRYSLER FLUID DRIVE

See your Chrysler dealer for complete facts!

BUY WAR BONDS

CHRYSLER—DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Any Week

Continued from page 4

A FRIEND of ours, veteran of the first World War, got a letter from his son in Paris: "Dear Dad: I am stationed in Paris and am so busy that they only let me out after supper. So the only time I get to see life in Paris is after dark, but think nothing of it, because I manage to get around quite a lot and am getting to know the French pretty well." We agreed with him, of course, that being free in Paris after dark is pretty tough on a husky boy of twenty-two.

THE Case of the Cautious Young Man is passed on to us by a lady in Wheeling, West Virginia. Her nephew has been toying for some time now with the idea of proposing to a trim young Wave. And the Wave has given off signs that the idea isn't the worst she's heard of. When our correspondent asked the lad what was holding him back, he said, "Well, I've just been wondering . . . What will she look like in civilian clothes?"

A GROUP of naval construction officers were very deeply concerned about the future. They were giving it a very thorough going-over in a Washington cocktail lounge. One of them declared one of his concerns was what was to be done with obsolete flat-tops. No one seemed to know until a gentleman at the next table leaned over and said, "Why not send them to Congress as usual?"

BUT the worst news we've heard for some time, boding absolutely no good at all for the future of America, comes from Laramie, Wyoming. It's this: At a recent all-male meeting of some kind, the only man present able to roll a homemade cigarette with one hand was the only non-American present—a young English actor. . . . W. D.

Net of Cobwebs

Continued from page 21

and drew him inside; she closed the door and helped him off with his coat. She took his hand again and led him up the stairs to her room; she sat down on the divan beside him, and put her arm around his neck and laid her cheek against his.

The room was infinitely tranquil in the light of the shaded lamp, and she did not make him talk. She took her own handkerchief and wiped the little cut on his forehead; she kissed his cheek, very gently.

He was cold and drunk and horribly lonely, and she said, "Malcolm, I love you." He laid his head on her shoulder and closed his eyes.

VIRGINIA had been saying Malcolm, Malcolm, Malcolm for a long time—hours—but he was miles away and could not answer.

"Malcolm, dear, *honestly* you'd better wake up and get back to your own room."

He opened his eyes and she was sitting on the bed beside him; she was wearing a wine-red house coat and her dark hair was loose on her shoulders. She gave him a serious and very warm smile.

But, oh, God! he said to himself. He was in bed, in her bed, wearing only his shorts, and covered up with a sheet and a blanket.

"Do you feel all right, Malcolm?"

This was awful, so awful that he was stunned. He wanted to look at his watch, but he could not bring himself to take his bare arm out from the covers.

"If you could—lend me a dressing gown . . . ?" he said.

"Here's your own, Malcolm."

He sat up in bed and put it on, with all possible modesty. He could not get out of bed because she was still sitting there.

"Virginia . . ." he said. "Did you—? I mean—how did this happen?"

"Well, you were a little bit tight," she said, smiling again.

"But, Virginia, why didn't you boot me out?"

"Why should I? You said you wanted to stay here."

"But, Virginia . . . ! Virginia!"

"There's nothing to be so upset about," she said gently. "You were just dazed and miserable and you didn't want to go away. So I helped you to get to bed, and I lay down on the couch where I could be near you."

"I—I apologize," he said.

The color rose in her olive cheeks.

"I wish you wouldn't," she said. "We aren't strangers to each other, after all. I'm only glad you came to me."

But I didn't, he thought. You came downstairs and got me. Now he remembered coming up here with her and sitting with his head on her shoulder; he remembered with panic that she had said, "I love you, Malcolm."

"Malcolm, don't be upset," Virginia went on earnestly. "I'm not shocked at your drinking too much. Only sorry, because it's bad for you. And I care so much about you."

Malcolm closed his eyes. "Thing is," he said, "I don't know—I don't remember if I—said anything . . ."

"You said sweet things," she told him with a half-smile.

What did I say? he thought.

"Listen!" he said, in an attempt at a matter-of-fact tone. "I'd better clear out now, Virginia."

But she did not get up, so he could not get out of the bed. He sat up straight, with the dressing gown buttoned across his chest and spread out around him. "I want to know. *What* did I say, Virginia?"

She did not answer for a moment. Her dark eyes were soft; she looked grave and a little tired, but happy, too.

"You said you needed me. You said I helped you. You said sweet things, Malcolm."

Before he could answer there was a knock at the door.

He seized Virginia's wrist and they were both motionless. The knob turned, and Helene came into the room.

"Oh!" she said.

"It's nothing," said Malcolm in a loud, harsh voice. "Absolutely nothing."

Helene moved backward toward the door.

"Wait! Wait!" said Malcolm. "Please . . . Thing is, I got drunk last night and Virginia looked after me. I—couldn't get to my own room. I fell down. So you see . . ."

Helene stood there, in a long, flowing negligee of pale blue silk; she looked like a stern angel, or a doll, with her shining hair falling over her shoulders. She looked outraged, and she had no business to look like that.

"Why didn't you call Arthur?" she said to Virginia.

"Because I didn't want to," Virginia answered. "You haven't any right to act like this, Helene. I'm not a child."

"I was drunk," said Malcolm. "Virginia—"

"You ought to go away," said Helene, looking straight at him.

"Helene!" cried Virginia.

"You ought to go away *at once*," Helene repeated.

"If Malcolm goes, I'll go, too," said Virginia. "You can't stop me."

Helene turned away.

"Wait!" said Malcolm, but she did not wait. She went out of the room, closing the door behind her.

VIRGINIA rose and went over to the window, and Malcolm sprang out of the bed and belted the dressing gown snugly about his waist.

"Virginia . . . ?" he said.

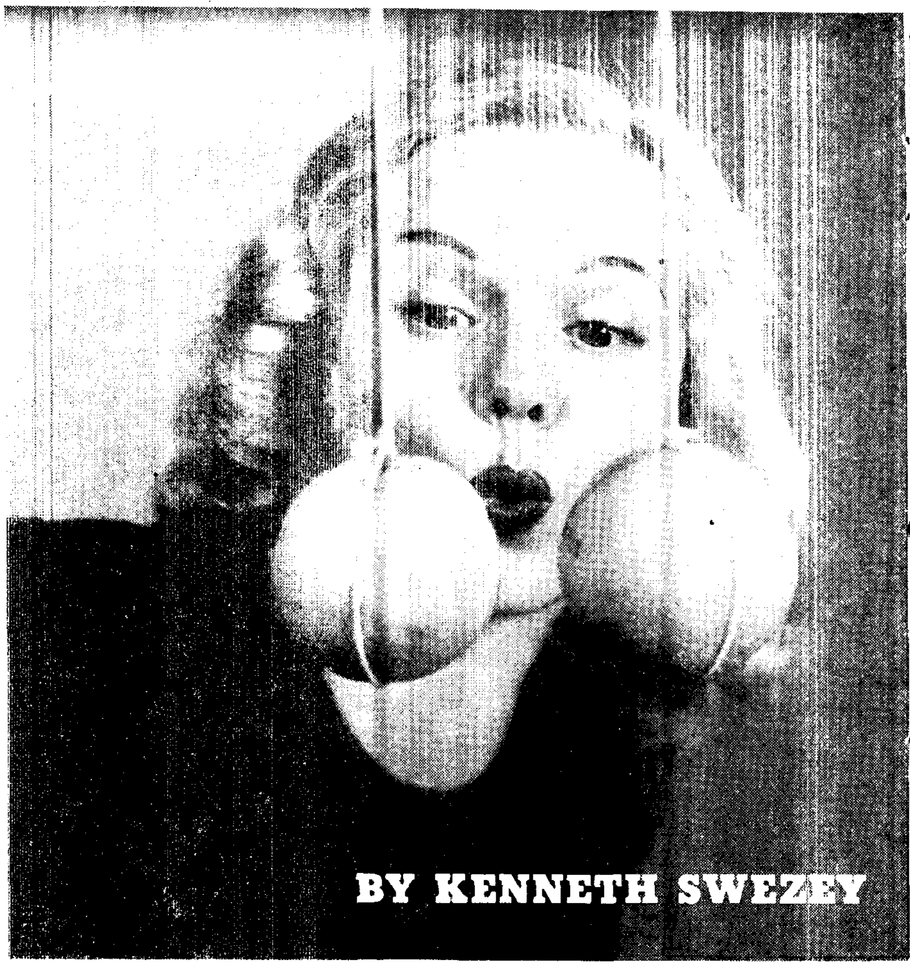
She did not answer, and when he went to her side, he saw that she was crying, quietly. She gave him a wretched, misty smile, but the tears were still running down her face. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and she nestled her wet cheek against it.

He could not pull away his hand; he could not escape. He forced himself to stand still and to speak to her in a quiet and reassuring voice.

"I'll fix this up with Helene," he said. "Don't worry, Virginia."

(Continued on page 30)

EXPLANATION PLEASE



BY KENNETH SWEZEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

Here's a stunt that's easy to set up, and it teaches a fundamental law of aerodynamics to boot. Suspend two oranges (or apples or golf balls or almost anything spherical) about an inch apart, from long strings. Now ask anyone what will happen if he blows smartly between those oranges. "They'll swing apart" is the invariable answer. When the blower finds that the oranges smack together as a result of his blowing, he wants to know why. The answer helps explain why airplanes fly.

EXPLANATION

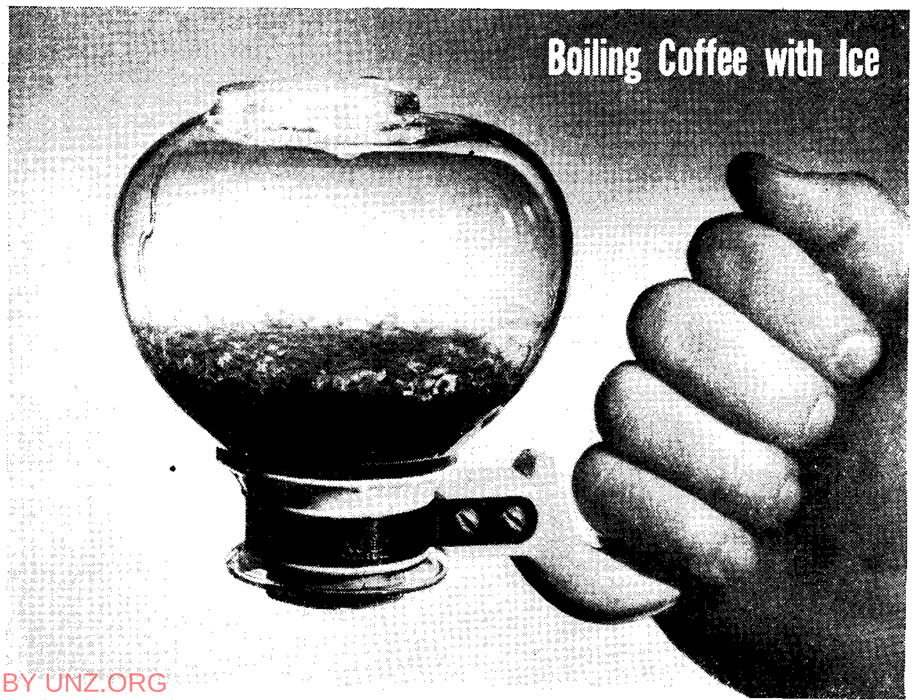
Whenever the velocity of an air stream is increased, the pressure within that stream is decreased. Therefore, when air is blown between the oranges, the air pressure between the oranges is lower than the pressure of the still air on their outer sides. This greater outside pressure pushes the oranges together. By designing airplane wing surfaces so that the air velocity above the wing is greater than that below, the resulting greater pressure of the air beneath supplies more than 75% of the total "lift."

●

Your friends will open their eyes when they see you boiling coffee with a cake of ice. You need the bottom of a small-necked vacuum coffee-maker, a cork to fit it and an ice cube. Considerable air pressure is involved, so it's safer to use a 2- or 4-cup bottom than a larger one. Leave about half an inch of coffee in the pot and boil it until the steam drives out all the air. Then remove from the heat and, as soon as the steaming subsides enough, stopper the pot tightly. When visible boiling has stopped, invert the pot and place an ice cube on the bottom. The coffee starts to boil again; and will until it's almost cold. Know why?

EXPLANATION

The boiling point of water depends upon the air pressure on its surface. At sea level, this pressure is 14.7 lbs. to the square inch, the boiling point 212° F. When air pressure is lower, water boils at lower temperature. Here ice lowers the pressure above the coffee by condensing the steam as fast as it is made, producing a constant partial vacuum in the pot.



Boiling Coffee with Ice

Net of Cobwebs

Continued from page 29

She raised her head to look at him, and he got his hand away.

"How, Malcolm?"

"Leave it to me," he said. "I'll be seeing you."

He got back to his own room. He took a shower and dressed, with great attention to detail. I've got to find a way out of this, he thought. A decent way out. Any way out.

Certainly he could not go down to breakfast with Arthur and Helene—and Virginia. I'll go to that place where I had dinner, he thought, and I'll get some breakfast. The walk will be a good thing. I can do some thinking.

He wanted to wear his light overcoat this cool, rainy morning, but he could not find it. Then he remembered that he had left it at Lily Kingscrown's house, and a wave of relief came over him. Got to stop by there and get it, he thought.

THIS morning it was gloomy outside and a light drizzle was falling. Too early to go to Lily's, he thought. I'll go along to the village and get some breakfast. It was a good, heartening thing to start off along the highway, not as he had gone yesterday, but in the opposite direction. When you do something different, you feel better.

The trucks were rolling along, but they were different trucks. The headlights were blurred in the rain, and they were going slower. He was going slower, not hurrying, as he did yesterday. No reason why other things shouldn't change.

"Hey! Want a lift, brother?"

He stopped, and looked up into the face of the man who spoke, a man with a scrawny neck and a face like an eagle's.

"I was looking for a place where I could get something to eat," said Malcolm.

The eagle stared at him for a moment.

"Well . . . okay," he said. "Hop in."

Malcolm climbed up beside him and they started off, rattling and jolting.

"What's your trouble?" asked the eagle.

"Trouble? My trouble?"

"*All* right. *All* right!" said the eagle. "Take it easy."

"Why the hell should I take it easy?" Malcolm demanded. "I want something to eat, that's all. I'm hungry."

"All right," said the eagle. "If you're hungry, I'll stake you to a feed."

"Stake me?"

"Don't you know English?" asked the eagle.

"Yes, but I mean—why?"

"I'm like that," the eagle said with simplicity. "Anybody's hungry, all right. I'll stake them to a feed and no questions asked."

But that was not all. "You'd ought to get you some kind of a coat," said the eagle. "And a hat, or a cap, or something."

"I've got a coat."

"Well, you'd ought to wear it, then. It looks noticeable, like, going around in the rain without no hat and coat."

"What do I care?"

"*All* right! *All* right! Only giving you good advice, *that's* all. I thought maybe you didn't *want* to be picked up—"

"Picked up?"

"Good Lord! Don't you know English?"

"Mean you thought I was—running away?"

"It don't matter what I thought," said the eagle. "I'm not asking you no questions. We'll stop at Pete's Diner and I'll stake you to a good feed . . ."

"Well—thank you," said Malcolm.

"I would do it for anyone," said the eagle briefly. "It's my policy."

The inside of Pete's Diner was strange, filled with a blue haze of smoke through which the lights twinkled. Three men sat on stools at the counter; they did not speak or look up; behind the counter stood a man with an old-fashioned big black mustache.

"How are you?" he asked quietly.

"Okay, and how's your good wife?" the eagle replied politely. "Listen, Pete, look after this here friend of mine. A good friend."

He put fifty cents down on the counter, and he was gone, without a word of thanks from Malcolm.

Malcolm ate; he had coffee, fried eggs, muffins, more coffee, and nobody spoke to him.

When he had finished eating he was strangely tired.

"Mind if I stay here a while?" he asked Pete.

"You can sit over there. Want a cigarette?"

"I've got some, thanks," said Malcolm.

He sat on a chair, in the corner; men came in and out, and he watched them for a while; he had a couple of cigarettes, and then he went to sleep.

It was after nine when he woke and found the diner was empty; even Pete was no longer behind the counter. He went down the steps, and it was still raining, still a gray twilight. He walked to the railway station and got a taxi and gave Lily's address. He was well aware now of how strange he looked—hatless, his hair damp, his expensive dark suit damp.

All right, so I look funny, he said within himself to the taxi driver. Want to make something of it? But the driver said nothing.

"I spent the whole week end in the kitchen. It was wonderful!"

COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN

I don't want to go tooling up to the door in a taxi, Malcolm thought. I'd rather be walking. So he got out of the cab at the entrance to the driveway and paid the man and started off toward the house. I'll just get my bag and my coat, he thought.

Suddenly somebody came hurrying around the corner of the house, a tall, thin, gawky figure in a pink kimono, carrying a plate in her hand. He stopped to watch, and he saw her go to the garage. Then she did a queer thing. She pushed back the sliding door, set the plate down, closed the door and went quickly back, around the corner of the house, never having glanced in his direction.

I'll have to tell Lily about that, he thought, and hastened his steps. He rang the doorbell and waited. He thought it was a long time, but maybe it wasn't. He rang again, and he couldn't hear any sound within the house. He kept his finger on the bell, and after a while he began to knock. But nobody came. Nothing stirred within.

That girl in the pink kimono must have come out of here, he thought. It must have been Gussie, and she must have gone back in here. There's something wrong.

He banged on the door, and a window upstairs opened.

"Mrs. Kingscrown ain't home!" screeched a voice.

"All right. When will she be home?"

"Lunchtime."

"Let me in. I'll wait for her."

"I'm not allowed to let in *nobody*," screeched the voice.

"I'm a friend of Mrs. Kingscrown's, Gussie. You can let me in."

"No, I can't! I'm sick in bed."

"Well, you've got to," said Malcolm, "or I'll break down the door."

There was a moment's silence.

"Come on," said Malcolm, encouragingly.

"You got to wait till I dress," said she.

"All right. I'll give you fifteen minutes," said Malcolm.

And in the meantime, he thought, I'll just take a look, just see what Gussie put in the garage.

He went across the wet grass that felt spongy and springy underfoot; he reached the garage and pushed open the door. He saw the plate sitting on the floor; on it were some pieces of bread and a chicken leg.

Does she keep a dog in there? he thought, and after a moment he whistled. But no dog appeared.

Nothing here, he told himself, and took out his handkerchief to wipe his face. Nobody here.

But he knew he had to do better than this. He would have to go in there and look around. He pushed the door back as wide open as it would go; the gray light of the rainy day came in, and he stepped forward.

Jenette was sitting on the floor in a corner, leaning against the wall.

"For Pete's sake!" said Malcolm. "What are you doing here?"

But Jenette only stared at him and said nothing.

Malcolm tried to make his breathing more even.

"You're—dead, aren't you?" he asked.

Jenette did not deny that.

IN THIS hot, damp place Jenette was very cold. Malcolm touched his hand and his forehead, and then he felt sick.

But he got the better of that. He looked carefully at Jenette, and he could not see any sort of wound, any blood, anything wrong with him except being dead.

He went out, closed the big door after him, and went to the house, almost running. The door stood open, and he went in.

"Gussie?" he called, but she did not answer.

There was a telephone on a stand in the hall; he looked in the book for the number of the hospital and dialed it.

"Is Mrs. Kingscrown there?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said a voice. "I'll call her—"

"Never mind, thanks," he said, and hung up. She was safe, and that was all he wanted to know. Nothing he could tell her on the telephone. No reason to make her hurry home. He had to make up his mind now what to do.

It's a matter for the police, Malcolm thought. You notify the police at once if you find a body. But I'm not going to do that, not until I've seen Lily. There may be some special way she'd like this handled.

He walked up and down the big living room, smoking, taking good care not to drop any ashes on the floor. Very queer, for Jenette to be sitting there dead. But the worst part of it was that girl, shoving that food in at the door. Like some kind of savage rite.

I'll never hear now what Jenette was going to tell me, Malcolm thought. And then, unexpectedly, his brain began to work in a nimble way he had almost forgotten. Well, could it be *that?* he thought. Did Jenette know something about Aunt Evie's death that was dangerous to someone, and did he get killed to keep him quiet?

The thing is, he said to himself, what *could* Jenette have known about Aunt Evie? She died of a heart attack, brought on by taking too big a drink. All right. Nobody forced the drink down her throat. Nobody. Not me or anyone else. Whoever had made that long drink couldn't be convicted of murder. Jenette couldn't have been dangerous enough to kill, just for knowing that.

Well, what if she didn't die the way Lurie thought? Or the way Lurie *said?* You don't have to believe Lurie. Maybe he was mistaken, and maybe he lied.

WITH an immeasurable delight he felt his brain working, concentrating, weighing, examining. No haze in it now. The first thing, he thought, was to make sure that Jenette had been killed. If he had died from natural causes there was no case.

But every circumstance of his death seemed unnatural. He had asked Malcolm to bring him money at the Tavern, and he hadn't waited for it. And what natural, possible reason could he have had to go into that garage to die, alone? . . .

A car was coming up the drive; he looked at his watch and saw that it was eleven-thirty. She was coming early. I'll have to tell her carefully, he thought. Not upset her. He went into the hall, opened the door, and there was Dr. Lurie coming up the steps with his little black bag.

"What are *you* doing here, Drake?" he asked sternly.

"I can't see that that's any of your business," said Malcolm. "What are *you* doing here?"

"I have a patient here. Stand aside, please, and let me in—"

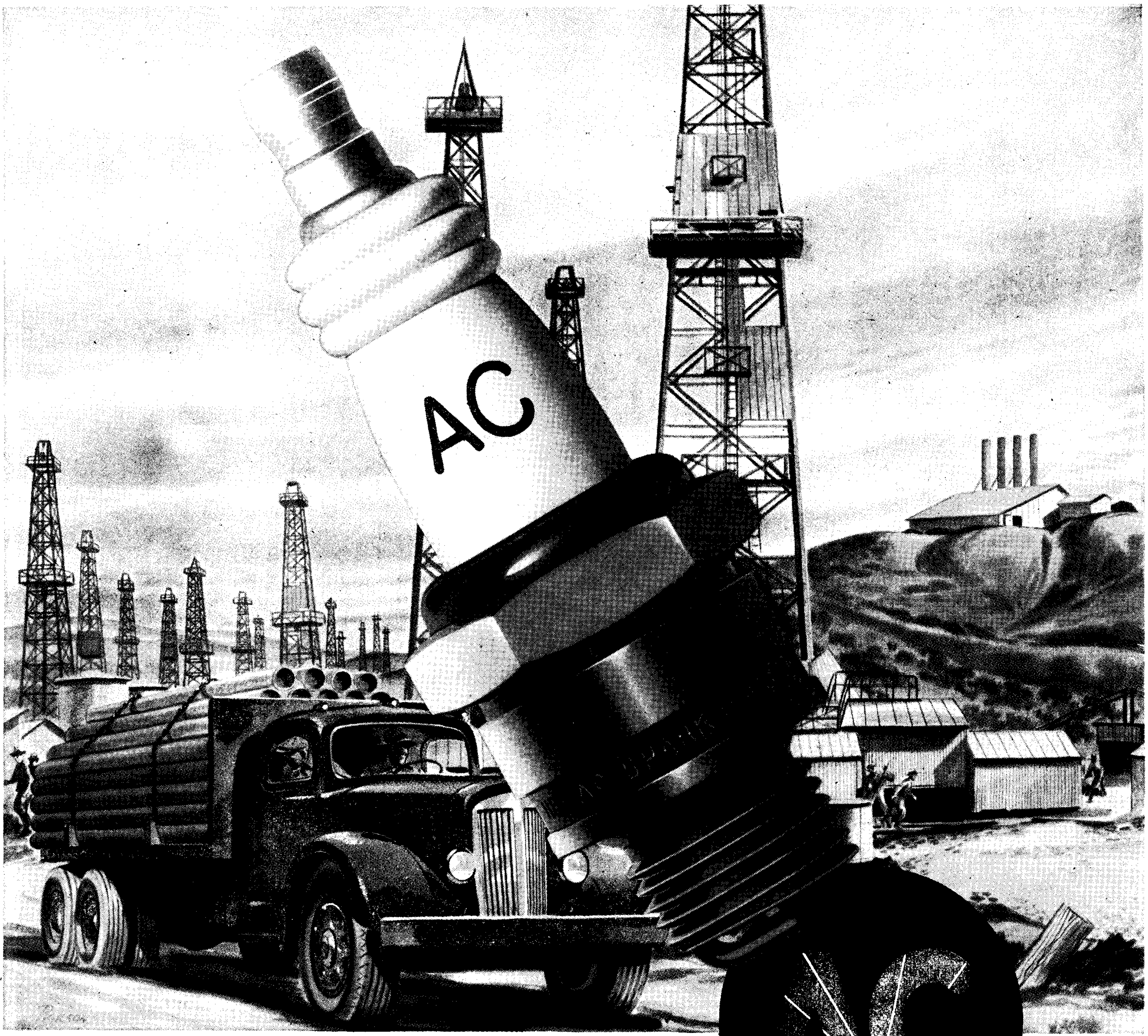
Malcolm did not move out of the doorway. Suppose Gussie tells Lurie? he thought. Then he'll notify the police, of course. I wanted to wait for Lily, but after all, why? There's no keeping the police out of it. No way to prevent a lot of worry and bother for her. I can't very well stop Lurie from seeing his patient.

He stood aside and Lurie went past him and up the stairs. He stood in the hall, waiting for Lurie to come down again. If Gussie tells him, he thought, then Lurie'll go out there to see for himself, before he calls the police. And then it will begin, all the questions, all the headache. I wish it didn't have to be like that for Lily.

He waited, and Dr. Lurie did not come down. And now another car was coming; he went back to the door again, and this time it was Lily Kingscrown. He watched her getting out of her car, tall, unhurried, and nonchalant, in a belted white raincoat and with a blue bandanna tied over her red hair. She knows what she's doing, all the time, he thought.

"Hello!" she said, with her big smile.

"Hello!" he answered.



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AC SPARK PLUGS

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"Have you come to lunch with me?" she asked.

He had to tell her now.

"Something's happened," he said. "I'm sorry you have—to be worried about it, but I'm afraid it can't be helped. You remember Jenette, that you met at my brother Arthur's house?"

"Yes."

"He's out there, in your garage."

"What's he doing there?"

"I'm sorry, but he's dead."

Her brows drew together in that fierce little way.

"Dead?"

"I'm sorry."

"Did you find him?"

"That's a queer thing about it. I was coming along the drive, and I saw your maid Gussie come out in a pink kimono. I saw her go up to the garage and set a plate down on the floor. After she'd gone back to the house, it bothered me, the way she'd done it. I thought I'd better take a look, and I found Jenette there."

"What did Gussie say about it?"

"I haven't spoken to her."

"What was on the plate?"

"It had some pieces of bread on it, and a chicken leg."

She was silent, her blue eyes fixed on him.

"That's Dr. Lurie's car," she said. "Does he know?"

"Gussie may have told him. He's upstairs with her now."

"Listen!" she said. "Keep him in the house for a minute. I want to go and see—"

"Don't do it, Mrs. Kingscrown. Don't go there alone."

"I'll be all right, Malcolm," she said. "I've got to see. Just keep Lurie till I come back, will you?"

HE DID not want her to go, to see Jenette sitting there. But he did not think that she would faint, or scream, or be too greatly frightened. And, anyhow, he could not stop her.

"All right," he said, and she set off across the grass.

Lurie was coming down the stairs. Malcolm turned back to meet him in the hall.

"I heard Mrs. Kingscrown's car," said Lurie. "Where is she?"

"Stepped out. She'll be back—"

"I'll go after her," said Lurie. "I want to speak to her."

"I'd like a word with you, please," said Malcolm. He had no idea what he would say to Lurie; anything to hold him for a few moments.

"There's nothing to discuss," said Lurie. "You've obviously made up your mind to dispense with my services, although you've never had the courtesy to notify me. You have disregarded all my advice, and I assure you—"

Lily was coming up the steps, and Malcolm turned his back on the doctor. She did not look pale or agitated in any way.

"Morning, Dr. Lurie," she said.

"I'd like to speak to you about Gussie, Mrs. Kingscrown," he said.

"Just a moment, Malcolm," she said. "Come into the living room, Doctor."

Malcolm lighted a cigarette and waited in the hall. I don't think Lurie knows, he said to himself. Lily wants me to wait until he's gone before we notify the police; and that's rather a mistake. We've got a doctor here, and his report could be useful.

Before the cigarette was smoked, Lurie and Lily came out into the hall.

"Then you'll let me know, Mrs. Kingscrown?" he said.

"Yes, I will," she said. "Goodby, Doctor."

"Goodby," he said. He glanced at Malcolm and conceded him a stiff nod and out he went. They stood in the hall until his car started.

"Do you want to call the police?" Malcolm asked.

He had never before seen her hesitant, as she was now.

"Well, no," she said.

"I'm afraid it's got to be done," he said.

"No," she said again. "You see, Jenette isn't there. There's nobody there."...

"Do you mind if I take another look?" he asked.

Garrett Price

"Pull your hatbrim down, Spike. You look like a college professor that way"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

"Of course I don't. But, honestly, there's no one there."

"I'd just like to take a look," he said, and she went with him.

She had left the door open, and he went straight to the corner where Jenette had sat. He was not there.

"The plate," he said. "I'll show you."

But he could not find it.

"Lily . . ." he said. "I don't know . . . I don't see . . ."

"Jenette must have been just ill, some way," she said.

"He was dead. He was cold."

"Perhaps there are things that make people cold, Malcolm. Chills and fits. I don't know."

"He was dead. Not breathing. And—you can tell. . . . There's a look . . ."

"There's a cataleptic trance that's like death, Malcolm. Perhaps that was it. Then he got over it and went away."

"But—but the plate?"

"Let's go back to the house, Malcolm, and talk there."

The rain fell, steady and fine; a little stream ran down the drive.

"Mrs. Kingscrown, has Gussie got a pink kimono, anything of that sort?"

"I don't know. But I'll find out, if you want."

"Yes, I do want. Is she too sick to be asked questions?"

"We'll ask her questions, Malcolm."

They mounted the steps again.

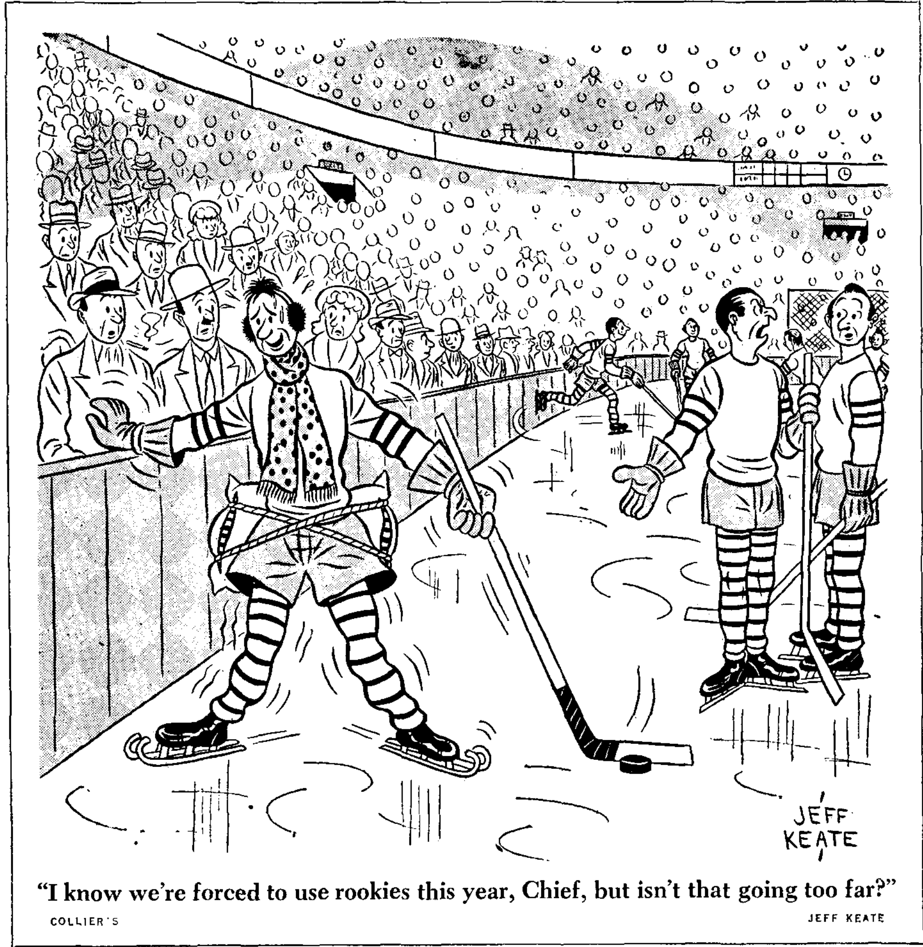
"You ought to have a door mat," he said. "My feet are muddy."

"I'll get one."

"There's just one thing—" he said.

"Yes . . . ?" she waited. "Yes, Malcolm?"

But, after all, he could not ask her that. *Do you believe I saw all that?* Even if she were to hesitate, or if she were to answer yes in the wrong tone, it would be beyond his enduring.



"I know we're forced to use rookies this year, Chief, but isn't that going too far?"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

"We'll go and see Gussie," she said, and he followed her up the stairs.

She knocked at a door. "It's me," she said, and a shrill voice answered, "Come in, ma'am!"

Gussie was sitting up in bed, wearing a light blue sweater, her dull yellow hair loose on her shoulders. She was pale, her eyelids were red, but she had a certain washed-out prettiness to her.

"Oh, my *goodness!*" she cried at the sight of Malcolm, and pulled the sheet up higher.

"We'll only stay a minute," said Lily. "Why did you go to the garage, Gussie?"

"*Me?*" Gussie cried. "Why, I never did!"

"Don't upset yourself, Gussie," Lily said quite gently. "I don't care if you did. I'm sure you had a good reason."

"Mrs. Kingscrown, I been lying here in this bed the whole day, excepting when this here gentleman made me open the door for him."

"Gussie, do you mind if I look at your shoes?"

"No, I don't! Go on, ma'am, and look at anything here! I don't know what kind of a story somebody's cooked up against me—and I don't care, neither!"

"Nobody's going to do you any harm, Gussie. I'll just take a look in your closet—"

"Well, *look* there. Look! I s'pose you think I got your silver spoons in there, or something. It's mean! It's just wicked to come up here and act like I was a thief!"

She was growing hysterical, and that alarmed Malcolm. But Lily went straight ahead; she looked into the closet; she picked up all the shoes and looked at the soles.

"All right!" Gussie screeched. "And what did you find to use against me, ma'am? What did you find?"

"Nothing, Gussie. Thank you for letting me look."

"What have I *done* for you to bring this gentleman right up in my room, and look at all my shoes and clothes and all? I been faithful and true to you—and look at how you treat me!"

"Malcolm," said Lily, "will you please go downstairs and get a glass of sherry for Gussie?"

"I wouldn't touch it!"

"Wait for me downstairs, will you?" Lily said.

As he ran down the stairs, he said to himself, Now what? What can I do? Now how can I make her believe me?

And do you believe yourself? something inside him asked. Jenette sitting there dead, and the plate of food. The plate of food—

He knew exactly what was happening to him. He was going to pieces. You hear people say that, and here it was. All the little cells that made him were pulling away from one another; all the little flickering images in his brain that made thoughts were flying apart.

But there was one thing that hadn't gone yet. He thought it over and over—his name. Malcolm Drake, he said to himself. I'm Malcolm Drake. I can stop this.

HE SAT down on the divan, and he noticed that everything was quiet. Very quiet. So he sat quietly, until he heard Lily coming down the stairs, and then he rose and waited for her, standing.

"Dr. Lurie upsets Gussie," she said.

He upsets me, too, Malcolm thought.

"She's very romantic," Lily went on. "She's always looking for what she calls 'true love.' She's been jilted twice, poor girl; she had a trousseau all ready in a trunk. There's no sense in Dr. Lurie's telling her to live for others and forget her troubles."

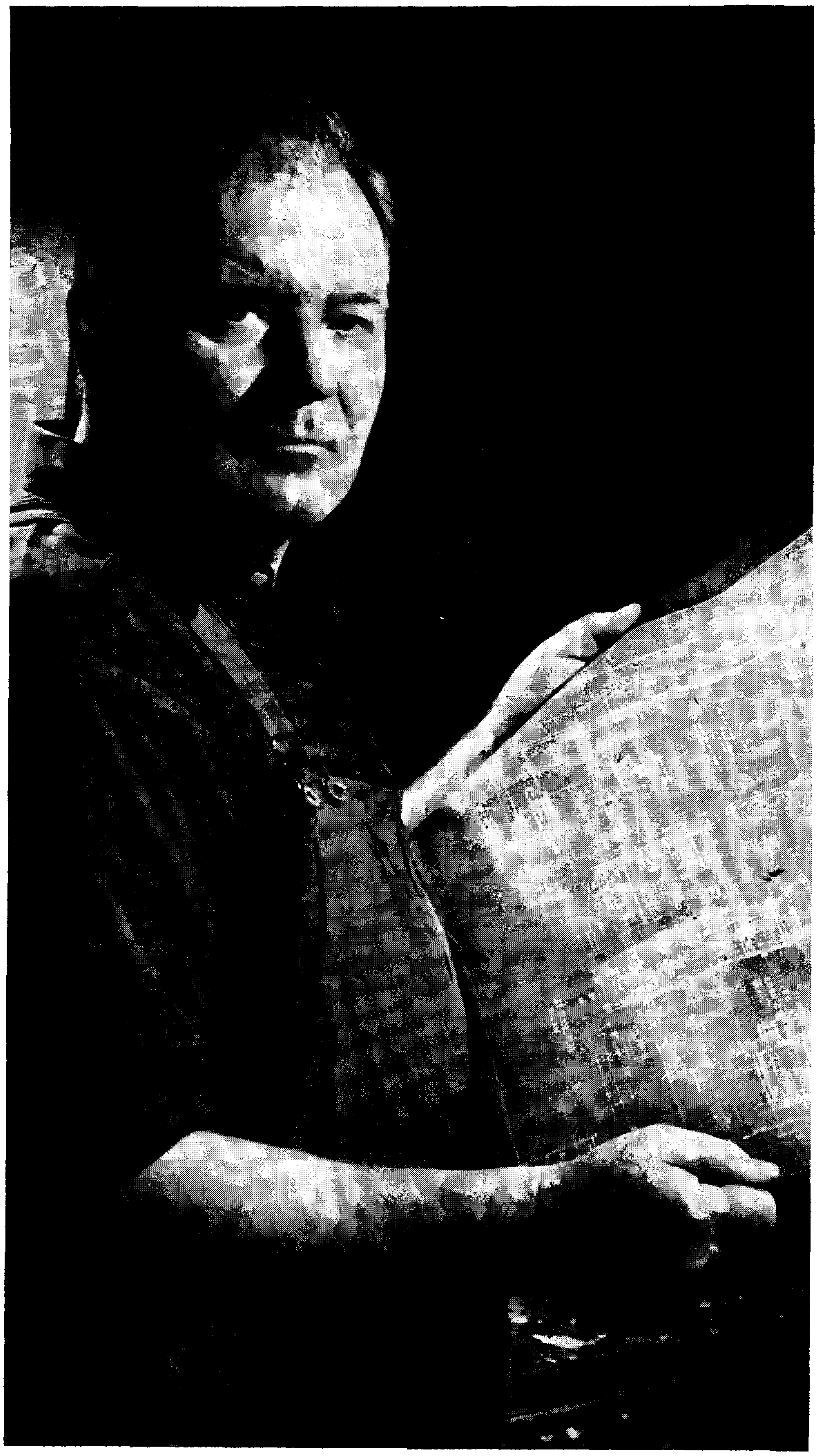
She's trying to make things easy for me, Malcolm thought. Talking about Gussie, not Jenette and all that. And he made up his mind that he would meet her on her own ground. He would not ask her that question: Do you believe what I told you? He felt that he knew the answer now, and he was not embarrassed or distressed in any way.

"I'll get some lunch for us," she said. "And then we can talk."

"Oh, thank you," he said. "Thank you, Lily, but I'm afraid I can't stay. I'd like to, very much, but I've got to go."

"Can't you have lunch first?"

"Thanks. No, thanks. Thanks very much."



"I've got my second wind"

Sure, I'm tired of war.

Sure, I thought we'd have the Germans licked by now.

Sure, I've been thinking ahead about my job in peace.

Sure, I'd like to buy a new car with new tires—and a new kitchen for our home.

Sure, I could use a good, long rest.

But the General has asked for more and then still more ammunition.

☆ ☆ ☆

Wars are won by men who march that one extra mile—and shoot that one extra bullet.

Wars are won by men who stick it out.

A lot of Americans before us have stuck it out—the men at Valley Forge—Lincoln himself—the lost battalion in the Argonne Forest.

A lot of Americans are sticking it out today—the men closing in on Berlin—and in the heat of the jungle in the Pacific.

☆ ☆ ☆

I'm sticking it out on my war job.

I've got my second wind.

Until this war is settled the way we want it settled, I know America still needs me.

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She was very nice, very kind. But she doesn't believe me about Jenette, he thought, and who would? But as long as I believe it, I'm all right. It's only if I start thinking that maybe I didn't . . .

"Well. Goodby," he said.

"You left some things here, Malcolm," she said, and opened the door of a cupboard in the hall. His suitcase stood in a corner, and his coat was there, on a hanger.

"That's—that's very kind!" he said. "That's extremely kind . . ."

"What is?"

"To put my coat on a hanger."

"Well, I'm glad you think so," she said.

"Would you mind," he asked, "if I left the suitcase here a while longer? I'll probably be going away soon and I'll pick it up then."

"Good idea," she smiled. "And, Malcolm, come again soon. You're welcome, any time you feel like coming."

She put my coat on a hanger, he thought. She said, any time you feel like coming.

HE WALKED home in the rain, trying desperately to concentrate on his personal problem. I told Virginia I'd fix things up with Helene, he thought. All right, and just how?

You wouldn't expect Helene to behave like that. She's generally so damn' polite and formal. But she ordered me out of the house. And why the hell don't I go? It's what I want, and it's what I need. Arthur'd understand. And Virginia? Tell Virginia I'm going to look for a job, and that she'll hear from me. But that's just what I'm never going to say to her. I couldn't. And I won't. I'm going to run away and write her a letter. I'm sorry, but that's all I can do. I'll tell Helene I've decided to go away.

He rang the bell, and Lydia opened the door, unfamiliar and incredible in a short tight little black dress and a saucy black hat with a veil. She looked very pretty.

"You look very pretty," Malcolm said.

"Oh . . ." she said, pleased. "Well, you see, I haven't had a chance to change yet. This is what I wore to the ceremony."

"Ceremony?"

"Well, the funeral," she explained.

"I'll be damned!" said Malcolm.

Is that still going on? he thought. It seems as if the poor old girl had died weeks, months ago.

"It was just beautiful!" Lydia told him. "Such a lot of flowers, and there was a lady preacher or something, all in white. And Mrs. Chatsworth looked just exquisite."

"Where are they all now?" he asked, low.

"They're just sitting down to lunch, Mr. Malcolm."

"Lydia, could you possibly bring me up a sandwich and a cup of coffee?"

"Why, yes, of course, sir. Don't you feel good?"

"Not very," said Malcolm. "Toothache. Will you tell Mrs. Drake I have a toothache? Big double tooth."

"Oh, there's nothing as mean as a toothache!" said Lydia with warm sympathy.

"Nothing," Malcolm agreed, and ran up the stairs.

HE FOUND a white silk scarf in a drawer, and, standing before the mirror, he tied it around his jaw, with a knot on the top of his head. He could still talk, but nobody would expect it of him.

"Mrs. Drake says she's terribly sorry about you having a toothache, Mr. Malcolm," Lydia said when she brought up his tray.

There was only one sandwich and he wanted a good deal more than that. But there was nothing to be done about it. When Lydia had taken away the tray, he got out the jigsaw puzzle.

But you ought to leave it out, Malcolm, Virginia had said. I'll get you a bridge table, and you can just leave it there and work on it when you feel like it. She was trying to help him, but he had not wanted it that way. He liked to start all over again each time. There were two corners he could do quickly now; he liked doing them. He sat working at it, having a little bother with cigarettes because of his tied-up jaw, and presently there was a knock at the door. It was Helene.

"I came to ask how you are feeling," she said politely.

"Well . . . Tooth not so good," he mumbled.

"I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thanks. No."

"Virginia said you wanted to have a talk with me," she said; her tone was chilly.

"Well, yes. But just now . . ." He touched his bandaged jaw and smiled anxiously.

He could tell nothing from her charming little face. If she doesn't believe in this toothache, he thought, I hate to think how I must look to her.

"Would you rather have your dinner up here?" she asked.

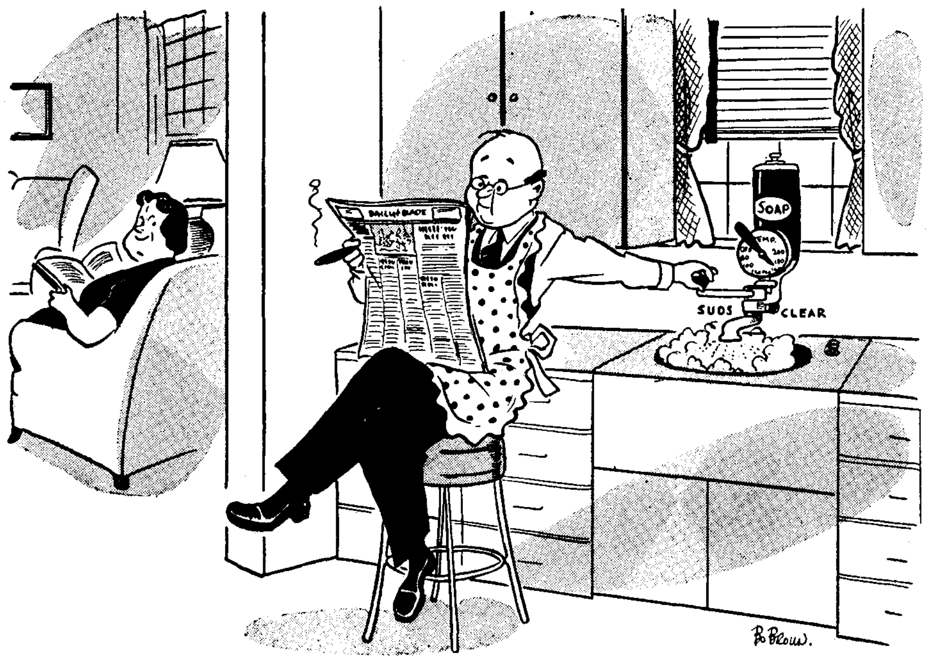
"Tell you the truth, I would," he said. "Big double tooth."

"That's too bad," she said, and went away.

(Continued on page 36)

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY



BO BROWN

Speed Up Your Dishwashing

Plans are afoot for something entirely new to reduce the drudgery of dishwashing: a small "mixer" to be attached to your kitchen faucet to take the place of a sinkful of suds. Turn the control handle one way, and you get a stream of hot water at exactly the right temperature, with a special soap solution already mixed in it in the right proportion for cutting the worst grease. Turn the handle the opposite way and you get clear, scalding water for rinsing.

Microbes on the Run

A small ultraviolet lamp the rays of which are almost invisible will battle in future against the billions of bacteria that menace our health. Nicknamed the "sterilamp," this little tube will kill microbes without endangering human beings. It is already at work in hospital operating rooms to cut down surgical complications and in many vital war applications. But tomorrow you will find it everywhere, as commonplace as the bottle of disinfectant.

In your home, a small unit will sterilize dishes, silver and cooking utensils in a few seconds. A permanent unit built into your refrigerator will prevent spoilage and keep icebox odors down. All through the house, inconspicuously installed on ceilings and walls, sterilamps will do away with the wearisome cross-infection that plagues every family during the winter months.

Every kind of public gathering place will be protected by these units, many of them installed in air-conditioning systems. Restaurants will use them to maintain absolute sterilization of tables, linen and dishes; drugstore soda fountains, telephone booths, public swimming pools, trains, theaters, stores—all will rely on ultraviolet protection to eliminate the insidious airborne bacteria that are responsible for many epidemics.

The new tube is proving effective also against the spread of the virus diseases such as infantile paralysis and virus pneumonia. The lamp itself uses very little electric current and requires no special apparatus except in large installations. It will be one of the first great war applications to be released when peace returns.

New Comfort for Earthbound Travelers

The future railroad traveler will be in luck when war priorities relax and car builders begin turning out the new designs they have been perfecting during the war years. There will be new types of diners that seat their patrons at diagonal tables, so that neither passengers nor waiters will have to climb over one another to get in or out. And there will be sleepers, patterned after the present day coaches, that can be converted with curtains to long rows of semiprivate rooms with seats tilting far back and special footrests to allow passengers to recline almost horizontally.

But the brightest promise on the railroad horizon just now is a brand-new kind of coach for commuters, carrying nearly twice as many people as the standard car, with comfort and convenience that only extra-fare streamliner riders can enjoy now. The new coach borrows the principle of New York's famous Fifth Avenue bus, with two separate decks. On the upper floor, rows of lightweight tandem seats will accommodate 52, with wide windows for good view and plenty of sunlight. The lower floor, dropped as close to the rails as possible, will provide upholstered benches back to back down the middle of the car, with a wide passageway along the sides. Sixty people can be seated here.

Double carrying capacity with greater comfort is only one advantage of the future coach. It will also provide four semiprivate sections called "game rooms," each one seating four around a table for card playing or business en route. Half-height transparent partitions will separate these little compartments from the rest of the car. Besides these, there will be two oversize washrooms at each end.

The whole interior, of course, will be air-conditioned.

The new commuters' design is not a dream but a model already "mocked up" by the largest car manufacturer in the country, with all constructional problems solved. The car will be made possible by the new high-strength featherweight metals, plastics and insulations. It will take a leaf out of the air traveler's book by making use of every inch of space. One important feature is a storage compartment at each end of the car, to keep all baggage out from under foot.

The general double-deck principle will be modified into many special arrangements to suit the needs of the various railroads. It should sign the death warrant for the noisy, crowded and lurching commuter's coach that everybody criticizes but nobody can escape.

Buzz Bomb of the X-Ray Family

The latest thing in X-ray machines is a thin, harmless-looking tube of glass and metal about ten feet high that works inside a metal tank under heavy air pressure. But its two-million-volt beam is so concentrated that it will drive through ten inches of steel, taking a picture of the heart of the metal in a few seconds. Hours or days were required for such pictures before, and the best of them were blurred and uncertain.

For the present, this new precision tool will be used exclusively by our Armed Forces as a secret weapon behind the lines. But eventually it will have important and perhaps revolutionary uses in the metal industries and in cancer research, too. It is well known that in the treatment of deep-seated cancer, the more powerful the X-rays, the deeper they will penetrate without causing great damage to the tissues they pass through on the way. But in order to gain such power, million-volt tubes throw a devastating blast of rays that cannot be confined to one spot. Their poor aim makes them extremely dangerous.

Cancer researchers hope that when the new tube and its descendants are released for civilian use, their thin pencils of concentrated power may provide a new kind of tool that will bore straight down to the seat of trouble without harming the surroundings. Out of war may come one of the great weapons of peace.

Self-Warming Clothes

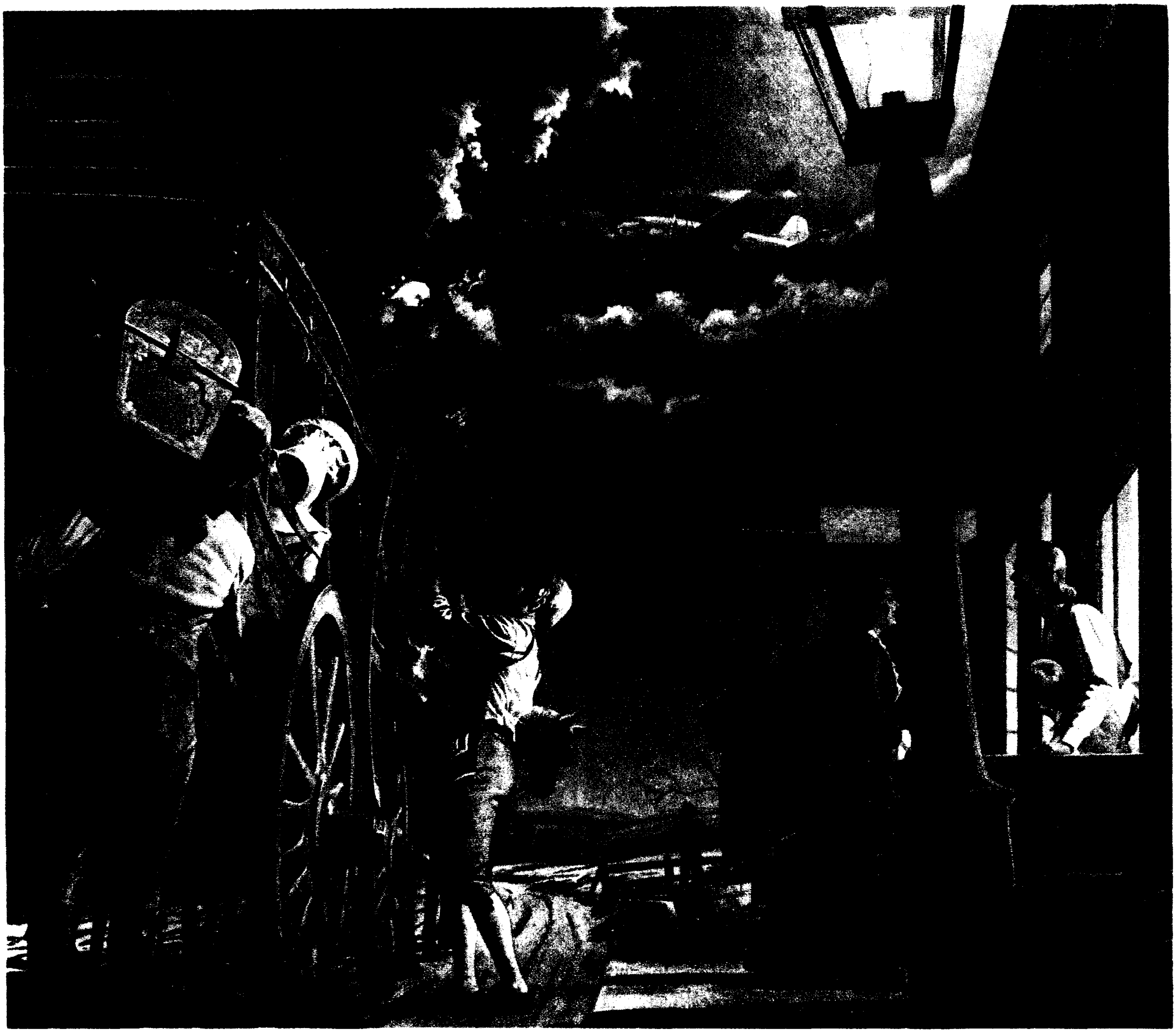
Polished aluminum sheets built into the walls of houses are being used to reflect heat waves back into the rooms and so conserve fuel. But until now, clothing could not benefit from this principle because metal sheets are not flexible enough to wear. However, the discovery of a way to produce reflecting metal surfaces out of microscopically fine flakes actually carried within the fibers of plastic yarn, will give us textiles with a powerful heat-saving effect.

A thin, light layer of the material will be as flexible as any other cloth and will hold in bodily warmth better than heavy woolen goods. Not only clothes but featherweight blankets and bed comforters can be made of it. The metalized plastic cloth traps the heat but does not prevent the passage of air for healthy "breathing" by the skin.

Watch for These . . .

A vaccine that your doctor will give you to protect you against influenza when a serious epidemic is threatening.

A garden hoe with two heads on the same handle, one for ordinary digging, the other for weeding and thinning your garden. ★★★



Will All Mail some day Go by Air?

SINCE the days of Benjamin Franklin, first Postmaster General, it has been Government policy to move mail the fastest possible way as a means of promoting social and economic unity in this vast country.

Post Roads were built and stage coaches carrying mail were given the right of way—to knit the original states more closely together through faster communication.

The Pony Express was encouraged and utilized by postal authorities because it cut in half the mail-delivery time between the East and West.

Every year, since the start of scheduled Airline service, more and more mail has moved by air—18,035 lbs. per month in 1926 to over 11,000,000 lbs. per month in the first five months of 1944.

Will *all* mail some day go by air—at a speed of 3 to 5 miles a minute, anywhere in this country, anywhere in the world?

It will—if America continues its policy of utilizing the fastest means of moving mail *for the benefit of all the people in all walks of life.* The vastly expanded passenger and air express services which will follow the war's end will mean, of course, similar expansion of facilities for carrying mail by air—for closer human and business relations—for national welfare and unity.

* * *

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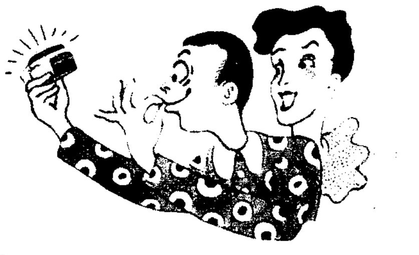

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Net of Cobwebs

Continued from page 34

He knew Virginia would come. He pulled down the dark shades and lay down on the sofa, and she did come.

"You poor darling!" she said. "Don't try to talk if it hurts. Do you think you'll be able to eat anything, Malcolm, if I fix you a tray?"

"I wouldn't know . . ." he said.

She brought up his dinner herself; a very little dinner, it was. She came back later, with a hot-water bottle, and she had some raisins in a covered pot of boiling water.

"This was one of Aunt Evie's remedies," she said. "Try putting one against your gum, Malcolm."

He put a raisin, fiercely hot and soft, into his mouth; he lay with his cheek against the hot-water bottle. He felt ashamed of himself, and at the same time he felt triumphant and wanting to laugh.

"I've brought up a bottle of brandy, Malcolm," she said. "Arthur told me it was the best thing for a toothache."

"Well . . . So they say."

"I'll leave the bottle here," she said. "You'll know how much is good for you."

Showing confidence in me, he thought.

"Do you think you'll be able to sleep, Malcolm?"

"Why, yes, thanks, I do, Virginia. Thanks, Virginia, for everything."

"Good night, Malcolm, dear."

"Good night, Virginia, dear."

The door closed softly after her. For a time he lay perfectly still, with his cheek on the hot-water bottle; he quietly chewed up the raisin. She had left one lamp lighted, the bed turned down, the vacuum bottle of hot coffee ready for the morning. He hated the look of the big, airy, tranquil room. Like a sickroom, he thought.

It seemed safe now to get up and lock the door. Then he took off the scarf and sat down by the open window to cool his burning cheek. This is contemptible, he thought. This is the worst thing I've ever done. The meanest, cheapest, stinkingest thing.

But I'm too tired to think about it tonight. I'll take some capsules and get a good night's sleep, and perhaps tomorrow I'll have the courage to run away.

HE WENT to the closet to get the bottle from the pocket of his heavy overcoat. It was gone.

With dull anger he began searching—in a shoe, in the little leather box where he kept studs and cuff links—for the reserve supply of capsules which he had hidden away. Nothing there.

Nothing anywhere, except one bottle that had been locked in a desk drawer. Somebody had stolen all the rest. Somebody knew the shameful secret of his hedging against fear.

He shut the desk drawer and locked it. Scarcely worth sleeping, if it cost this much.

There was a spot of shaving cream on the bathroom mirror. He cleaned that off, and he tried to polish the glass, but it did not get bright. All right; it had to. He tried some brandy on it, and that was better.

Twelve o'clock. Four o'clock is the zero hour. Baloney! He had some very fine shoe polishes he had got in England; fine creams; he had chamois cloths, brushes, everything. He spread a paper on the table and set all his shoes on it and went to work on them. One o'clock and all's well. But four o'clock is the zero hour. That is when your vitality is at the lowest ebb. Ebb tide, when life is going out; when people die. All right, then die at four o'clock and be done with it.

He set the jigsaw puzzle up again, but it bored him. He tried to read, but the books were terrible. Three o'clock is certainly a quiet hour. What the hell is the matter with all the little crickets and things? Too late in the year? Or is it the rain? Or is it because I—can't hear them?

Four o'clock is the zero hour. Then let it be. You've *got* to be dead or alive, one or the other. Not like this.

I'll lie down, he thought. But he could not lie down, because then he could not breathe. His heart gave a horrible leap, and he was choking; he put his hand to his throat. The thudding of his heart shook him; sweat ran down into his eyes, so that he was blinded.

Take it easy. This has happened before. All right, but how do I know—this isn't it? Let it be. Go ahead and get it over with. And see if I care. . . .

A KNOCK at the door made him jump. He got out of bed and went to unlock the door, blank with sleep.

"Look!" said Arthur. "There's a cop here."

"Oh, a cop?" said Malcolm.

Virginia opened her door and came out into the hall, fresh and neat in a blue-and-white-checked gingham dress.

"He wants to ask all of us some questions," said Arthur. "It's about Jenette."

"Ivan?" she said.

"Yes. The poor devil's dead."

"Ivan?" she said. "I don't believe it!"

"Oh, yes," Arthur said. "It happens."

"But how?"

"They found him in a field, in the rain—"

"Arthur, *how* did he die?"

"I don't know," Arthur said. "One of those things, I suppose. One of those things life-insurance agents tell you about. Stroke. Heart attack, something of the sort."

"What field?" asked Malcolm suddenly. Because he was beginning to think and to remember a little.

"Who cares?" said Arthur.

"I'd like to know."

"A field behind the Johnsons' house. Their gardener thought he'd take a short cut home that way last night, and he found the poor devil."

"Stroke?" said Malcolm. "But wasn't he too young—"

"No," said Arthur. "Anybody can have a stroke at any time."

"I don't *believe* Ivan is dead!" said Virginia.

"You sound a little like Aunt Evie," said Arthur. "It may be a hoax, but personally I think the cops know. Look, Malcolm! This cop is waiting. Better get dressed and come on down, won't you?"

Malcolm was awake now, but even a cold shower did not bring him the feeling of alertness he wanted so badly. The thing is, he thought, there are too many threads. It's like a cobweb.

Cobwebs are pretty. I've looked at them. I saw a bee caught in a cobweb once. It was getting dragged along by the littlest spider in the world. Dragged into the web. The bee could break one thread and another thread. But in the end there were just too damn' many threads. . . .

No. It doesn't have to be like that. You don't have to be a stupid, furry bee. You can be a fine, bold bee.

But he did not feel fine and bold when he went down the stairs. Arthur was in the dining room with the cop; almost at once the two girls came in.

"This is Captain Rutgers," said Arthur. "Captain Rutgers, this is Mrs. Drake. Miss Chatsworth. My brother, Malcolm Drake."

The way he said that was good. As if his brother was something special.

"I'm glad to see you all together," said Captain Rutgers. "I won't take any more of your time than I can help."

He was a slim fellow, not in uniform, but in a neat dark suit with a bow tie; he had a bright and happy face, with arched black eyebrows, and ears that stood out. He stood, with a pleasant smile, until the two girls were seated side by side at the table; then he sat down himself on the arm of a chair.

"We're making an inquiry into the death of Mr. Ivan Jenette," he said. "Now, if anybody can give me any information—"

"Of course, I've known Ivan for years," said Helene.

"Can you give me the names of any relatives or close friends of his?"

"He didn't have any relations in this country," Helene said. "Only some cousins, in France. And he didn't have close friends. He was a rather detached sort of person."

"*I* see," said Captain Rutgers with sympathy. "Now, I'm sorry to put these questions to you, Mrs. Drake, but you'll understand that under the circumstances . . . When did you last see Mr. Jenette?"

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"The day before yesterday."

"And what was his—well, his mood, Mrs. Drake? Would you say he was in good spirits—or not?"

"But why . . . ?" Helene asked. "Why are you asking me that, Captain Rutgers? Is there something—something queer about Ivan's death?"

"He died from an overdose of a very powerful drug, Mrs. Drake."

"In a field did you say?" asked Malcolm. "Out in a field?"

"We don't know where he took this dose, Mr. Drake, and the doctor says there's a certain amount of variation in the time the drug takes to act. It depends on several factors. For instance, if Mr. Jenette was in the habit of using any such preparation—"

"He was," Virginia said. "He told me so."

"If you could tell me about that, Miss Chatsworth, in a little more detail . . . ?"

"He showed me some little blue capsules, and he said he took them to make him sleep."

"Did he say he took them frequently?"

"Almost every night," she said.

He thought this over for a moment, with a look of bright, alert consideration.

"Miss Chatsworth," he said, "do you know if Mr. Jenette had had any recent trouble—financial trouble—anything that disturbed him seriously?"

"Yes," she said.

"Can you tell me the nature of this trouble?"

"I'd—rather not," she said.

"I understand how you feel, Miss Chatsworth," he said gravely and gently. "But we've got to arrive at some verdict."

She sat there with her dark head bowed; she looked so young, so gravely troubled, it seemed a shocking thing to press her.

"Ivan was sure that my aunt was going to leave him some money," she said. "When he found that she hadn't, he was—" She paused. "He was—in despair. He told me—"

"Yes?" Captain Rutgers said, still more gently.

"He told me—he didn't think he—could go on. He said he was going to—"

"Yes, Miss Chatsworth?"

"He said he was going to kill himself."

"For heaven's sake . . . !" said Arthur.

"But he'd said that before, Arthur, often. I didn't take it seriously."

"You're willing to state, then, that Mr. Jenette had threatened more than once to commit suicide, Miss Chatsworth?"

"Yes," she said reluctantly.

"I've heard him myself," said Helene.

MALCOLM looked at them, sitting there side by side. And they're lying, he thought. Lying like hell. They never thought of suicide until just now. I don't believe Jenette killed himself. No. He wasn't that type. Not nervous or jumpy. Resigned, he was. He was mad enough about not getting anything from Aunt Evie, but I'll be damned if he was suicidal about it. No.

"You'd be willing to sign a statement to that effect, Miss Chatsworth? That Mr. Jenette threatened to commit suicide?"

"If it's necessary, Captain Rutgers."

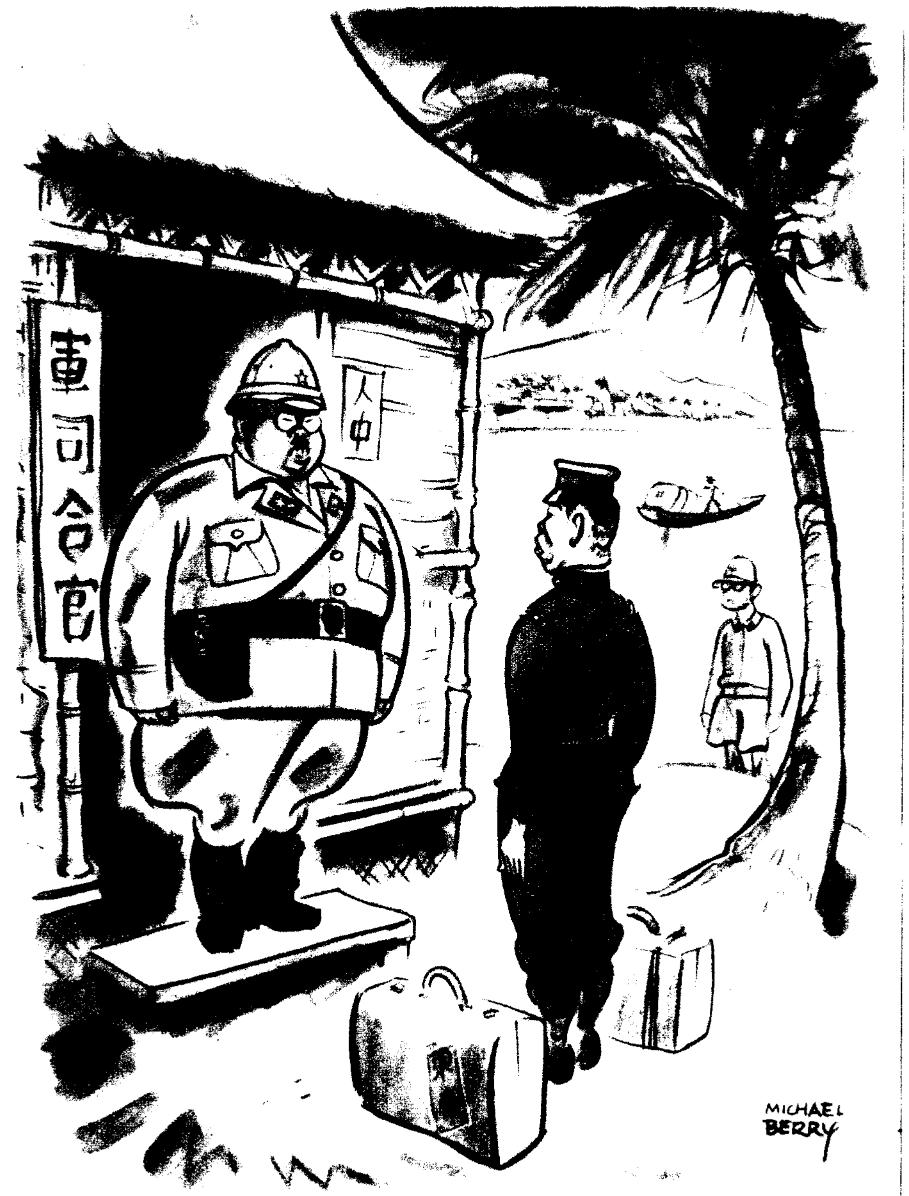
"And you can corroborate, Mrs. Drake, that Mr. Jenette had threatened suicide at other times?"

"Yes," said Helene.

Hold on, now, thought Malcolm. I mean, this is pretty hard on Jenette. I mean to say, to call the poor devil a suicide and just shove him out of the way. When he's been murdered.

"The thing is," Malcolm said, "why does it have to be suicide?"

"You mean it might have been inadvertent, Mr. Drake?"



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LOOK AT THAT! WHY, YOU TREAT THAT DARN POOCH BETTER THAN YOU'RE TREATIN' ME! AN' FOR WHY? ANSWER ME THAT, BABE!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
AW LOOKIT, EDDIE! A GIRL CAN'T TELL A FELLOW TO POLICE UP HIS BREATH! GOSH! THAT'S A JOB FOR YOUR DENTIST, HONEY!
AN' THAT'S NO SCUTTLEBUTT!
EDDIE SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
WOW! SORTA LOOKS LIKE A LIFETIME HITCH! BUT I DON'T MIND IF THEY WANNA BLAME ME FOR THIS!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
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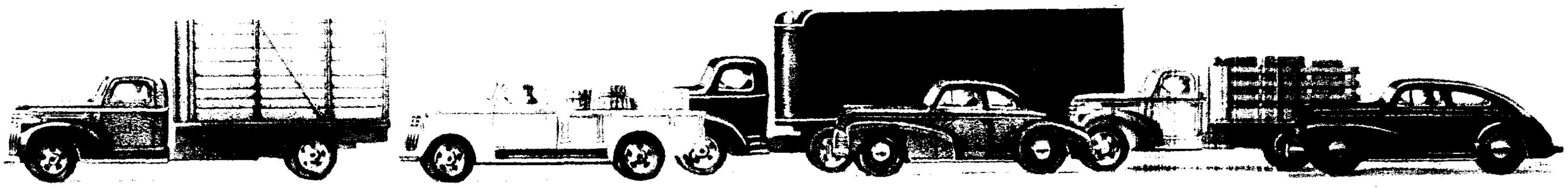

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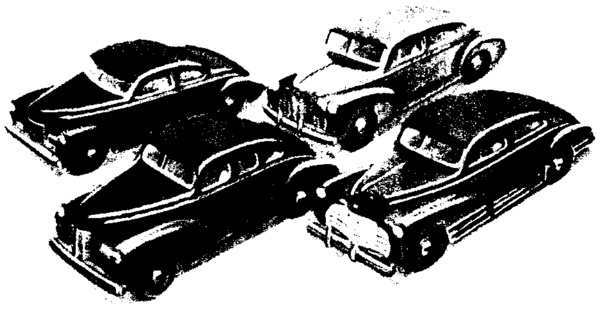

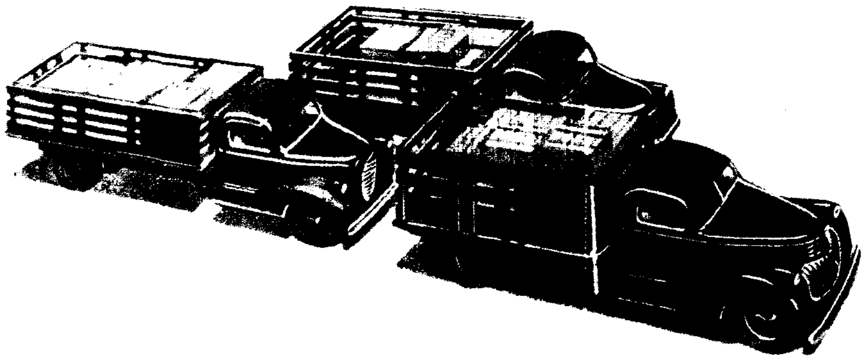

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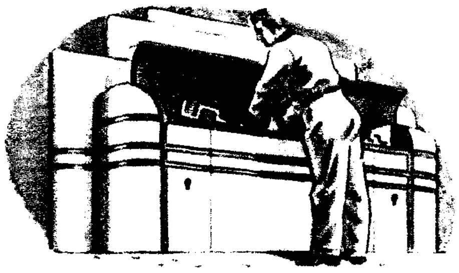

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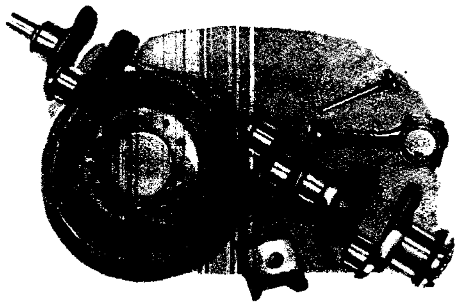

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"Well . . . no," said Malcolm.

There was a silence.

"You suggest he was given this dose, by force, Mr. Drake?" Rutgers asked.

"I mean, it could be that way."

"Well, of course, in a case of this kind, we always consider that possibility, Mr. Drake. But in the case of Mr. Jenette, there's been nothing to suggest foul play."

"Ivan had never been out here before, Malcolm," said Helene. "He didn't know anyone here."

Both she and Rutgers spoke with a sort of kindly protest, as if trying to reason with someone pathetically unreasonable. As if he were a stubborn and troublesome fool.

"If we come across anything," said Rutgers, "anything at all that suggests foul play . . ."

I could tell you something, Malcolm thought. I could tell you plenty.

ARTHUR had time only to swallow a cup of coffee; then he hurried off to catch a train, leaving Malcolm to breakfast with the two sisters. He did not relish this; for a few moments he tried to devise wild little ways of escape, but they were no good. The toothache was absolutely out; no one had mentioned it, not even Virginia.

I'll have to tell Rutgers about Jenette, he thought. But not until I've warned Lily. I don't exactly mean "warn." I mean, she ought to know what's coming before she gets mixed up in a murder case.

I'm sorry to cause her any trouble, he thought. But she can take it. She'll understand that I've got to tell the police now. It would be a damn' shame to let Jenette be buried as a suicide.

And what made the two girls lie like that? Well, I don't know. To smooth things over some way? That's what Helene always wants to do. She doesn't like scenes, doesn't like anything awkward or embarrassing.

He glanced at Helene, sitting at the foot of the table. I'm very fond of Helene, he thought. And I'm very fond of Virginia. But I'm going to break out of this. I'm not going to stay here, and I'm not going to see Jenette shoved away as a suicide.

"I think I'll walk down to the village and buy some magazines," he said.

"I'll drive you down, Malcolm," said Virginia.

"I'd like some exercise, thanks," said Malcolm.

"It *would* be a nice morning for a walk," said Virginia. "I'll come with you, Malcolm."

"Why, thanks, Virginia," he said. "But the thing is, I'm going to the barber's, to get a haircut."

LILY didn't exactly believe me, when I told her what I saw, he thought. But she will now. And the reason she would believe him now was that his confidence in himself was complete. He was happy, moving along the road in the cool, breezy morning. Some little animal I read about, he thought. Forgotten which one, but it'll bite its feet off to get out of a trap. That's me.

All right. The thing is not to make any more mistakes. I want to tell Rutgers exactly what I saw in that garage. Get everything clear. With Rutgers. With Virginia. The way things are now, it's like being caught in a net.

He thought that maybe Lily would be in the kitchen again; he hoped so; he wanted everything to be exactly as it had been before. He took the gravel path at the side of the house and, as he neared the back, he heard a loud titter. Rising on his toes, he looked in at the kitchen window, and there he saw Ben sitting in a chair, with Gussie sitting on his knees.

"You're crazy," Gussie said archly.

"You *like* the purse all right, don't you?" Ben asked.

"Oh, I've seen better," said Gussie.

"Twenty bucks I paid for that purse."

"Go on!"

"I did!"

"Go on!"

Malcolm moved away. They were, he thought, as unattractive a couple as you could find—the tall, gawky Ben, the pale, red-eyed Gussie. He did not like the sight of them there in Lily's nice house. He went to the front of the house and rang the bell, and presently Gussie opened the door.

"Mrs. Kingscrown in?" he asked.

"Oh, no!"

"Know when she'll be back?"

"No."

"Back to lunch?"

"I guess not."

It came into Malcolm's head now that this might be an opportunity. He had never believed Gussie's frantic denial of her visit to the garage. What if he could trap her into some sort of admission before he went to Rutgers?

He took a folded dollar bill out of his wallet and handed it to her. Artlessly, she unfolded it and looked at it and did not seem enthusiastic.

He took out another one.

"Well, thank you," she said. "She'll be back to dinner."

"Will you tell her I'll stop in this evening, then?"

"She might have company," said Gussie.

"Well . . ."

"She has lots of company," said Gussie. "She likes a gay life."

"Who doesn't?" asked Malcolm.

"Oh, well!" said Gussie. "Even if she ever gets married again, I don't have to worry. Mrs. Kingscrown has promised she'll always look after me. I'm not a well girl."

"That's too bad, Gussie," said Malcolm.

"Yes," said Gussie with pride. "I'm a very nervous type person; I get spells. But all the doctors say I'll outgrow it."

"How old are you?" he asked.

"I'll be nineteen in November," said Gussie. "If I live that long."

"Oh, you'll live—" he said.

"You never know," said Gussie. "Anyways, if I had to die right now, I'd have a clear conscience."

"That's certainly something," said Malcolm.

He remembered now that this conversation had been begun with a purpose, and here was an opening.

"Still," he said, "I suppose everyone does something a little wrong, now and then."

"Not me," said Gussie.

"Never even told a little fib?" he asked, with a crafty smile.

"That's not what I mean," said Gussie. "I mean I never did anything *wrong*, and I never will."

There was a silence, which Malcolm did not know how to break. He looked at Gussie, negligently leaning against the newel post, and he admitted to himself that he had no idea how she could be trapped.

"Well," said Gussie, "I'll tell her you said you'd be in tonight."

"I'm afraid you don't quite grasp the meaning of guerrilla warfare"

COLLIER'S SGT. AL KAELIN

This was a dismissal and he accepted it and turned homeward. The police will know how to make her talk, he thought. She's certainly in this thing, up to her neck. She knew Jenette was in the garage, dead. She probably knows who took him away.

HELENE was sitting on the terrace, knitting a dark blue Navy sweater that looked enormous in her small hands; she looked delicate and lovely in a dark wool dress.

"Hello, Malcolm!" she said, glancing up with a smile.

Malcolm forgot to answer. I told Virginia I'd talk to Helene and fix it up. Fix what up? Say what to Helene? You ought to go away at once, she told me, and she was right. But it's got to be done with tact. You have to be very tactful with girls like Helene and Virginia.

"I—" he began, and was at a loss how to go on.

"Sit down and smoke a cigarette," she said. "There's plenty of time before lunch."

Her polite tone, her softly rounded little face that was so completely unreadable, almost frightened him. She had turned on him in Virginia's room, had judged and condemned him and told him to go; she had looked at him with something like disgust. She must still feel like that, he thought.

"Been thinking things over," he said in a rush. "And I'm going away."

"Oh, are you?" she asked with bright interest. "Where, Malcolm?"

"New York. Best place to find a job."

Helene went on knitting. "Malcolm," she said presently in a low tone, "I'd like to tell you something. But please promise not to tell Arthur."

"Tell Arthur what?"

"Will you promise, please, not to tell Arthur?"

He was not going to promise that, and she saw it in his face.

"Then I'll trust you not to tell him," she said. "I can't think you'd want to worry and distress him."

She waited, but Malcolm said nothing. Arthur was unalterably his friend, but very definite in him was the feeling that Helene was his enemy; he had to be on his guard against her.

"Virginia's paying blackmail," she said. "To protect *you*."

He stood up; he looked down at her, and their eyes met squarely. No doubt she was his enemy, striking at him without pity.

"She's been borrowing from me," Helene went on, "but I can't lend her any more. This can't go on."

"Who's getting the blackmail?"

"Ben," she said.

"Very good," said Malcolm. "I'll put a stop to that."

"How?"

"I'll have a talk with him."

"I've had a talk with him. I gave him a month's pay and sent him away. But Virginia meets him somewhere."

"Very good. I'll find him. If I can't make him shut up and clear out, I'll turn him over to the police."

"And let him tell about Aunt Evie?"

"I've no objection."

"I wasn't thinking of you," she said. "I was thinking of Arthur."

"Arthur wouldn't give a damn if Ben told that tale all over the place. It's a lie, you know."

"Have you really thought about it?" she asked. "Do you think you'd be allowed to inherit Aunt Evie's money, if there were a rumor that you'd killed her?"

"Helene!" he said.

"Can't you see what a horrible, disgraceful scandal it would be? In the newspapers—everyone talking. Arthur would stand up for you, through thick and thin. But how do you think he'd feel? You know that he's always trying to protect you—"

"I don't need to be 'protected'," he said shortly. That hurt.

"If you'd go away," she said, "there'd be no object in Virginia's paying Ben anything more, and she'd stop. Nothing would happen."

"Did Virginia tell you about this blackmail?"

"Yes. But I'd suspected it before, when she borrowed from me. She never borrowed before. There's nothing she wouldn't do for you."

"Does she believe Ben's story?"

"Yes," said Helene.

She was an enemy without pity.

"Very good," he said. "I'll go right now. I'll start to pack."

"You'd better wait until after lunch," she said. "And you'd better not pack. Virginia would notice. You're not going to tell her you're going?"

"No. I'm not going to tell her."

"I'll send your things after you, as soon as you're settled," she said.

"Very good," he said, wondering why he said that. Like a butler. Very good, madam.

AS HE went toward the door, I'll go, all right, he thought. But I'll see Ben first. With a gun. Arthur's got a gun; I'll borrow it. I'll run Ben out of town. He won't bother Virginia any more, and he won't go to Lily's house again.

He caught sight of Virginia in the library, writing at a desk; he went past with stealthy haste and up the stairs. When he got to the top he looked down; nobody in the hall below. He opened the door of Arthur's room—and Helene's. It was a fine room, large, exquisitely neat; there was a faint perfume in it. It was an outrage for him to be here.

He opened a bureau drawer and closed it at once, seeing neatly rolled silk stockings, veils, a little blue satin envelope. His heart was beating fast; it would be a bad business if Helene should come in now. Very bad.

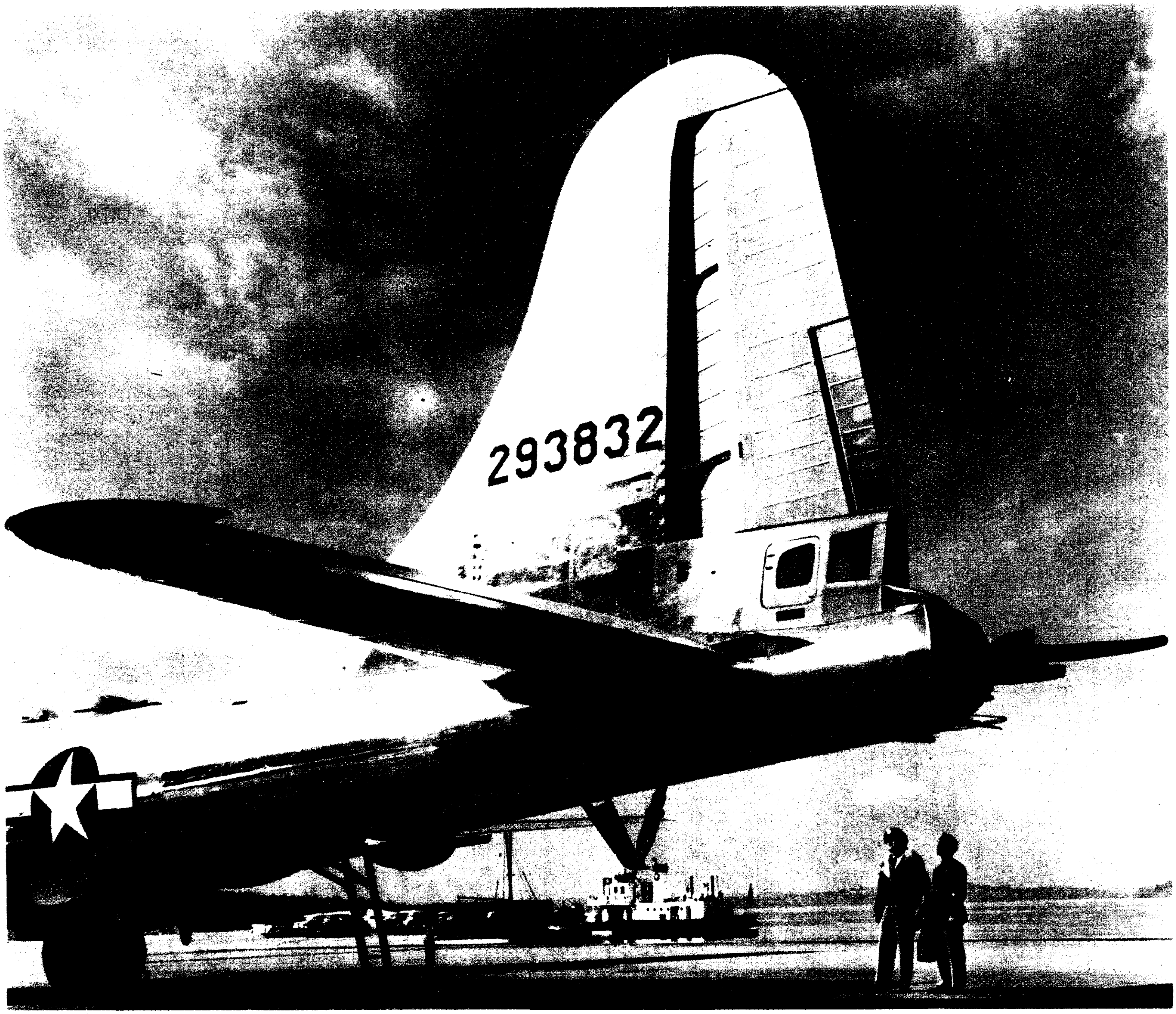
He opened another drawer and saw things of Arthur's in it; he felt through them, set them neat again. Sweat came out on his forehead; he saw for himself that certainly he would *look* crazy, if anyone saw him.

He went all through the bureau; nothing there; he started on a chiffonier; he opened the middle drawer, and then he could not close it. He tried lifting it a little, pulling it down; it would not go back. It was impossible to search the drawer beneath until he got this one back. It had to be done, and it could be done, with patience. Only, his hands were damp, he was breathing hard; there was no time for patience. If Helene should come in . . .

He gave the drawer a tug, and it fell out on the floor with a loud thump. She would hear that downstairs, and she would come up. In a sort of fury, he started groping through the drawer below. And he heard a step in the hall.

"Looking for something?" asked Arthur's voice.

(To be concluded next week)



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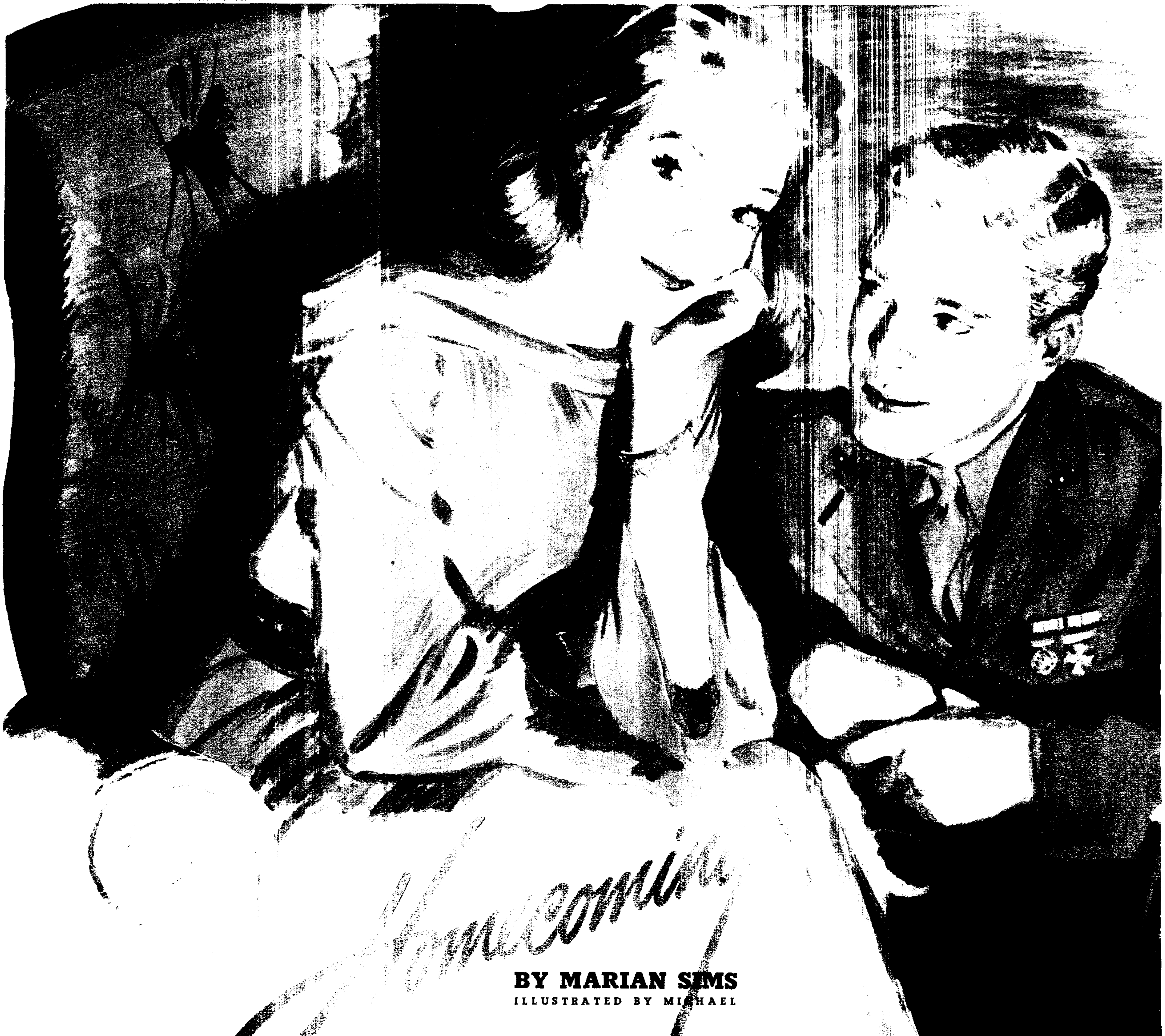

Homecoming

BY MARIAN SIMS

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

The sergeant had no home, so he was trying to dream one up. Then a door opened, and he found that two can build an illusion better than one

FOR a long time he studied the brass plate and the names under each of the six buttons. The fifth card said "Carey Forrester," with no "Mr." or "Miss" in front of it and he wondered whether the name belonged to a man or a woman. Next he wondered which he wanted it to be. A woman, of course, except that a woman might think he was crazy and slam the door in his face. A man might be less afraid to grant his strange request.

He stood in the pale winter sunlight for several seconds, nerving himself. In the Sunday stillness he seemed to hear the anxious beat of his heart and he decided he ought to go away, back to the anonymity of his hotel room. To be rebuffed on your first day was to tarnish a shiny, wistful dream woven into the fabric of three years.

And then the latch chattered at him; three or four impatient-sounding clicks. He opened the door and went inside. The smell in there was familiar and nameless: an impersonal smell of paint and polish and old wood, making up the smell of an apartment hallway.

He went upstairs, knowing that Number Five was the third floor front, and pressed another button.

The door opened and a girl looked at him, polite surprise in her eyes. She was tall and she had on a clean, faded blue house coat tied close around her waist. Her face was scrubbed and innocent of any aids to beauty and he couldn't have said whether she was pretty or ugly. Seeing the surprise he knew how crazy his idea had been and he said unsurely:

"I'm sorry. I hoped you'd be a man."

A corner of the girl's mouth dipped in a faint smile. "Coming from a Marine sergeant, that's an unexpected opening remark."

Her voice was low-pitched and clear, with mirth around the edges, and the mirth gave him courage. She wasn't accepting him but he had amused her and she might let him say what he had come to say. He grinned wryly as he answered her.

"I know. The Marine reputation takes a lot of living up to." Then, because she merely waited instead of going on with it, he had to tell her why he had come. "You'll think I'm crazy, but I just wanted to see this apartment again. I've been out twenty-nine months and this place was all I had to think about as home. You see," he faltered, thinking how thin it sounded, "I lived here before I enlisted. . . ."

He stopped, silenced by her dispassionate appraisal. She was neither friendly nor hostile; she was only weighing his unlikely story.

"You didn't have any family to—think about as home?"

"No. My mother and father are dead and the rest of us are scattered." He said it almost carelessly because he didn't want her to think he was making a play for sympathy. She kept on looking at him, studying his thin, weathered face and his surprisingly blue eyes.

"Wouldn't it," she asked curiously, "destroy your illusion if you saw another person living in your apartment? Wouldn't it be better if you kept it intact in your mind?"

He lifted a hand and ran it anxiously over his brittle, sun-bleached hair. "Maybe. And yet if I stay two weeks in a hotel room, the illusion is no good to me, anyhow." He met her look squarely, a flush darkening the face that was so much older than he was. "The reason I hoped you'd be a man was because a man might not have minded if I just—sat before the fire once or twice."

He leaned against her [illegible] just tasting the joy of [illegible] near her. He was busy w[illegible] thoughts when he heard [illegible] say, "Do you mind telling me what it's really like out there?"

Something happened to the girl's face; a quick spasm that passed and left it quiet. She stepped back and opened the door wider.

"Come in," she said. "I'm sorry there isn't a fire."

He stood in the middle of the room, holding his garrison cap in both hands, and let his eyes move slowly. It was a good room because it had been beautiful when it was young, and unlike people, rooms never lose their figures with middle age. Besides this room there was nothing else, he knew, except a minute kitchen, a bath and a cubbyhole where you could dress if you had to. Although it was only eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning, the room was as clean and neat as the girl's face, and sunlight made a pool under one window.

"There's a new couch cover," he said softly, like a man talking in his sleep. "The old one was red."

"Yes. I like green better." She stood beside him, trying to see the room as he saw it.

"And there weren't any bookshelves . . ."

"You didn't have books?"

"Oh, yes. They spilled all over the place." He grinned. "And then people would borrow them and not return them, and that took care of the overflow."

HE FELT her smiling with him. He moved to a window and stood looking down at the street. It was just a New York cross street, but there was one flash of dying color from trees barely seen in Washington Square. Three little boys were playing in the street, now; playing war, making the violent gestures and the short, sharp noises that stood for gunfire in their language. He felt a tightening in his belly and looked away from them into the face of the girl. She had come to the window and he knew from her face that she understood about the boys who were playing war and having such a hell of a good time at it.

He studied her carefully, seeing her for the first time. Her eyes were a clear, quiet gray and her mouth was wide and mobile. She wasn't pretty, he decided, but it didn't matter; she had let him come in, so she must know a little about how he felt. There was one thing she didn't know, one thing he was glad she couldn't find out. If she did, he'd be on the street in a minute.

But it was the girl's hair that fascinated him. It was thick and dark and it touched her shoulders; it had a virile, shining life of its own, as if she washed it often and brushed it hard. He was horrified to hear his voice saying his thoughts out loud.

"Would you mind very much if I—touched your hair?" Seeing her astonishment he hurried on. "It's funny about a woman's hair. Two movie stars came to an island I was on once, and one time they passed pretty close to me. I didn't think 'about'—he grinned crookedly—"any of the things I'm expected to think. I just thought how much I'd like to touch their hair . . ."

The girl's eyes were strange. If she hadn't been so poised he could have believed there were tears in them. Without speaking, she bent her head toward him in a curiously submissive gesture that made his throat ache.

Her hair wasn't soft, except as any woman's hair is soft; it was crisp and springy in his hands. He put his face close to it and it was the way he had hoped, smelling of soap and sunlight and the essence of the girl herself. He let his hands fall and smiled.

"Thank you. They're sort of wornout words, but—thank you. It's been a pretty long time."

She searched his face. "When did you get home, Sergeant?"

"Seven o'clock last night. I'm at a hotel near here." Suddenly he understood the question. He had been here since last night, but this was the first time he had touched a woman's hair. Maybe she thought he was a fool—or a liar.

She moved away and he tugged the cap from his pocket. "Well, I've been a nuisance long enough. Thank you again."

The girl began to talk, and now she was the one whose words didn't come easily. "I've got an engagement for lunch and I'll be away till five o'clock. Would you like to—just stay around home for a while?"

He stared at her, because her trust was like being given the Congressional Medal. When he didn't answer, she hurried on. "Or if you've got people to see and places to go, you can come back another day and bring your pipe. I'm always away till nearly six, so I wouldn't destroy the illusion."

He shook his head. "After that, I'm afraid you'd always be part of the illusion. Could I stay today?"

It was an admission of his aloneness—that he had no urgent places to go or friends to see. There were people to look up, of course, but not until he had reoriented himself a little; not until he had grown more accustomed to the strangeness of buildings and pavements and hurrying masses of people with shuttered faces.

She nodded, answering his question. "Of course, you can stay. There's not much in the larder but there's a delicatessen that stays open a while on Sundays, in case you want to eat here."

"Rigi's," he said. "It's still there?"

"Yes." She moved away and he wondered if he ought to go back to his hotel while she dressed. She answered that, too. "Make yourself at home. The paper is on the coffee table." She went through a door and closed it.

She looked different when she came back. Her suit was black and very smart, her blouse was ruffled and very white. Her face was no longer shiny and her hair was smooth under a little hat over one eye.

Picture of a career girl, he thought; cool and competent and not afraid of anything in God's world. Then he remembered how she had given him the freedom of her home and he forgave her, because he knew she understood. She had sized him up and was ready to back her estimate; it was part of her not being afraid.

He put a little of it into words. "If I'd seen you like that, I'd never have dared to tell you what I wanted."

She smiled. "I know. But it's part of my business equipment. I write advertising and I'm lunching with a client from out of town." She stretched out her hand and he saw with astonishment that she was offering him a key. "If you go to Rigi's, you'll need this. And if you leave before I get back, put it in that brass box on the table."

He took the key automatically and she laughed at the look on his face. "I play hunches, Sergeant; it's my one vanity." She was gone before he could answer, walking freely and easily even in her delicate, high-heeled pumps.

When the sound of her had died he went and turned on the radio, then he stretched out in a big chair and took up the newspaper. He felt almost happy and he meant to make the most of her astounding generosity. A whole afternoon with nobody to invade his privacy; with nobody to talk when he wanted to be quiet or make him move when he wanted to sit still. For him, the lack of privacy had been one of the sharpest hardships of war.

And after a while he fell asleep, with the radio playing softly in his ears.

WHEN he woke, it was almost two o'clock and he was savagely hungry, so he took the key and went out. He bought food at Rigi's and then remembered a little market that used to stay open on Sundays. The market was still there and still open; it had flowers as well as vegetables and it had, above all, the thing on which he had set his heart—pressed sawdust logs for the fireplace. Down in that searing, eternal heat, you sat around and dreamed of being cool enough to have logs burning in a fireplace.

The telephone rang just as he came in the apartment door. He hesitated a minute about answering it, then he thought it might be Carey Forrester, wanting to see if he was still there, so he put down his load and took up the receiver.

There was a pause after he said hello, and he realized that the pause meant surprise at hearing a man's voice.

"Miss Forrester's residence?" The masculine voice had doubt in it.

If he had been smart—accustomed to the devices of polite society—he would have said, "I'm sorry. You must have the wrong number," and then not answered if it rang

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again. But he had been too long in a world where there was only direct action, so he said, "Yes."

"I'd like to speak to her, please."

He realized, too late, what he should have done. He said politely, "She isn't in. Will you leave your number?"

There was a longer pause. Then the voice lifted in well-bred surprise. "In that case, what are you doing in her apartment?"

The Marine in him stirred and woke. "Is it any of your business?"

"If it weren't, do you think I'd ask?"

That made him a little sick, because it could mean only one thing. He kept his voice even. "Then I apologize. I'm a friend of hers who just got back to this country and she's been good enough to let me enjoy her apartment for a couple of hours."

"I see . . ." But it was obvious that he didn't see. He wasn't being nasty; he was holding on to that careful courtesy and his voice was a kind the sergeant could recognize: Money and family—old New York. Maybe even Social Register.

"If you—happen to be there when she comes in," the voice said, too pleasantly, "will you tell her that Ferris Barton telephoned and that I'm dropping in about nine tonight?"

The man must really have an inside track. "Yes," he said quietly. "I'll tell her. If I'm here . . ."

He turned slowly away and picked up his packages and went into the kitchen. The bright bubble of contentment was shattered and he felt like a jerk with too much nerve, in a place where he had no right to be. He might as well leave now.

Then the sergeant in him began to mutter. All right, tuck your tail and run. Without thanking her or finding out whether he was telling the truth. . . .

"Oh, shut up!" he snapped at the sergeant—and began to fix himself some lunch.

When he had eaten he cleaned up the disorder with scrupulous care. Then he found a green bowl and arranged the small bronze chrysanthemums as well as he could. And when he had done that he built a fire. It was after four when he finished, so he sat down to wait for the girl, hoping desperately that she wouldn't have a dinner engagement and that there would be time for him to explain what had happened and get forgiveness for his dumbness.

SHE came at quarter past five, just when he was beginning to feel sick and lost, and he sprang up to the sound of her key in the door.

She saw everything in a split second: the flowers and the leaping fire, the eagerness in the sergeant's sea-water eyes. And her first words, that were so gay and easy, took his heart and laid it in her hands.

"Hello! I just happened to be down this way and I thought I'd stop and see if you were at home."

He had to swallow hard before he could answer her. Then he said in a breathless rush, trying for the same sort of gaiety: "I hoped you might; I sort of expected you. Take off your hat and I'll mix a drink. . . ."

He stood before her looking down at her with joy and a measureless gratitude. She handed him the little hat and suddenly they laughed together.

"Oh, Lord. Carey, if you just knew . . ." He shook his head.

She was still laughing. "I'd settle for just knowing your name, Sergeant."

He gasped. "I forgot you hadn't always known it. It's Cameron—Bill Cameron." He looked at the hat and his hands were suddenly awkward. "I guess you'd better put this away yourself."

She took the hat from him and went out. She was gone several minutes and when she came back she had on a sort of green thing. . . . He supposed it was a hostess gown, except that it was very plain with a wide leather belt, instead of being fancy and seductive.

"I like to get out of working clothes," she explained.

He voiced the fear that had been dogging him. "I didn't ask; have you got a date for dinner?" He held his breath.

"No. Tomorrow is going to be a hectic day."

He let out the breath. "I hoped we could have dinner together here. I—I'm afraid I stocked up. But I'll leave whenever you say."

Her eyes were curiously gentle. "I have to eat, in any case. I think it would be lovely."

She let him wait on her, fostering the illusion that she was a visitor, because she knew he wanted it that way.

He mixed up a couple of Martinis and brought them in before the fire, but when they sat there drinking he knew he had to tell her about Barton.

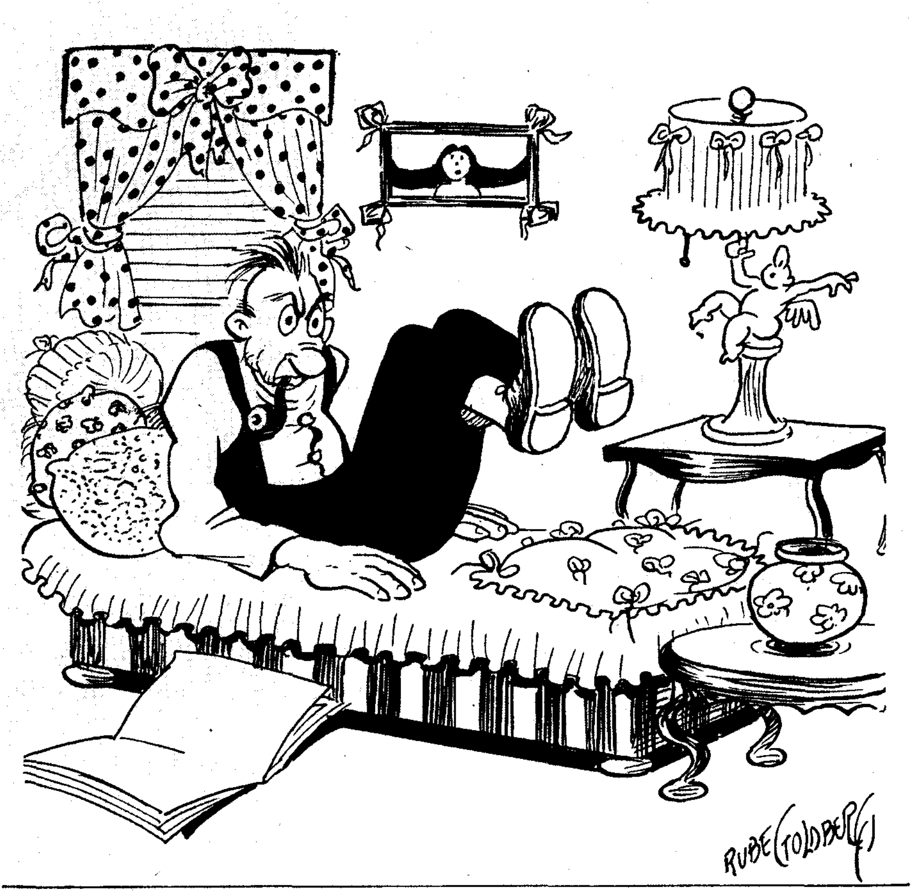
"I may have made trouble for you," he said unhappily, and told her about the call. She didn't say anything till he had finished, then she smiled curiously.

"Did you think I'd be ashamed of having anybody know you were here?"

"Of course not." He ought to have known she wouldn't be. "But I barked at him and asked if my name was any of his business. He said it was."

"It isn't, exactly," she said. "Not yet." As he was weighing that she laughed suddenly; a good laugh, unforced and honest. "Forget it, Bill. Nine o'clock is—a long way off. Tell me what you did when you lived in New York—in this apartment."

THE SQUAWK CLUB . . . . By Rube Goldberg



"It took me thirty years to get a nice home. But now my wife's fixed it up so fancy there's no place to put my feet."—Gilbert Williams, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

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COLLIER'S

She made him forget it, when he hadn't believed he could. He told her what he had done in New York, she told him about her work, and they hunted unsuccessfully for mutual acquaintances. He kept George's name off his list and prayed she wouldn't bring it up herself. . . .

"I've only been here four years," she explained, "and that first year I didn't know many people outside the girls in my office. And you've been away three years." She was looking at the fire, and its glow brought out the planes in her face. She might, he decided, be something much better than pretty if you looked at her long enough.

"Do you want to live here again?" she asked finally.

"No." He was sure about that. "I came because the firm offered me a job when I finished law school, but I could work there half my life without being even a junior partner. I want to go somewhere and build my own firm."

"I can understand that. Where will you go?"

"Back home, probably—to Georgia. Columbus is a good town and some of them will remember me. My father was a lawyer and I always meant to practice with him, but he died before I graduated."

She didn't say any of the usual things about being sorry but he felt it in her silence. "From a lawyer to a Marine sergeant," she said after a while. "It's a long jump, isn't it?"

He laughed. "Maybe. I dived in early, the way Southerners do when they smell a fight, and by the time I'd gotten round to thinking about a commission I was on my way out."

He got up and put another log on the fire, then brushed the hearth carefully with the little yellow broom. "Are you hungry yet?" he asked.

"Not very." But she stood up and smiled. "By the time we get it ready I'll probably eat like a wolf."

They fixed the dinner together because she insisted on helping, and because he wasn't sure enough of his skill and his bearings. It was all quiet and easy and he could almost believe they had done this many times in the past and would do it many times in the future. But when they went back to the living room he looked at his wrist and saw that it was half past eight, that Barton was real and inevitable.

"Do you want me to go now?" he asked. "Barton said he'd be here about nine."

She shook her head. "I'd like for you to stay, if you will."

If he would. . . . He gave her a crooked smile. "I'd like to stay."

He had a few minutes of grace before the showdown. He dropped the last log on the fire and pulled a chair near the blaze for her, then put a big leather footstool close to her and sat on it and leaned against the arm of her chair. Not touching her, just tasting the joy of being quiet and near her. He was so busy with his thoughts that her voice, low as it was, startled him.

"Do you mind telling me what it's really like out there? Don't do it if you'd rather not."

He hadn't thought he would ever talk about it, but he could tell her things he had never expected to put into words. "I don't mind—with you. What do you want to know?"

"I wish I could know it all. I wish I could *feel* it, so there wouldn't be a wall between me and the men who've been through it."

He shook his head. "You can't do that, thank God. The important thing is that you're not trying to ignore it, or shut it out."

She was quiet for a while, weighing what he had said. "Will you tell me how the men feel—whether they hate it too much?"

"They don't hate it," he said quickly. "They don't resent the dangers and hardships, because they're sold on the necessity of it."

He turned back to stare at the fire and felt her arm move on the chair. He leaned back so he could feel it through the fabric of his blouse and it made a warm, strong current through his whole body.

"And back here," her voice was bitter, "some people still complain if they don't like the rules."

"I know," he said. "That's the kind of thing the men really hate. And yet," he was feeling out his words, "I still think those things are sideshows."

"I believe that, too," she said. She laughed raggedly. "Yet sometimes I think I could beat my head against the wall when I hear people griping."

HE FELT her bitterness and wanted desperately to comfort her. Without turning, he felt for her hand and drew it down where he could hold it in both of his. They were quiet again. Nothing in the world, he thought, could have been as perfect a homecoming as this—not even the dreams he had woven over three years. Except that a man named Barton was on his way here. . . .

"Are you comfortable on that thing?" she asked. "I don't see how you can be."

He laughed happily. "I've never been as comfortable in all my life. I could sit here the rest of my leave—if you were here, too."

She ignored the last sentence because it was dangerously tender. "How long is your leave?"

"Fifteen days. Fourteen, now. . . ."

"And then out again?"

"Not right away. I'll instruct for a while, probably."

"Do you want to go back?"

"Yes. I want to stay till it's over. As far as I'm concerned, this interval is—well, it's just an interval."

He didn't tell her the rest of it. The unswerving memory of his friends who were out there, or who might not, by now, be anywhere that his mind could grasp. You were glad to get away; you felt a wild, drunken joy when they said you were leaving. And when you were safe you began to feel a deep, wordless apology toward the men who had to stay. You began to feel that you ought to have stayed, too, no matter what they said.

She must have guessed how he was feeling. She said lightly: "How do you want to spend the fourteen days?"

"With you," he almost said, and caught the words in time. He had to wait and see what happened with Ferris Barton. "It sounds funny, but I haven't thought much about it. Not specifically, I mean. I'd like to howl a little, or maybe I'll find that all I liked was the idea of howling. I'd like to roam around, eat at the places I used to like and see some of the things tourists go to see."

"Grant's Tomb?" Her voice was amused.

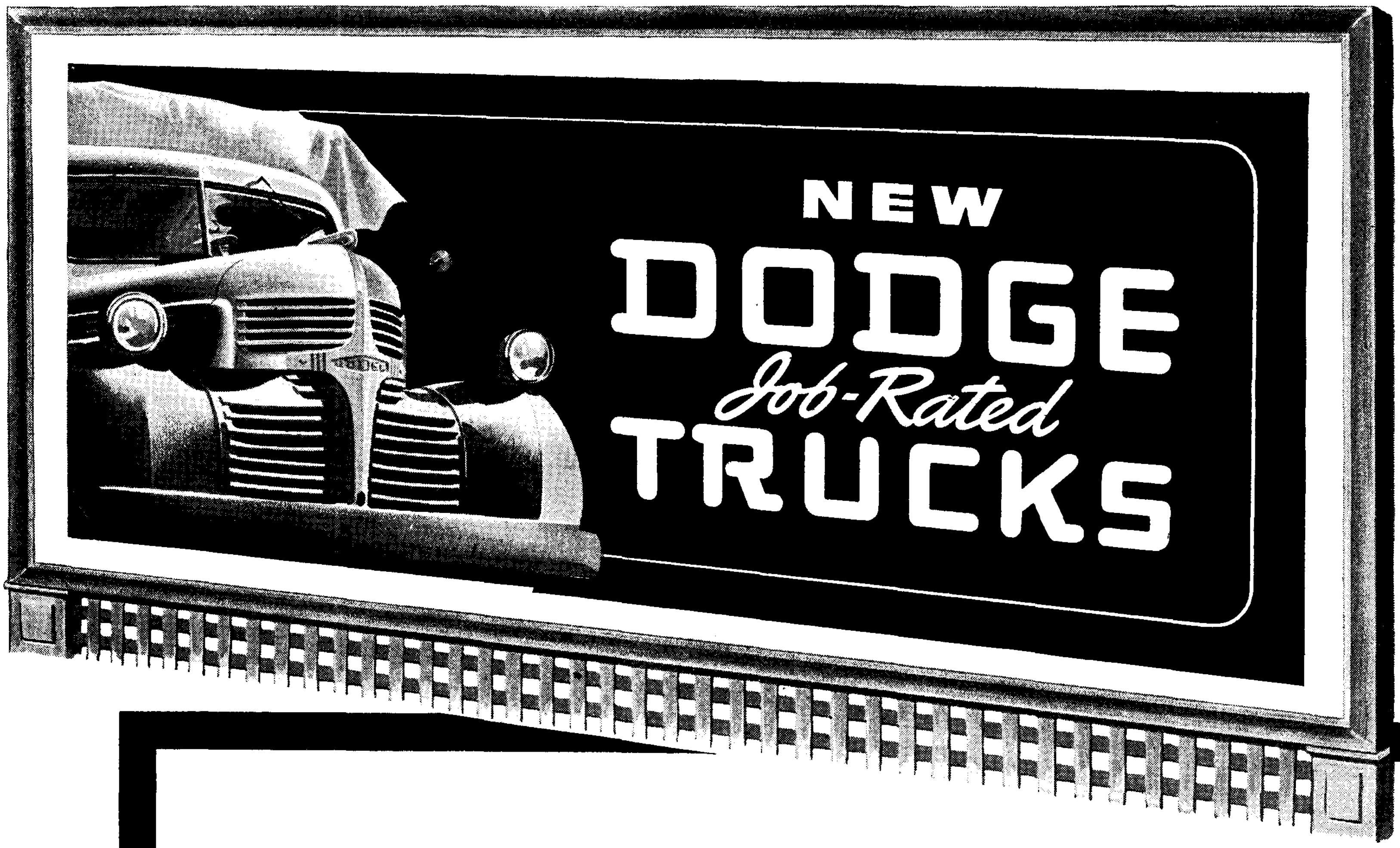
"I might. And the zoo and the Empire State at night." He said tentatively, "Would you go sightseeing with me one day soon?"

"If you want my company, it will have to be Sunday."

"With dinner afterward?"

"Yes. . . ."

He sat back and looked at the fire. He



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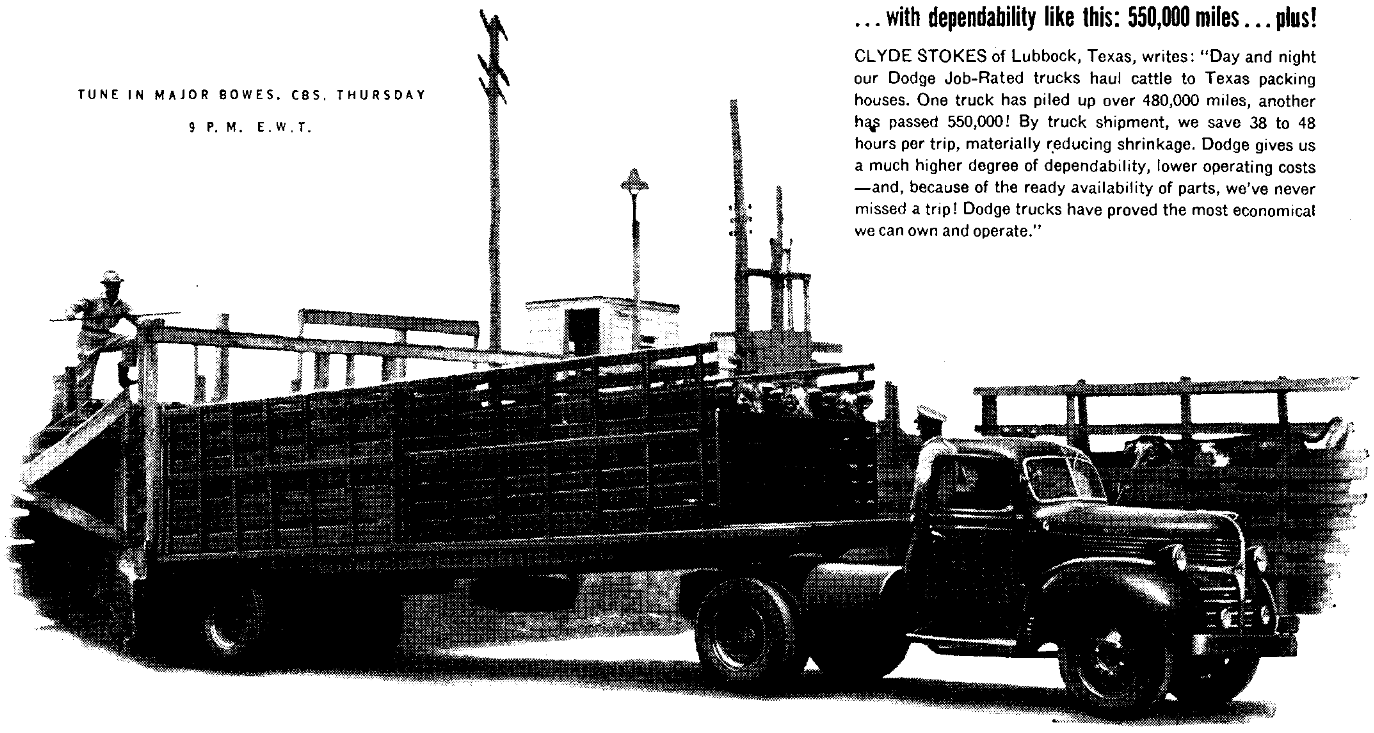

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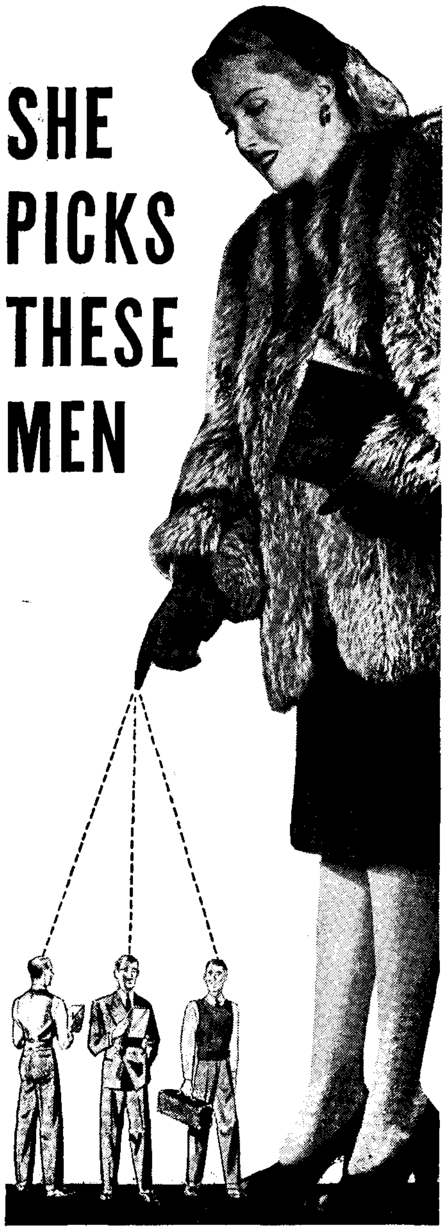

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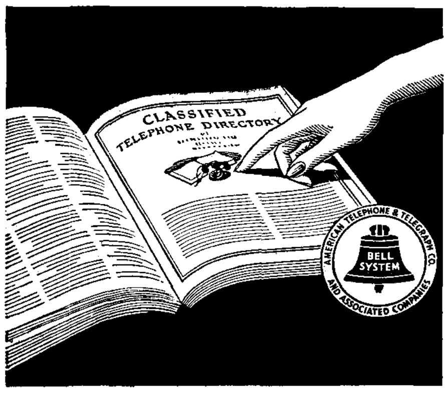
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was close to happiness but there was tension in him, too, that deepened with the racing minutes. Behind him a muted voice from the radio said, "The time is nine-fifteen," and just then the doorbell rang.

Both of them stood up. He watched the girl as she went to release the latch, and when she had done it she turned and saw the tightness in him.

"At ease, Sergeant," she smiled.

Ferris Barton came into the room. Not belligerently, but with a courtesy that seemed indestructible. He wasn't handsome or even very young; in a few years he might look sparse or dry. If you were on the opposite side, as Bill was, you could reflect that his mouth was too small for generosity like Carey Forrester's; but right now he represented a lot of things a Marine sergeant could never hope to be.

"Come in, Ferris," the girl said warmly. "This is Sergeant Cameron. Mr. Barton, Bill."

THEY shook hands. Barton's grip was strong but his hand felt soft and narrow to Bill Cameron. He murmured something correct and turned to Carey.

"I thought I'd heard about all your friends," he smiled, "but you've never mentioned Sergeant Cameron."

The smile wasn't quite right, Bill thought; there was something almost patronizing about it. He tightened again because he knew, beyond all doubt, how Carey was going to answer.

"No," she said. "I've never mentioned him because I never saw him until he came to the apartment this morning. Won't you sit down?"

That tore it wide open. The girl had outraged everything Barton stood for and it was a thing that hadn't often happened to him. It caught him flat-footed; caught him with his manners down.

"Carey—are you crazy? Even if he's met a friend of yours somewhere . . ."

"He hasn't." She was very calm. "I just liked his looks. I've told you I often make bets with myself."

They had forgotten Bill Cameron. The air crackled as they fought it out wordlessly; the man frozen with well-bred distaste, the girl blithe and challenging.

"And I've told you," he said quietly, "that it's a childish, undignified thing to do, even when it's less dangerous than—this might have been."

"Besides being conduct unbecoming to a Barton—even a Barton by marriage."

"If you care to discuss personal matters before a stranger—yes."

Good Lord, Bill thought; some people really do talk like that. I thought it was just in books and movies. His heart lurched when she said:

"Bill isn't a stranger. In some ways, I already know him better than I know you."

Barton's face twisted but he straightened it quickly. He loved Carey Forrester, Bill realized; loved her as much as he could love anybody but himself. And she was calmly proving to him that she would never be the right woman to carry on his tradition. For all his own exultation, Bill felt sorry for the frozen man.

BARTON moved finally; picked up his handsome, dignified hat. "I'm sorry, Carey. I've tried to tell you how I feel about some things. If you change your mind . . ." His voice pleaded with her.

"I won't," she said. "I just wanted to see if anything could make you change yours. Good night, Ferris."

He even remembered to nod in Bill's direction as he left. There was a lot to be said for aristocracy after all, Bill decided. When the door had closed—quietly—he turned to Carey and searched her eyes.

"That was the way you wanted it?" he asked finally.

Her face was grave. "Since he's that way—and always will be—that was the way I wanted it."

"You won't miss him?"

She smiled crookedly. "Of course. He's very rich and very nice and he was—very attentive. But I won't miss him in the way you mean. I just had to find out."

He groped for his cap. "Well," he said harshly, "I'm always glad to be a guinea pig for a pretty girl."

She laughed. Hearing it, he knew how wrong he was and how ungrateful, and he wished he hadn't said it. "Before you go, Bill—how did you happen to come here? To this apartment?"

The words snapped his head back like a blow. "You knew all along?" he asked huskily.

"I knew you hadn't lived here three years ago. George Hunter lived here. I didn't know him then; I met him later, and took over his lease when he went into the Navy."

There was no anger in her voice; she was just telling him and asking him. He took a deep breath.

"George was a good friend of mine and we used to spend a lot of time together. That's how I knew so much about this place. I started out today to find the one that had been mine and it"—he laughed raggedly—"the building is being used for Red Cross headquarters. I thank God every day for the Red Cross, but I couldn't very well sit in front of the fire and pretend it was home."

He turned to stare at the fire. "It was like having a chair pulled out from under me. I felt lost as the devil, and then I thought about George's; it was so much like home I thought it would be the next best thing. But the story was screwy enough in any case; it would have been hopeless if I'd said, 'A friend of mine used to live here. Can I come in and sit down?'" He bent and rested his forehead against the mantel. "I'm terribly ashamed, Carey . . ."

"It's all right," she said. "I was sure you had a reason and I wondered what it was."

He spun around and went to her, light burning suddenly in his mind. "You let me come in, knowing I'd lied to you. You stood up to Barton; you even gave me a key." He lifted her hand and felt her fingers shaping to the contours of his cheek. "What made you do it?"

"I told you," she tried to laugh, "that I played hunches. It was your eyes, I think. Haven't you ever looked at your eyes, Bill?"

"Not any oftener than I could help," he said grimly. "The last time I did it they scared me. They belonged to a crazy man."

"They don't now; they're your passport. I made you stay because I wanted to see if Ferris could look at you and still be as—as stuffy as I knew he might be." She brushed Barton aside and he stopped living. "When you didn't mention George, I decided to wait and see if you'd tell me."

SUDDENLY, ridiculously, he felt a deep concern for her. "It *was* a dangerous thing to do when you knew I was lying," he protested. "Suppose I'd been another sort?"

She began to laugh, so heartily that he flushed. "In that case, you wouldn't have gotten in. Or if I'd found I had guessed wrong I think I could have managed." She sobered, defending herself and him. "Actually you were telling the truth. Only the details skidded a little."

He had been telling the truth. He wanted a place he could pretend about and George's was almost as good as his. He felt humble but he felt happy again; if Carey Forrester wanted him, she could have him for better or worse. He came closer to her and put his hands tightly on her shoulders.

"I've been trying to play this the way people used to," he said. "The way sensible people did it when there was plenty of time. But I've only got fourteen days—and maybe a few months after that. Carey . . ." His voice was pleading and husky when he said her name.

She knew what he meant; the knowledge was in her face and she wasn't turning aside from it. But she said quietly: "Don't hurry it too much, Bill. It might not be that way after all."

"But if it is?"

"Then we'll know it."

When he kissed her good night he knew that everything was all right; that it was going to be the way he had dreamed and hadn't dared to hope. Kissing her was like finding your past and present and future fused in a single minute and a single person.

THE END

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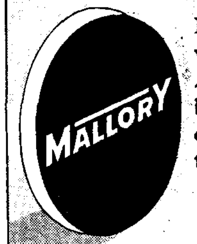

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Strictly Domestic

Continued from page 15

Madge is all excited. "We can't let her stay at the hotel," she says. "It's impossible. We'll have to have the guest room done over."

"It was good enough for your rich Uncle George," I say, but Madge don't hear me, and, in fact, I am not even allowed a vote in this deal. Madge insists that I get a new suit, and a couple days later when I come home, Madge has just got back from the library with an armful of books dealing with international affairs.

And a couple weeks later the guest room is redecorated and has a new bedside table and three heavyweight books on Russia on it in case Olivia wishes to read herself to sleep at night, and you would think that Olivia was going to move in permanently instead of just staying overnight.

Well, we get everything ready just under the wire, and then the College Club gets a telegram from Olivia's lecture manager saying that she will arrive on the eight-ten the evening of her lecture.

This is a shock to Madge as she has counted on tossing a dinner party for Olivia. But the lecture is at eight-thirty, and Olivia will just about make that on time. Madge has been made the chairman for the affair, and she delegates me to go down to the train and meet Olivia.

So that is how come that on the night in question I am standing on the station platform in my new $48.00 herringbone suit waiting for the eight-ten to arrive. The train comes in and a couple of tired businessmen fall off, and a girl and a soldier, and then a woman who I judge is in her middle thirties. She wears a smart gray suit and has four suitcases and a briefcase, and she gets off in front of me and is quite good looking except for a slightly aggressive chin. I look on past her but nobody else gets off so I say, "Miss Drake?" and it turns out to be none other.

"I'm Joe Finley," I say, "the welcoming committee. Nice to have you with us, Miss Drake. Most of us speak pidgin English and we took to wearing clothes some years ago, but otherwise you can go right ahead with the missionary work."

I REMEMBER then, too late, that Madge implores me beforehand not to try and be funny, and to conduct myself with seemly dignity. "Shall we start for the lecture hall?" I ask, with seemly dignity.

"Just a moment," Miss Drake says, looking at her wrist watch. "I believe there's a train leaving here at nine forty-five. I'd like to check on it."

I pick up the suitcases and stagger after her into the station. She talks to the station agent, and it seems she has a stop-over ticket and she will deliver her lecture and then hotfoot it right back and take the next train out.

I stand there thinking of the guest room and what a chump Madge will feel like, and as we start for my car, I say, "We'd hoped to have you stay overnight, Miss Drake."

"Impossible," she says. "I've a most important interview scheduled for ten o'clock tomorrow morning, and a radio broadcast at ten-thirty, and a luncheon engagement at twelve. I live by a timetable, Mr. Finley."

I GET in back of the wheel and wonder how to make polite conversation with a female columnist and lecturer. I have a joke in mind, but on second thought I decide I better keep it to myself. So we rattle down Main Street and I confine myself to tourist-guide remarks and comments on the weather all the way out to the West Side Grade School where the lecture is to be held.

We go in a side door to an anteroom, and a few of the committee members are there, including Madge. Madge has on a new dress, and she has spent all day at her hairdresser's, and she really looks swell, and is about to burst with pride and excitement. And she comes running up and says, "Olivia, how wonderful to see you again!"

Olivia looks her up and down and smiles a little and says, "I'm afraid you have the advantage of me."

This throws Madge for a ten-yard loss but she is a game gal and gets up off the floor swinging and says, "Why, Olivia, we were Pi Phis together in college. I'm Madge Finley, Madge Harkness that was."

"Oh, of course," says Olivia. "I didn't recognize you. How are you, my dear?"

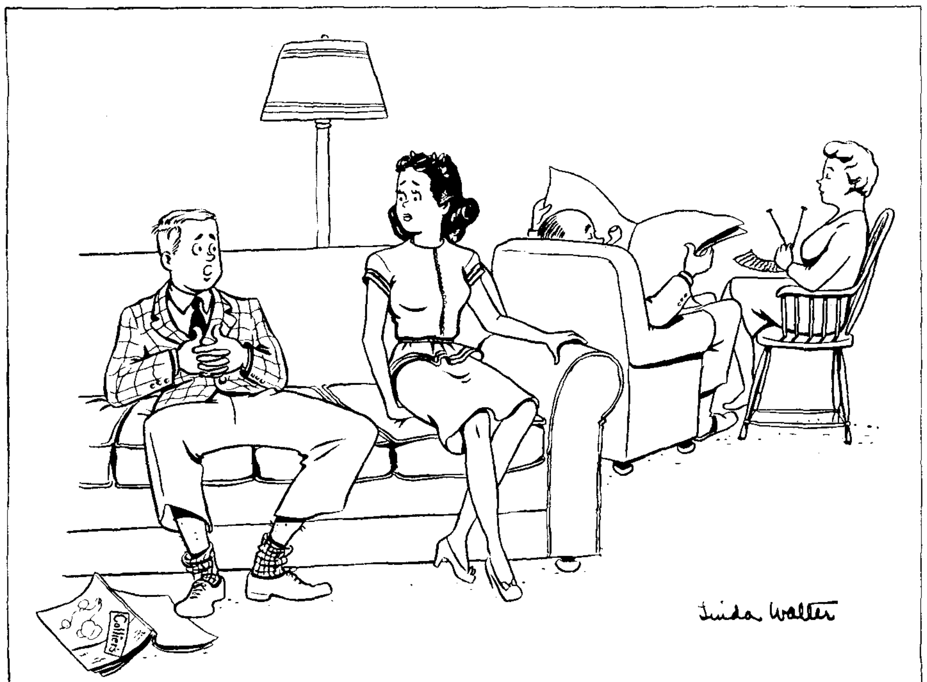
"I'm just fine," Madge says, and she is set for a long girl-to-girl back-bedroom chat when Olivia looks at her wrist watch and says, "I operate by a rigid schedule, Madge. It's eight twenty-eight exactly. I think we'd better start the proceedings."

"Yes, of course," Madge says, getting pink, but she swings her shoulders back and they go out on the platform and Madge introduces Olivia, leaving out about half of the speech she has been practicing at home for three nights, with me and Junior and Sally Lou being the audience.

I fall into a seat in the back row and Olivia begins her speech. While I would not say we get $750 worth of international lowdown, there is no doubt that Olivia has something on the ball besides lipstick, and as a speaker she has a nice delivery with a good curve ball. And she finishes exactly at nine twenty-five.

I drift back into the side room, and Madge says, "Won't it be thrilling to have her stay with us?"

Before I can get a word in, Olivia sails up



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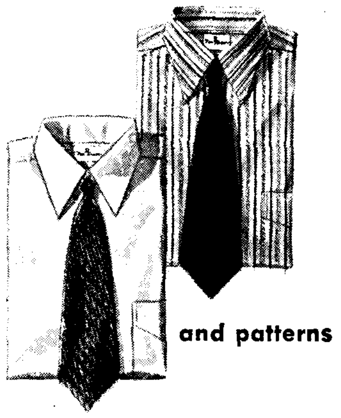


and says, "Nine-thirty. We'll just have time to make that train, Mr. Finley."

"But, Olivia," Madge says in a heartbroken voice, "we—"

"I'm so sorry," Olivia says, "that we can't sit and reminisce for hours. I'd love it, but I just can't." And she gives Madge a kiss. "Shall we get started, Mr. Finley?"

So off we go leaving Madge standing there looking like the little girl that nobody asked to the circus.

Olivia and I get in the car outside without saying anything. I drive down to the corner and I'm supposed to turn right, and I don't know what comes over me, but I turn left and go riding down Randolph Avenue, and then I turn on Hartley, and finally we have three minutes to make the train.

Olivia says nervously, "It seems to be taking longer to make the return trip."

"Well," I say, "my tires are pretty smooth and I wouldn't want to take any chances with the valuable cargo I'm carrying tonight."

And we ride on and I make another turn and head for the station and go slow enough to make sure of getting a couple of red lights while Olivia bites her nails, and then I step on the gas and roar up to the station just in time to see the nine forty-five pull out.

"Well," I say, "isn't that a shame? On time for once!"

Olivia doesn't say a word, but she takes a long look at me, and what she's thinking if she ever wrote it in her column would never get by a censor, and I don't mean just in Boston.

"I'll have to send off some telegrams," she says. She goes over to the Western Union counter and I slide into a phone booth and call home.

MADGE answers and sounds so low I think first the operator has connected me with our local undertaking parlors. "I'm with Olivia," I say. "We'll be home shortly."

"What?" Madge screams. "She's coming!"

"She's dying to talk over old times with you," I say. "Wipe away the tears."

I hang up and collect Olivia. "I suppose there's a hotel in town," she says.

"There is," I say, "but it's full. Full of cockroaches. We'll be glad to accommodate you, Miss Drake. There's a train out of town at eleven in the morning."

She taps her foot and compresses her lips. "This is annoying!"

"Oh, that's all right," I say. "We've kept people overnight before. We can put up with anything."

She blushes a little at that. "I have been rude," she says. "I deserved that, Mr. Finley. The trouble is that I'm famished. I wasn't able to get in the diner on the train. Could we get something to eat before we go out to your home?"

The local greasy spoons are all closed up except the railroad diner, and I suspect Madge will never speak to me again if I take Olivia Smithfield Drake in the railroad diner even if it does have an international flavor being owned by a Greek with a Hungarian cook. I am stumped until I think of the roadhouse out on the edge of town that I hear is very popular with the younger set, so we go out there and get a table near the dance floor and order cocktails and dinner.

And because I do not feel up to talking to a woman of Miss Drake's mental dimensions I ask her does she wish to dance, and she swings a pretty neat foot, at that, and, despite all those brains, is very light to push around. We dance for a while and then come back to the table and dip into our cocktails, and then while our first course is en route, Miss Drake goes out to the ladies' room.

I duck in a phone booth and call Madge again. "Honey," I say, "we got tied up but we'll be home shortly. Olivia's hungry, and I knew you wouldn't want to give her that leftover beef we got in the refrigerator."

"Joe," says Madge alarmed, "you will be discreet, won't you?"

"You know me," I say, "the perfect gent. I just gave her a hotfoot."

I go back to the table and Olivia returns and says I might as well stop calling her Miss Drake, and all her friends call her Olly, so it is Olly and Joe, and we dive into the shrimp cocktail on the best of terms.

I think that Madge will want me to have everything strictly Grade A, so I whistle for the headwaiter and ask him does he have any champagne, and it seems he has and presently we get it along with our entree.

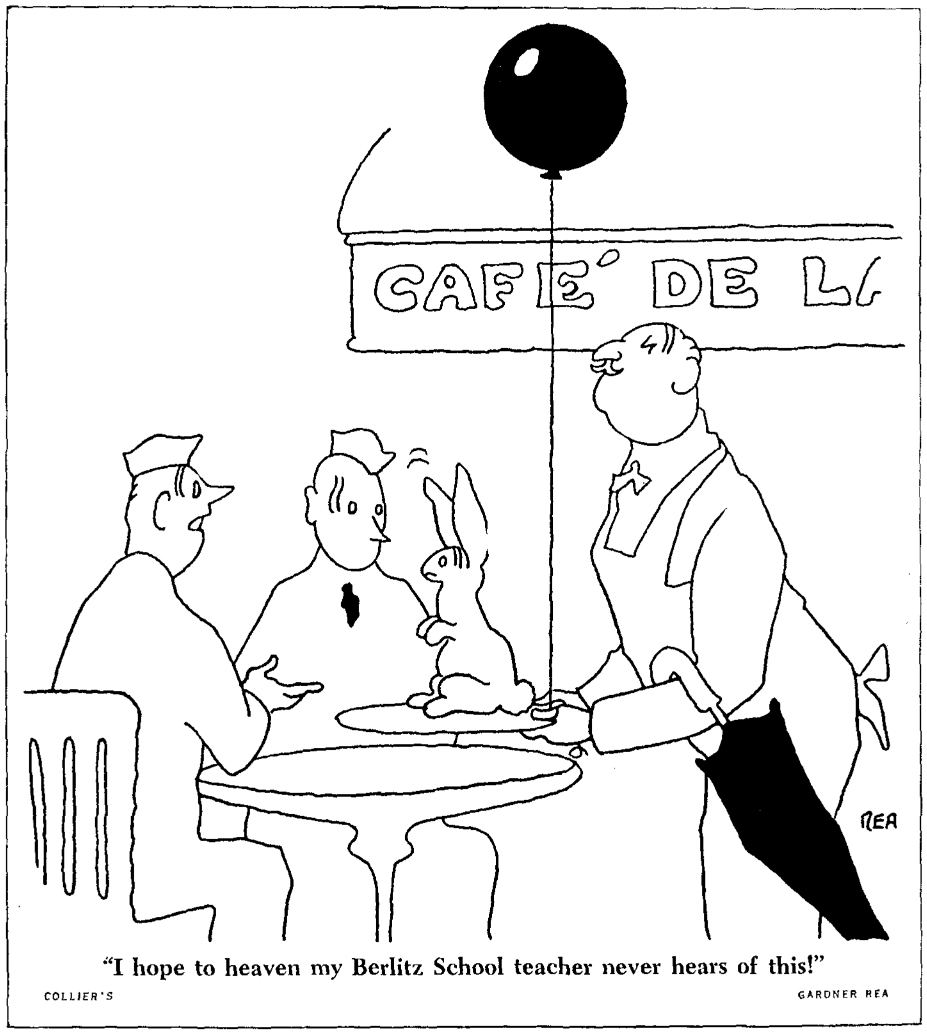
We dance a couple more times between eating, and I forget completely what Madge warns me about, and, before I know it, I am criticizing a column Olly writes a couple days before and I tell her just where she goes off the track. She doesn't mind at all and we have a very spirited discussion.

We break this off now and again to dance, and it turns out that back in her prime Olly is a great rumba enthusiast and she teaches me to rumba, and right in the middle of it a flash bulb goes off and I see Hank Parsons of the local Daily Eagle giving me a grin.

When we get back to our table, Hank is there and he says, "How about an introduction to your friend, Joe?"

Well, I don't know how Olly feels about the press so I say, "This is Lorna Guppy, the hog-calling champion of western Kansas."

"Have some champagne," Olly says. "I think your city is marvelous, and I am having a delightful evening with one of your most enlightened citizens."



"I hope to heaven my Berlitz School teacher never hears of this!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

We finish up our dinner and then, as it's beginning to get late, I pay the check, and Olly and I go outside and she says, "Joe, when I'm entertained, people usually stand around and look solemn, and it's lovely to be treated like a human being. You're sweet."

SO I think Madge will be very happy when she hears this, although most likely she will not believe it unless I get an affidavit. I start the car and Olly sinks down with her head against my shoulder, and so, very chummy, we rattle up the driveway of our home.

I park in the drive and Olly steps out of the car and forgets there is no running board and I catch her and she lands in my arms and giggles and the porch light goes on and there is Madge looking at us like Lady Macbeth after a tough night.

"I believe you know my wife, Olly," I say, disentangling myself.

"Oh, yes," says Madge. "But Olivia was also always very good at making friends with strangers. Weren't you, dear?"

Olly says, "Madge darling, you look the way you did the day of our sorority presidential election when the votes were counted."

"Come in, dear," Madge says, "and bring your fat, middle-aged friend with you."

I looked at Madge but she smiles very sweetly, and in we go. I sit down on the davenport and Olivia sits beside me—in fact, right next to me although it is a very large davenport, and she says, "Madge, I just adore your husband. You're a lucky girl."

Madge smiles, and my hair begins to stand on end and I say very quickly, "Olly, what do you think of the future in Italy?"

But nobody answers this and Madge purrs, "You must be very tired, Olly, after your train trip and lecture. Any time you'd like to go up to your room, don't hesitate to say so. We wouldn't want to keep you up, would we, Joe?"

"Oh, I'm not the least bit sleepy," Olly says. "Joe and I had a wonderful evening. I taught him to rumba."

"You did?" says Madge, looking at me. "I've been trying for the last ten years to get him to dance. You must tell me the secret of your success, darling."

"They tell me," I say, "that in Bulgaria—"

"Why you amaze me, dear," says Olly. "In college you were one of the best little technicians I ever saw. I'll never forget the man you stole from under my nose at our sophomore house party."

"Now that it's all over and done with," Madge says, "there's something I've always been very curious about. When you defeated me for president of the sorority by one vote, did you vote for yourself? I voted for you."

Olly says, "That was your mistake, darling."

"Speaking of Yugoslavia," I say, "is it true—"

"You know, Olly," Madge says, "what has always amazed me about your career is that you were never very proficient at history in college."

"I got straight A's."

"I know, darling," says Madge with a little tinkly laugh, "but we had that good-looking Professor Munroe. I remember how you used to stop by his desk and talk to him after class each day."

"This would interest you, Olly," I say. "The other day I was reading a book about Spain and I understand the Falange—"

"Madge, dear," says Olly, "what ever happened to that halfback you made such a fool of yourself over that last year?"

"Well," I say, "the Chinese Communists—"

"Do you still do your hair in curl papers at night, Olly?" says Madge. "You certainly looked a scream." And she laughs very merry in recollection.

While I have put up with rifle fire, I know enough to head for cover when the blockbusters are coming down, so I say, "Well, girls, I have certainly enjoyed this international debate, but it is past my bedtime."

"I think I'll turn in, too," says Olly.

So up we go and Olly goes in the guest room, and Madge and I go in our room and I say, "Well, after all, Madge—"

And she whirls on me. "Yes," she says, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Why, Madge," I say, "I was just trying to make you proud of me. I was—"

"Oh," she says, "go to bed, you great big international lover."

So that is that, and I get under the covers and switch off the light and meditate on the fair sex a while before dropping off.

Now, in our house nobody sleeps late of a morning because the kids are up early, but Olly's train does not leave until eleven o'clock, so the next morning when Madge and I get up, we try and impress on the kids to be silent. But then Sally Lou drops her dolly, and Junior yells "Quiet!" at the top o his lungs and we hear Olly getting out of bed.

Madge and I are just sitting down to breakfast when Olly comes downstairs. I sit there frozen to my chair and then Olly smiles at me and says, "Good morning," and kisses Madge very affectionately.

Madge jumps up and says, "Joe, doesn't she look wonderful? Don't I wish I could look like that early in the morning."

She dishes up the scrambled eggs for Olly and we sit down again, and Madge mentions some double date they went on back in their adolescence, and they both shriek with laughter and start talking at the same time while I sit there doing a good imitation of a ventriloquist's dummy without the ventriloquist.

FINALLY I give up and go in the living room with the sports section of the paper and I hear the girls giggling away and finally they come in arm in arm, and Madge says, "Dear, I think it's time we left for the train."

So I collect the luggage and we all pile in the car and go down to the station. Olly kisses us all goodby, including me and the kids, and we stand on the platform and wave until the train goes out of sight. Then just before we start for home Madge picks up the first edition of the Daily Eagle that has just hit the stands and there on the front page is the picture of Olly and me doing the rumba.

Madge just stares at the picture and says nothing, and Junior says, "What's Daddy doing, Mommy?" and gets no answer, and home we go.

When we get in the drive, the kids bust off into the back yard to play, and Madge and I go in the house, and the atmosphere is hushed. Finally Madge draws a long breath. "Joe," she says, "Olly is charming, don't you think so?"

"Well—" I say judiciously.

"I suppose you feel let down," says Madge, and her eyes are wet and big as soup plates. Then she flops down on the davenport and busts out bawling, and I stand there helpless and wish I was an international diplomat.

Finally she turns around and says, "I could tell you loved being with her and I don't blame you. She's good looking, she has a brilliant mind, and she's worldly. And here you are tied down to a woman who's nothing but a plain, ordinary housewife."

"Well," I say, "I give the matter serious consideration, but because of the kids I decided to string along with you."

Madge looks at me, and just as the tears start to flow again I put my arms around her and I say, "Honey, I never had any ambition to become Mr. Joseph Smithfield Drake. All I want is for you to keep on being my wife. I never wanted anything else and I still don't."

"You don't?" she says. "Oh, Joe, you darling!"

So all is well that ends well. But while we are holding hands I think that I am nothing but a dummy because I have been married ten years and do not understand my wife, and if we stay married 150 years I will still not understand her. But maybe this is true of all husbands and I guess that nothing can be done about it.

THE END

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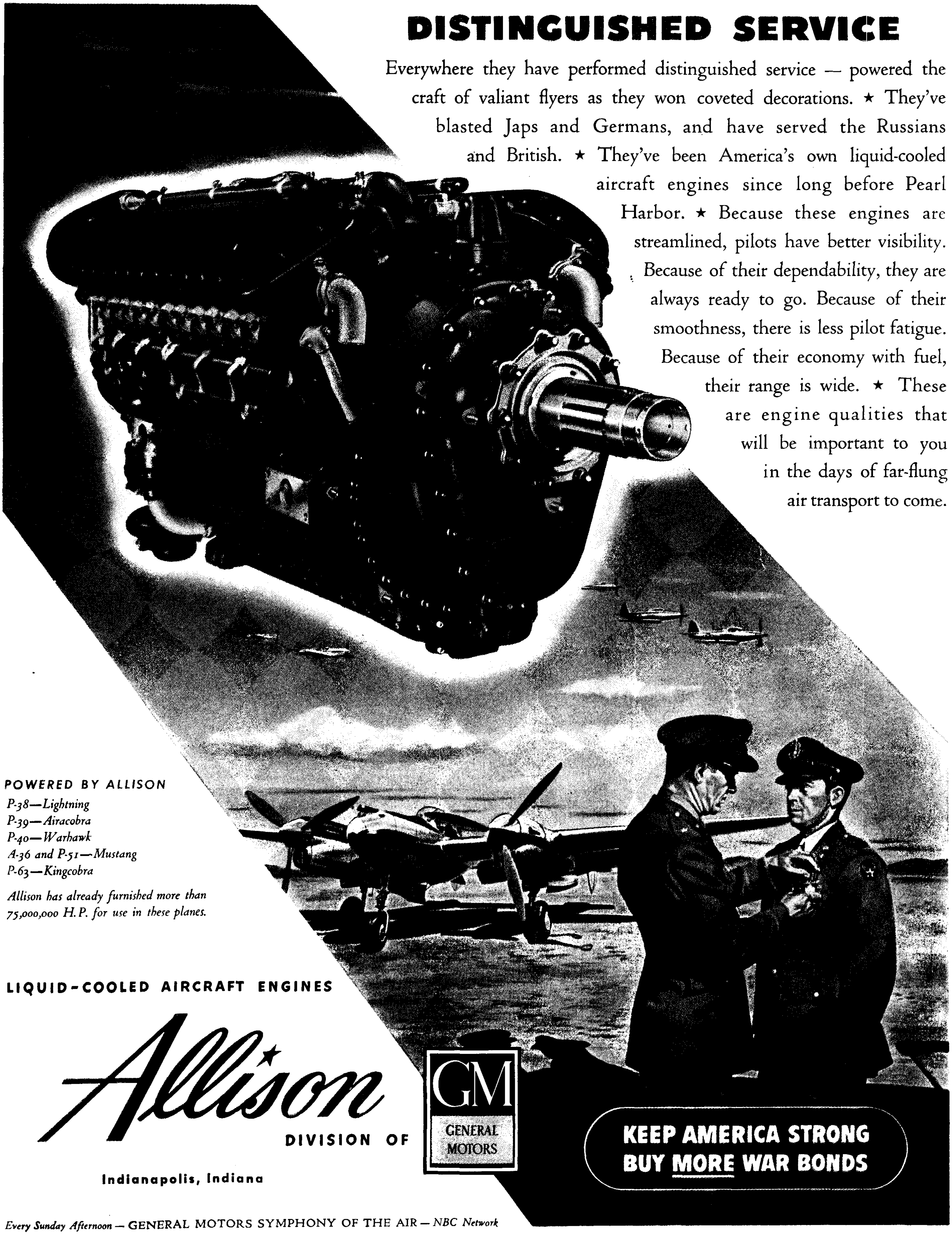

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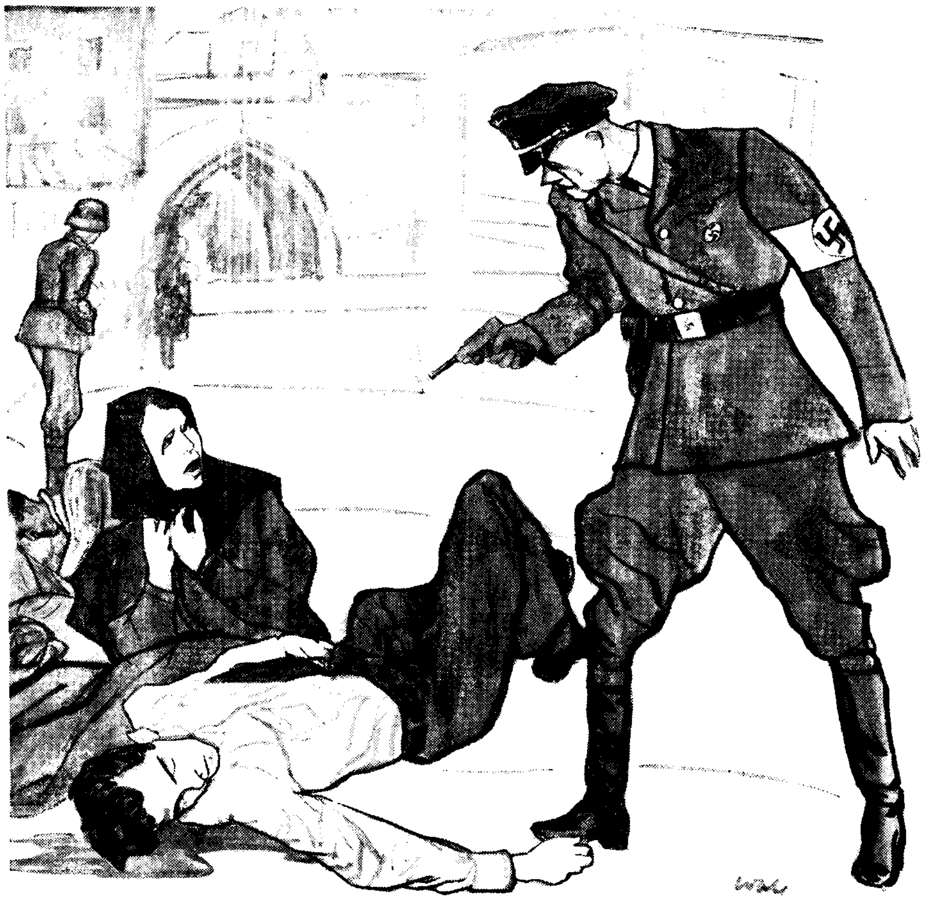

THE Heroes

XII

JAN OPLETAL

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

NO MATTER how stanch a people, or how brave of heart, the fires of courage and fortitude must be fed, or else the spirit is bound to know despair. During the black years when ancient Bohemia suffered ravage at the hands of Karl Herrmann Frank, the quisling, and Heydrich the Hangman, it was the death of young Jan Opletal that lifted the soul of Czechoslovakia and gave tortured men and women the strength to continue resistance.

The son of a Moravian farmer and a medical student at the famous old Charles University in Prague, this boy lighted the first burning arrow that went throughout the length and breadth of the land. He and his fellows, with all the ardor and audacity of youth, were writing and distributing pamphlets before the German invasion was a week old, urging an underground that would organize sabotage and revolt.

Nor was this the sum of student activities. With an underground in full operation, the youngsters served as lines of communication, keeping outposts in touch with headquarters, and, less open to suspicion than their elders, stole arms and radio sets. Opletal's prize assignment, however, was in connection with Czechoslovakia's Day of National Independence on October 28, 1939. Out of the shadows, where the leaders hid, came an order that the occasion must not go without its customary celebration, and university students were told to carry out the order. Even Germans, it was thought, would not shoot boys.

On the morning of the Great Day, hundreds of eager lads massed under Opletal's direction. In the Old Town Square they covered the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier with flowers and laid wreaths before the statue of John Huss, that mighty warrior of the Lord who burned at the stake for his faith. With the tricolor in each lapel, they marched the streets, singing the songs that had kept patriotism alive through centuries of oppression.

Suddenly and without warning, shots rang out, and from every alley poured Storm Troopers. They charged the unarmed students with revolvers, bayonets and clubbed guns, trampling over those that fell. A woman standing on the pavement was knocked down and kicked in the face. Jan Opletal, already bleeding from a head wound, sprang forward to their rescue, and a Storm Trooper pumped bullets into his stomach. When the savage onslaught came to an end, such students as had not been arrested picked up their leader and carried him to a near-by clinic. There he clung to life until November 11th. Surrounded by weeping friends, he died with a prayer for his country on his lips.

Strangely enough, Karl Herrmann Frank granted permission for the funeral. Ten thousand students followed the coffin, led by their professors, but instead of a dirge, they sang the national anthem. Again, with shocking suddenness, firing began, and the reason for Frank's permission became apparent. He had wanted them gathered together in one group so that murder and arrest might be made easier. Storm Troopers, riding their motorcycles through the lines, shot and clubbed, and huge vans, backed up at every corner, were loaded with students, professors and even children who watched from doors.

Not until the following day did the people of Prague learn the full horror of what had been done. The Protectorate, announced Frank, had lost all patience with the subversive behavior of the students, and it had been decided to cool their rebellious blood in concentration camps. Opletal, unfortunately, was dead, but other leaders would be publicly executed as a warning. Moreover, all universities were to be closed indefinitely.

Hunting in wolf packs, the Gestapo and Storm Troopers raided schools and homes, and their prisoners were herded in the artillery barracks at Ruzyn, a suburb. On November 17th, nine students were picked arbitrarily for execution and put before firing squads in the open square. The rest, five or six thousand in number, were packed into busses without food or water, and driven away to unknown destinations in the Reich. So it was throughout the whole of Czechoslovakia. In every city and town, the universities and colleges were closed, and the students and the faculties put in prison cells. And nothing has ever been heard from them.

Jan Opletal rests now in the little Moravian village where he was born, but he lives in the hearts of the youth of the world. In 1941, a British group announced plans for an International Students' Day that would honor and preserve the memory of young Opletal and all other students who gave their lives in protest against enslavement. The idea spread from country to country and, on November 17th of the same year, hundreds of thousands of boys and girls, in all parts of the world, commemorated the Prague massacre and dedicated themselves anew to democratic ideals. . . .

GEORGE CREEL

Something to Build On

Continued from page 26

Hamus chuckled. "Well, look here," he said good-naturedly. "There's this land the city wants to buy." Hamus dealt in real estate. His good will and energy and optimism made him an excellent salesman. He described this land the city wanted to buy to Bill, and Bill immediately wished he could buy it himself. "But some damn' fool is throwing in a monkey wrench," Hamus said, and he was briefly disgruntled. "Says it's slide area."

"It's down the bay here a little piece, isn't it?" Bill said. "I walked down that way yesterday. Funny no one ever developed that stretch of bay front. It's good acreage."

Hamus, watching him, said abruptly, "I'm going to turn this whole thing over to you, Bill. But don't let anyone hoodwink you. Remember there are one hundred different, separate slide areas in this city and some of them have had twenty-story buildings standing on them for years."

Mrs. Matthews came into the library, trailing pale, gray draperies. She had kept her figure and her looks, and in spite of being small she had dignity and grace. Bill was very fond of Mrs. Matthews.

"Hamus," she said in her spunky way, "you're not to talk business to Bill for another week. Deedy is treating him meanly enough as it is. Deedy's finally come home," she said to Bill, and he followed her meekly down the hall.

"Deedy's brought a crowd with her," Mrs. Matthews said, disapprovingly. "You mustn't let her be so flighty, Bill. It was all right for her to keep herself happy while you were gone, but you're home now. This business tonight. She should have canceled that engagement."

Bill shook his head.

"I wanted time to think," he said. "I wanted her to go."

Mrs. Matthews looked at him with increased attention.

"Deedy won't be happy married to a man who thinks," she said, and they both laughed.

Deedy was mixing drinks when Bill entered the room. She was tall, and still vaguely awkward with adolescence. It made her very lovable to Bill. It was something he wished she could keep, that childish unawareness. She lifted her dark head with its long, silky bob and looked at him and winked, and the illusion of childishness was gone. Deedy, an only child, had known exactly what she was doing, and why, for a great many years, although she was scarcely twenty.

THE crowd she had brought with her were noisy, mostly uniformed, obviously one or two up on Bill in drinks.

"I couldn't get away from them so I brought them home," Deedy said triumphantly. She linked an arm through Bill's. "This is what you like, isn't it, Bill? This is what you wanted—noise and nonsense?"

"Yes," Bill said, but it wasn't. He wondered how he would go about telling Deedy he had only thought he wanted this. In combat, spending his youth faster than he'd realized, nonsense and gaiety had been something to remember, something to get back to and never to lose again. So Deedy was providing it. He took her slim fingers in his and kissed them. Deedy returned the kiss on his lips, and someone whistled.

"He bought my freedom with his blood," Deedy announced dramatically.

Bill winced.

"You're free, dear, heaven knows," one of the other girls said, and someone added a me-ow.

Bill went over to the piano and played snatches from songs he remembered, but his music was dated, and one of the girls pushed him off the bench and began pounding out a newer rhythm. Bill wandered around feeling out of things and watched Deedy jive with a sailor.

"You did get your feet wet, soldier," a girl said at his elbow. He recognized her only by her voice, but looking again more closely he thought he might have remembered that nimbus of bright hair, short and curly, if he had seen it again against the stars.

"What's your name, twirp?" Bill said. But she wasn't a twirp and he knew it. Her size, small and rounded, misled one at first glance. She looked, well, businesslike and self-contained and her unpolished fingernails were tidily short, obviously belonging to a girl who worked for a living. "I haven't met you before, have I?" Bill amended.

"You couldn't be engaged to Deedy and not meet me," the girl said. "We grew up here, cheek by jowl. I live next door in the white board and bat. The name is Jane."

"Oh, sure," Bill said, but his memory of her was vague. She had been at the beach picnic last Sunday, along with what Bill had figured must be three thousand other unassorted humans. She had blue eyes under that curly head of yellow hair, and they were nice eyes, a little tender, a little mocking.

"Deedy had an extra man and needed an extra girl," Jane said, yawning, "so she stopped by and swooshed me up on her way home. But I'm sleepy. I work all day every day. I'm going home."

Bill asked politely if he could get her wrap. Jane turned him with a light touch of one hand until the full light of a near-by lamp revealed his face completely.

"You've been a long time gone, haven't you, soldier?" she said gently. "Your trouble is trying to get back to what you were too fast. Take it easy. Give yourself time."

"Look," Bill said, "I'm going to take you home."

Her words were the first he had heard in rhythm with his thinking since he had come back. With the stars above them Bill walked along, hands in his pockets, afraid he might begin to talk and talk too much, so he kept still. What he needed, he decided, was to see Murphy again. Murphy had been his pal through two years of South Pacific misadventure. Murphy had the answer to everything.

"Sure," he would say when Bill got philosophical, "the woild's a crude place, but you didn't make it, brother, and you can't remake it, so what the hell? Pass the beer. The way I see it," Murphy would say, "it's here and we're here so let's get together." He lived in the immediate. His world was now.

He had kept Bill sane through those two long years, but, ironically, it was Murphy who was still in hospital, sweating out a year or so with a leg the doctors were trying to rebone. Bill's wounds had kept him down three months and had moved him out of the Army.

"I think I'll go see Murphy," Bill said aloud. Murphy was in the Veterans' hospital in a town a thousand miles away, but distances were meaningless to Bill now.

"Murphy?" Jane said. So Bill told her about him.

"He must be quite a child," Jane said, and Bill laughed. Calling Murphy a child was humorous.

THE lane stopped and Bill looked up to see that they had reached the piece of land Hamus had thrust into his hands for disposal. It stretched, houseless, inhabited only by madroñas and a few scrub pine, toward the cliff edge, acres and acres of unused property situated here on the shallow shelf, petering beyond into tide flats.

"You've lived here all your life," Bill said abruptly. "Tell me, is this slide area?"

"Oh, yes," Jane said. She hesitated. "Hamus is trying to dispose of it for a crippled children's hospital. He says there isn't a chance in a thousand there'll be a slide here, and it's the only place in the city where waterfront can be bought without a railroad

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track between the land and the water, and he's right. The railroads got in first and bought right of way on all the water fronts except this stretch in here."

"What do the city engineers say about its being slide property?"

"Bill," Jane said, "the city engineers will advise you, but when you try to pin them down they give you the names of other engineers, not city employees, whom you pay to come out here to tell you the truth."

"But it's the city engineers' job," Bill protested.

"There's a great deal of money tied up in this city in real estate," Jane said thoughtfully. "If the city engineers block a sale of slide area and a slide never occurs, what then? The fact that it is slide area doesn't guarantee that it will slide, not in our generation. Some of it's worse than other sections, of course. Hamus says there's rock under *this and a slide wouldn't mean a thing* so long as the buildings were constructed of light materials."

Bill looked down at her, tried to read her face by starlight, and when she sensed what he was doing she looked up at him squarely, mutely.

"How does it happen you have all this data at your finger tips?" he said, half-teasing.

"I'm one of the secretaries of the Crippled Children's League," Jane said. They turned back, still walking slowly, Bill absorbed.

At her door he said good night absently and returned to Deedy's party. The noise was extreme. Bill looked around for Deedy but she wasn't there. The sailor was gone, too.

"They went looking for you," Mrs. Matthews said, yawning over her knitting. "You know," she said, "you aren't treating Deedy the way she wants to be treated. She expects a great deal of attention. Deedy's still a child," Mrs. Matthews said.

Bill thought back to his first meeting with Deedy at a U. S. O. dance before he'd gone across two years ago. She had been even leggier then than she was now, a clean, gay kid with vitality to burn. Bill, still sobered by the recent death of his mother—his father had left them years before—had found Deedy's "now is the time" attitude irresistible. They had become engaged.

"Maybe I'm not the guy she thought I was," Bill said tentatively. He thought of her in his arms, willing and eager for kisses, and his heart jerked with the loneliness his recent thinking had brought him. He stood up. "I'll go find her," he said.

HE FOUND her kissing the sailor good night at the entrance to the Matthews' drive. Bill stood where the one street light fell on him squarely and waited, and presently Deedy, patting the sailor's shoulder, let him go and came, humming, toward the house.

"You ran out on my party," she said.

"You ran out on me first," Bill said, "earlier this evening."

"Oh, that?" Deedy waved an absolving hand. "You're home to stay, Bill, but some of these boys are just going out. They're as bad off as you were when I first met you. They're lonely."

"Let's go down to the beach," Bill said, "and talk."

"Let's go down to the beach," Deedy agreed eagerly, "but why bother to talk?" So they didn't. Bill took her in his arms and kissed her, lightly at first, but with the growing memory of how much he had wanted this while he had been away, his arms tightened and his lips became more urgent.

"For heaven's sake," Deedy murmured, and turned expertly to lie more deeply in his arms. "This is the kind of talk I understand," said Deedy.

He wondered that she could stand up presently, shake herself free of sand, pat her long bob once or twice and announce she was hungry. He said nothing. He took her hand and led her up the cliff steps, and he sat in the kitchen and nibbled cookies while she ate a hearty sandwich.

"Golly, you're a handsome guy," Deedy said. Bill laughed, and with laughter he began to understand. Deedy was exactly as she had been two years ago, but during that time his imagination had repainted his memory, and he himself had changed, subtly. Home again, he had somehow expected Deedy to have kept step with him, to have become the person his imagination had created.

"You know, Deedy," he said, "you'll have to teach me to be young again."

She finished her sandwich, licked her fingers, wiped her mouth and came to perch in his lap.

"Let's have some more of that kind of talk," she said. "You know, beach talk."

IN THE morning Bill went to Hamus' office. The elevator was out of order so he had to climb three flights of stairs and his leg was aching with that old groin-to-ankle ache when he limped into the reception room. Hamus called him in at once.

"We have about five minutes," Hamus said. "What's on your mind, son?"

"I'm going to work," Bill said. "I've been lying around long enough."

"Good," Hamus said. He rang for the *secretary and he told her to bring him the* file on the Bay Front property. "The man for you to see first," Hamus said, "is old Cyrus G. Thorndyke. He's president of the Crippled Children's League, and he's a tough old nut. He's got it into his head this is slide area. You convince him it isn't, and the sale is made. And that sale," Hamus went on when Bill would have interrupted him, "should represent about twenty thousand dollars in your pocket, with your salesman's percentage and a little bonus I'll arrange as a kind of wedding present."

"Are you sure you want me to handle this deal?" Bill said uneasily. He had not realized how much money would be changing hands.

Hamus looked up, and for one brief moment Bill saw him as a stranger, a man who hadn't said everything he might have said.

"Do you mind," Bill said, "if I go to the city engineer?"

"Not at all," Hamus said, and he was smiling again, genial, himself. "It's your baby, Bill. Do what you think is right."

That look he had seen on Hamus' face was, Bill decided, as he started slowly back down the steps, the look of a prospective father-in-law. He shook off his uneasiness. He had become too sensitive, he told himself. He was back in the world again now, with his own living to earn.

He waited in the city engineer's office in a dusty cubbyhole filled with badly rolled blueprints until a little man in a crumpled gray suit, hat on the back of his head, looked in and beckoned to him.

"You looking for me?" he said. "I'm Lathrop."

Bill liked him. He was quiet and astute and his hands looked as though they still understood hard work.

"Sure," Lathrop said, "sure, that's slide area. Matthews' house is built on slide area, but it's been there for thirty years and it hasn't slid an inch and nothing has slid down on top of it. Why? Don't ask me. Matthews says there's a layer of rock under it that keeps the thing in balance. He says that rock extends right under this property," Lathrop tapped the blueprint he produced from the flat drawer in front of him.

"What do you say?" Bill insisted.

"Me?" Lathrop sat back, his tired eyes alerting, turning wary. "There's a lot of money going to change hands in that deal," he said. "What if I tell Cyrus Thorndyke it's slide area and he won't buy? Matthews could sue the city. We can't take that chance with city funds. I'll tell you what," Lathrop said, "I'll give you three names, engineers in good repute hereabouts. You get one of them to survey it for you. Cost you about twenty-five dollars."

Bill stood up.

"Look," he said, "I've been away two years. I've been overseas. I'm out of touch with *business and politics. It seems to me I'm ask*ing a question that a city engineer should be able to answer, I don't care how much money is in the deal."

Lathrop stood up, too, and Bill thought at first he was going to fire back at him. He looked at Bill steadily, his tired eyes uncompromising.

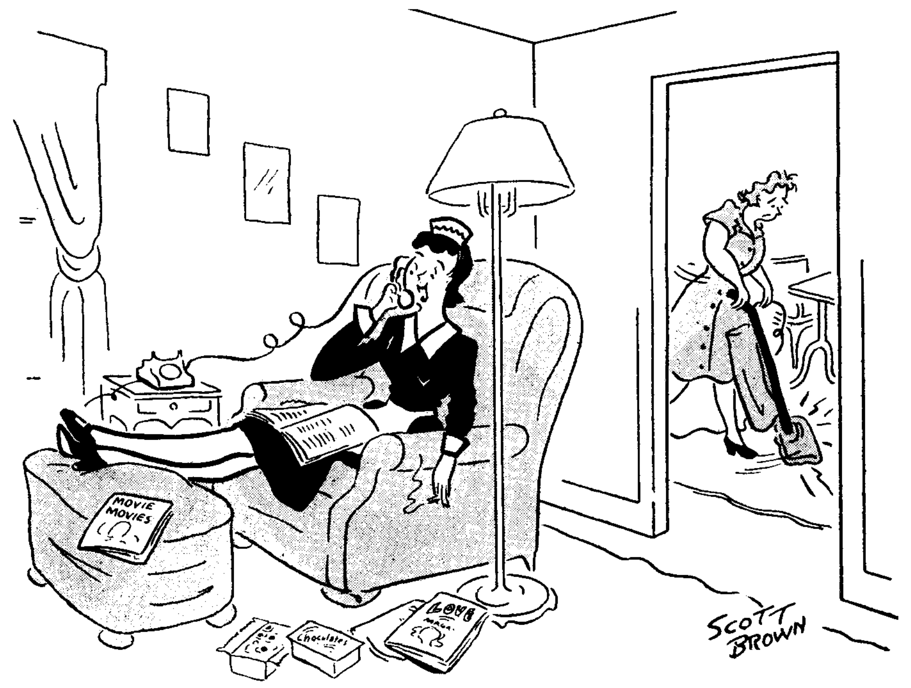
"Young man," he said, "if you've come home with enough stuff left in you, you'll do something about not getting what you think you should from the city engineer, and the city revenue officers and the police and the fire department. It's time something was done, but I've been mixed up in the status quo too long. It's you young fellows, coming home, who'll see how things should be, and maybe help to change them. The man for you to see, feeling the way you do, is Pete Drayton. He's head of a small group of honest young businessmen in this city: they call it the City Improvement League. You go see Pete. Maybe you're the first of a lot of returning men who are going to want something better than they had when they left."

BILL left Lathrop's office, thinking again. He had come home thinking he wanted everything the way he'd left it. Well, he'd found it pretty much the same and he was quarreling with it every step of the way. Get hep, he told himself, you're out of step.

Pete Drayton was a thin, nervous young man with a long nose and a friendly smile. Bill listened quietly while Drayton told him what the City Planners' Council hoped to do.

"I'll give you an illustration," Drayton said. "The Crippled Children's League has money to build a hospital, something the city has needed for a long time. There are two sites available; both have certain advantages. This particular thing comes to mind because Jane Wickwire was in here this morning to discuss the problem."

"Jane Wickwire?"



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"She's one of the secretaries of the league, works particularly for Thorndyke. Her office is down the hall in this building."

"Go on," Bill said. So Drayton went on. He said Matthews had been trying for years to get rid of that cliff-edge property. Everybody knew it was slide area, but nobody could say when a slide would occur.

"The point is," Drayton continued, "a hospital is something nobody wants next door. Down there on the cliff it would be pretty well isolated, but this League for Crippled Children is a municipal enterprise. We should all be interested. We should all fight for the safety of those kids, and that site might be dangerous." His intensity stirred Bill unwillingly. "We need you to help us in this fight," Drayton went on persuasively. Bill stood up.

He was half angry, half alarmed by his anger.

"That word fight," he said, "has become a little monotonous to me. I've been overseas two years, fighting. Over there we thought you guys here at home would make the world we guys fought for fit to live in. Now everywhere I turn somebody keeps telling me it's my job, it's my responsibility. Mister, all I want is a job and a home and a wife and some kids. I did my share over there."

HE LEFT, not waiting for Drayton's answer. It seemed to Bill, as he limped down the hall, that he had come pretty close, in his talk with Drayton, to putting into words the sum of his recent thoughts. The hell with rebuilding the world, he thought; I fought for it, now I want to live in it, let someone else carry the grief, I did my share.

At the turn of the corridor a shaft of sunlight fell on an office door. Bill read the legend, "The League for Crippled Children. Walk in." He walked in and saw a girl sitting behind a desk behind a counter in the outer office. Bill asked for Jane, and she came from an inner office presently and showed her surprise at sight of him.

"I want to take you to lunch," Bill said.

"Give me three minutes," Jane answered.

She didn't have much time so they went to a soda fountain on the corner and sat in a booth too narrow for Bill's long legs. Everybody, it seemed to Bill, looked tired this morning, even Jane. She sat looking at him with that mocking, tender little smile.

"Civvies are almost as becoming to you as your uniform," Jane said. "Do they feel familiar?"

"Nothing feels familiar," Bill said. He relayed her order to the waitress and gave his own. He folded his hands on the table and leaned forward. "Jane," he said, "why is it I don't feel at home around here with anyone but you?"

She took time to consider her answer, and when she looked up at him all mockery was gone from her eyes. He was astonished to see unhappiness in them and even, fleetingly, terror.

"Maybe I've been thinking some of the things you've been thinking," she said. "I have a couple of brothers fighting in the South Pacific. They write often and I have a good imagination. Maybe, without leaving here, I've been seeing what you saw and doing what you did. Does that sound screwy?"

Bill didn't answer. His thoughts stopped him. His thoughts were, I'm falling in love with this girl.

"Maybe, now you're home, I'm going through that battle with you, too," Jane said quietly. "I've lain awake nights trying to figure how my brothers will act and what they'll think and do when they come home. And I've come to a hard decision, Bill. Your job isn't finished now, just because you're home. It should be, but it isn't. You thought you were fighting for a better world. But, Bill, what you were fighting for was the right to make a better world. There is a big job still ahead of you."

He didn't want serious talk from her. He wanted to take her into his arms, to find those blue eyes closer to his own so he could look deeper into them.

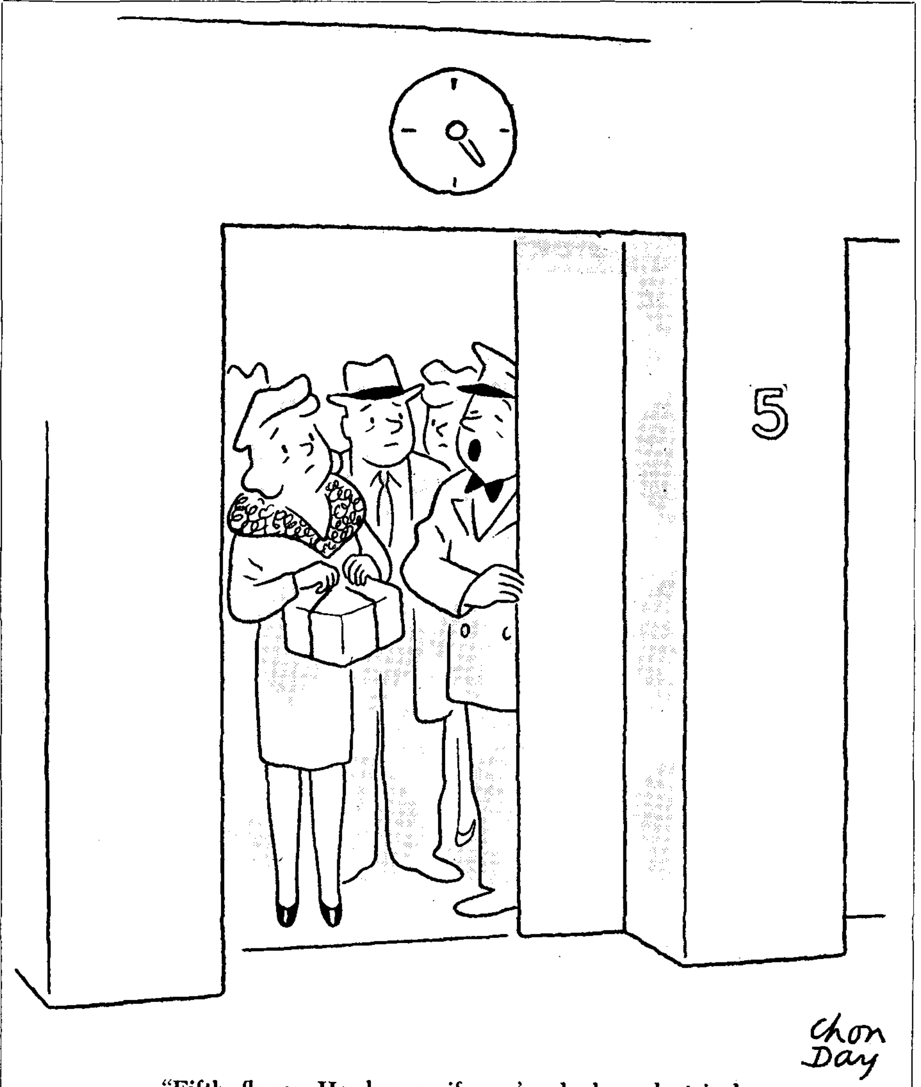
"Let's get out of here," he said abruptly.

The tender, mocking little smile came back to Jane's lips.

"You see," she said, "even with me you don't feel completely at home."

"I could," Bill said shortly, but she stopped him with a matter-of-fact sentence.

"Deedy will do her best to help you," Jane



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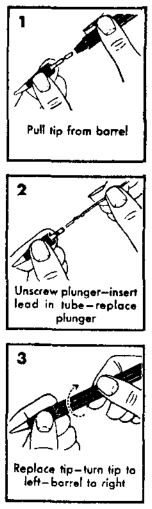
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said, "if you give her a chance." And Bill was reminded again that he had made plans two years ago that he had wanted to continue when he came home, that he had been expected to continue, that he hoped, fiercely, now to continue if he could. Or did he?

He called one of the consulting engineers the little gray man, Lathrop, had indicated, and made arrangements for a survey of the cliff-edge property.

"And I want the truth," he barked into the telephone. He was edgy and cross.

Even finding Deedy at home, waiting docilely for him, her arms warm and her lips eager, didn't change his mood. So he looked up train schedules that night. He'd go see Murphy, he told himself. Hadn't been for Murphy he would have gone to pieces that first six months. Murphy was what he needed now. He packed his bag and took the train.

Murphy was in bed, a red bathrobe lying on a chair near by in his room indicating he had been up and around recently.

"In a wheel chair," he said disgustedly. "Me in a wheel chair." He had sandy red hair and quick blue eyes. "How you been, Bill?" he said, and answered the question himself: "You look like something's been eatin' on you."

"Something has," Bill said, but he spent the rest of that first day listening to Murphy. Nobody in this hospital but Murphy knew how to play gin-rummy.

"And they ain't honest," he complained. "They know more ways to cheat than I do." But he was happy; it was enough for Murphy to be back in the United States. "And I ain't never goin' to leave it again," Murphy said. "I'm going to get me a job where a bum gam don't make no difference, and I'm goin' to make eyes at every girl I see till I find one looks like she'd take care of me the rest of my life, and then I'm goin' to settle down." He was the Murphy Bill remembered, and that first day it buoyed Bill to talk to him, made him feel that little, immediate things were all that mattered.

Murphy ran out of talk somewhere in the middle of the second day and began to question Bill.

"How are things outside?" Murphy said. Bill told him. Once started talking he couldn't stop. He saw Murphy growing restless. He saw Murphy getting disturbed, but he couldn't stop.

"It's like this," Bill summed it up. "I went away a kid, holding tight to what I knew. I've come home changed, still a kid, maybe, but a different kid, and nothing makes sense. It's as though I'd stepped ahead ten years instead of two, and everything and everybody here at home hasn't stepped ahead at all. All except one person."

Murphy relaxed. He grinned.

"Lord," he said, "you had me all worked up there for a minute. I thought you'd went back to being a philosopher again. Instead of that you've gone and fell in love. Go on home and marry the girl, and for heaven's sake, Bill, don't make so much trouble for yourself, thinkin' all the time."

Bill went back down to the station, lonely and depressed. So there wasn't anybody who could help him. Jane had been right that first night at Deedy's; she had been right saying of Murphy, "He must be quite a child."

BILL returned to the Matthews' determined to make himself over into what he had been, letting the world take care of itself. Deedy had a crowd in again. There was a phone number for Bill to call and he had to go upstairs to hear on the telephone.

It was the consulting engineer.

"Yes," the man said, "that is slide area. There's a rock shelf underneath, but it's fifteen feet down. Fifteen feet of earth sliding off rock can take a lot of things with it."

"What about tying the buildings to the rock?" Bill asked him.

"That would solve your problem," the engineer agreed and he seemed relieved to discover Bill was a smart young man.

Bill found Hamus in his study.

"About that tract of land the hospital is considering," he said. "I've had a full report on it. It's slide area but there is a layer of rock." He went on talking, disregarding Hamus' triumphant snort. "By tying the building down through the dirt layer to the rock fifteen feet below there would be no danger," Bill said.

Hamus sat back. He smiled indulgently.

"Bill," he said, "I like the way you work. You're thorough. You go to Thorndyke and tell him there's a layer of rock. Get an affidavit from that engineer. That's all you have to do. Your skirts are clean soon as you get that affidavit. If Thorndyke wants to tie to the rock, that's his worry. It'll add another fifty thousand to his costs, that's all, but it isn't up to us to point that out to him."

Bill said, "Now, wait a minute."

Hamus waved his hand, genially.

"I don't mind admitting," he said, "I gave you this job to see if we could work together, you and me."

He was interrupted. Mrs. Matthews came to the door.

"Deedy's been gone an hour," she said, "and some of these people want to go home. Oh, hello, Bill. When did you get back?"

"I'll find Deedy," Bill said. He was glad to get away from Hamus.

Deedy was cuddling with a Marine on the beach. There was a new moon and there were stars and the tide was in.

"Bill?" Deedy said, not quite sure in the gloom who had come for her.

"You go on up to the house," Bill told the Marine. "I'll bring Deedy."

"Now you're mad at me," Deedy said. She pouted. "You haven't kissed me hello."

He took her hand instead and led her back down to the edge of the water.

"Deedy," Bill said, "I'm not mad at you. I'm mad at a lot of things, but not at you. Do you know why I'm not mad at you? Because I'm not in love with you any more."

"Oh, Bill," Deedy said. She wailed. She grew angry and stamped the sand. "You're an old Victorian," she said. "A few kisses don't mean a thing to anybody any more. I feel the same way I did about you, Bill, honestly I do."

"I know, honey," Bill said. "The part of me that went away feels the same about you, but the part of me that came back doesn't. Can you understand that?"

"No," Deedy said candidly. "Anyway, let's stop talking, Bill. It's no fun."

He saw her safely into the house, then turned toward Jane's. At Jane's gate, he stopped, his hand on the latch, and went over in his mind the question he would put to Jane. Which part of me, he would say, do I adhere to, the new or the old? Whatever her answer might be, if she followed it with a kiss and her arms around him he knew he could go on living from here without too much agony.

But what if she didn't follow it with a kiss? The thought kept his fingers from unlatching the gate. He stood a long time; the breeze from the bay was cold, and the lights in Jane's house went out. And he saw abruptly that life was made up of slide areas. Sometimes there was rock underneath to tie to; if you took time to think things through clearly you discovered that that rock must be you.

HE TURNED slowly back toward the Matthews' house. He found Hamus and Mrs. Matthews playing cribbage in the study. With his back against the door he told them quietly that he would be leaving in the morning. He waited patiently through their consternation, through their astonishment, through their hurt but controlled anger.

"I wouldn't be good for Deedy," Bill said. "I'm not the guy she thought I was, and you wouldn't want a son-in-law who was a member of the City Planners' Council. I'd be on Thorndyke's side. Thorndyke wants the truth and I'm going to give it to him."

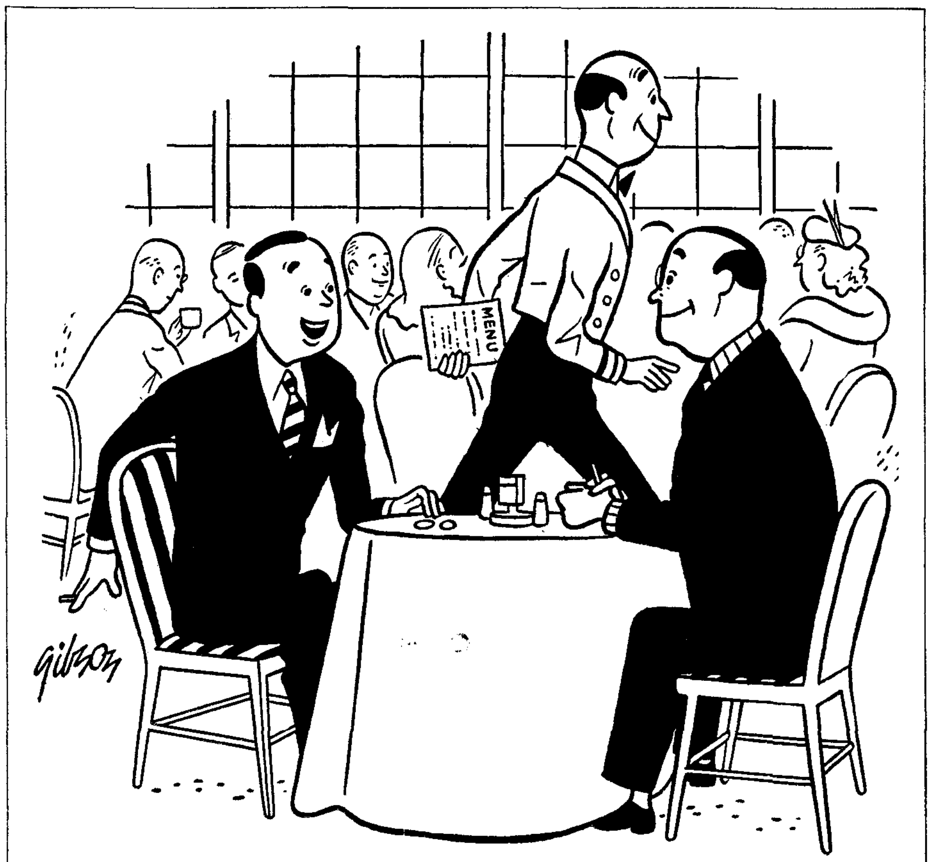
This time, at Jane's gate, his fingers lifted the latch eagerly. Jane came to the door, her bright hair confined under a foolish little lace cap, a woolly bathrobe covering her from chin to toe. She looked like a baby bunting.

"I've been burning bridges, Jane," Bill said. "May I come in?"

She turned him with that light touch on his arm so that the light from the street lamp illumined his face completely.

"Come in, soldier," Jane said softly. "It's cold out there."

THE END



"I always put the tip on the table in advance. . . . It helps occasionally"

COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSON

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

legal aid and publicity in thousands of back-home town newspapers for a community of young Americans that expanded from the population equivalent of, say, Torrington, Connecticut, or Hutchinson, Kansas, to that of New Orleans or two Miamis.

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Hugh Johnston Knerr was born on Memorial Day, 1887, in Fairfield, Iowa, where his father was a college professor of science and mathematics. He spent boyhood summers with his grandparents in Dayton, Ohio, where he became the little friend of the Wrights. He was graduated from Annapolis in 1908, but three years later he transferred to the Coast Artillery of the Army. He just didn't like the Navy. Nothing personal—his son, Hugh, Jr., is now a lieutenant commander on active submarine duty.

In the last war he joined the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps. He served variously and always belligerently in the cause of airpower expansion. He organized the first Army Air Transport system, forerunner of the present world network. Twenty years ago he argued that heavy bombardment should be the basic arm of the Air Corps and in a remarkable memorandum in 1931 he forecast almost exactly the pattern of the Battle of Midway.

Together with Billy Mitchell, Frank Andrews and a few doughty others he went through controversial years that are neither pleasant, nor, at this moment, helpful to recall. In March, 1939, he was retired as a lieutenant colonel for reasons of health. Left-handedly, it might be said, this worked to his subsequent advantage, for he joined the Sperry Gyroscope Company and with it gained the big business knowledge that enriched and widened his studies of military logistics.

Brought again to active duty in October of 1942, he served first as Assistant Chief of the then Air Service Command at Patterson Field, Ohio. The shining rest you know.

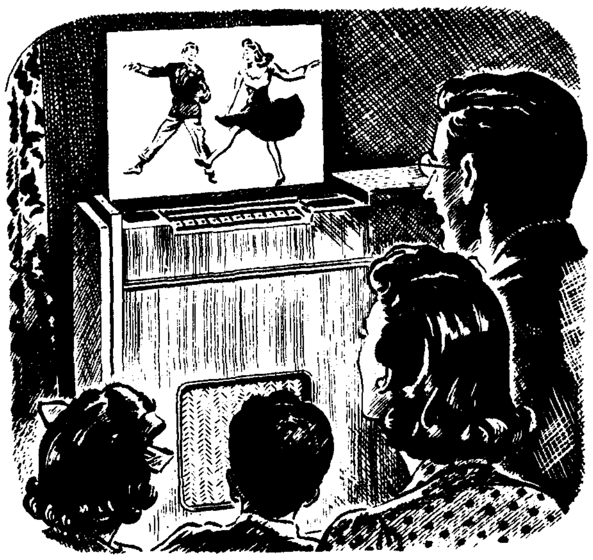
Someone has said that he looks like a "military Carl Sandburg," and he is just as reserved, gentle and friendly in a serious way as the poet. He is tall, broad, spare; and his hair, though graying, is still all there, which saves him from that aspect of a molting eagle which overtakes old pilots who grow bald. He paints and he is a writer—on both military and general subjects—of professional standing. His book on pilot training is deemed by airmen the best of its kind.

The Wrights, his earliest mentors, fought ridicule and superstition. Hugh Knerr fought irrationality and shortsightedness. Vindication in a worthy cause while he is still alive must be the supreme career gratification for a strong man. But it is also a revealing test of character. General Knerr has passed that test because he neither cherishes animosities nor gloats. Instead, he stands humbly before the many lessons still to be learned, the many battles still to be fought, before airpower—as he and all fliers devoutly hope it can and will do—finally proves the mad futility of war and thus removes the grossest source of wastage of life, morals and property from human experience on earth. . . .

W. B. COURTNEY

General Electric answers your question about

TELEVISION

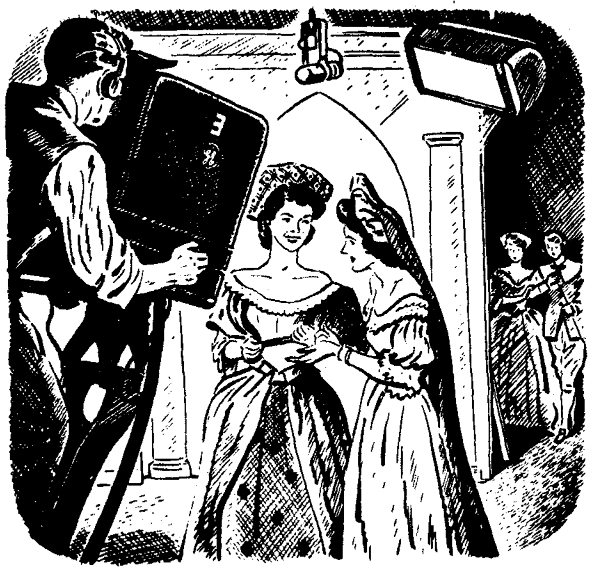


Q. What will sets cost after the war?

A. It is expected that set prices will begin around $200, unless there are unforeseen changes in manufacturing costs. Higher priced models will also receive regular radio programs, and in addition FM and international shortwave programs. Perhaps larger and more expensive sets will include built-in phonographs with record changers.

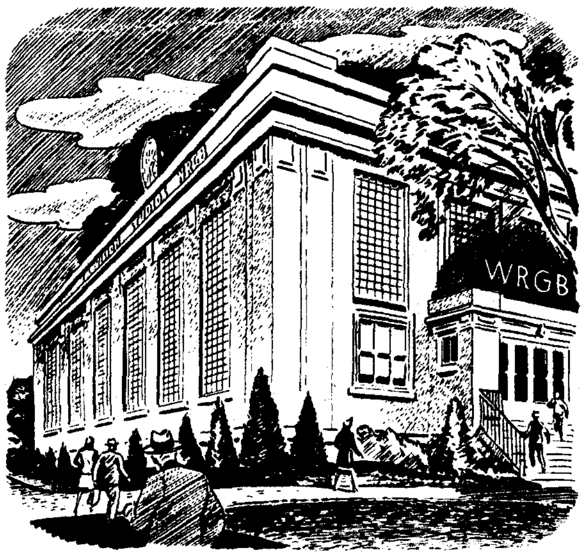
Q. How big will television pictures be?

A. Even small television sets will probably have screens about 8 by 10 inches. (That's as big as the finest of pre-war sets.) In more expensive television sets, screens will be as large as 18 by 24 inches. Some sets may project pictures on the wall like home movies. Naturally, pictures will be even clearer than those produced by pre-war sets.



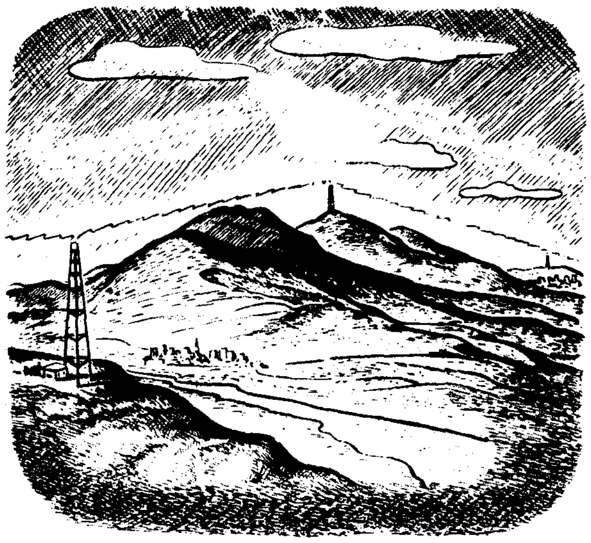
Q. What kind of shows will we see?

A. All kinds. For example: (1) Studio stage shows—dancers, vaudeville, plays, opera, musicians, famous people. (2) Movies—any moving picture can be broadcast to you by television. (3) On-the-spot pick-up of sports events, parades, news happenings. G.E. has already produced over 900 television shows over its station, WRGB, in Schenectady.



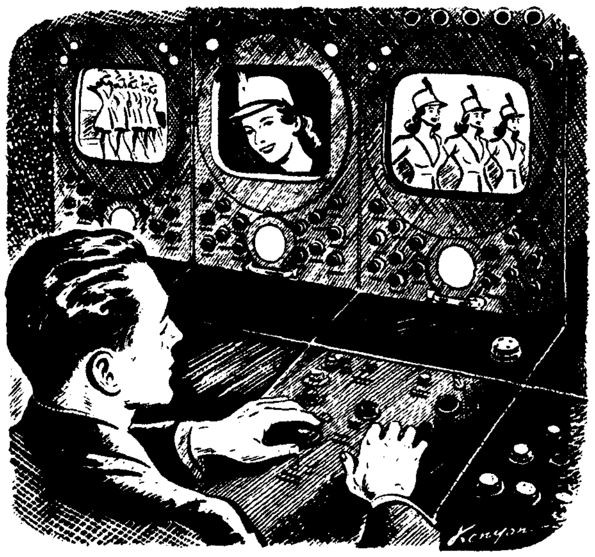
Q. Where can television be seen now?

A. Nine television stations are operating today—in Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, Philadelphia, and Schenectady. Twenty-two million people—about one-fifth of all who enjoy electric service—live in areas served by these stations. Applications for more than 80 new stations have been filed with the Federal Communications Commission.



Q. Will there be television networks?

A. Because television waves are practically limited by the horizon, networks will be accomplished by relay stations connecting large cities. G. E. set up the first network five years ago, and has developed new tubes that make relaying practical. G-E station WRGB, since 1939, has been a laboratory for engineering and programming.



Q. What is G. E.'s part in television?

A. Back in 1928, a General Electric engineer, Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, gave the first public demonstration. Before the war, G.E. was manufacturing both television transmitters and home receivers. It will again build both after Victory. Should you visit Schenectady, you are invited to WRGB to see a television show put on the air.

TELEVISION, another example of G-E research. Developments by General Electric scientists and engineers, working for our armed forces on land and sea and in the air, are helping to bring Victory sooner. Their work in such new fields as electronics, of which television is an example, will help to bring you new products and services in the peacetime years to follow. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N.Y.*

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Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

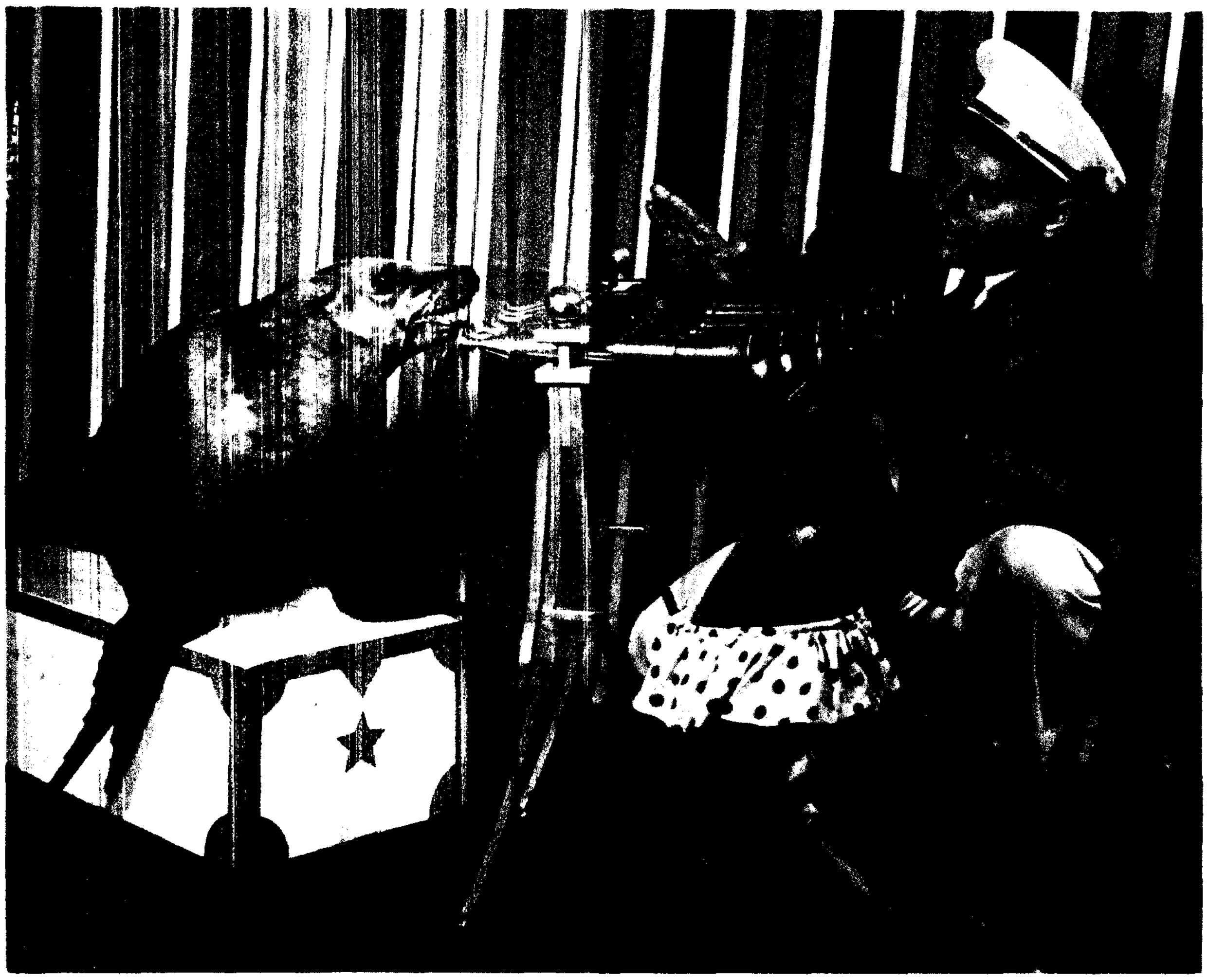
952-623 811

How TO TRAIN A SEA LION

BY DON LANG

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF–PIX

Use kindness, patience and lots of fish, but keep your neck away from his teeth. When he bites he means it



Sea lions don't do these things naturally; they're not born musicians, jugglers or comedians. Training them is a long and tedious business that begins when the animal is about a year old and goes on for years

IF a sea lion grabs you by the throat, don't move. Don't breathe. Don't let your heart flutter. And, above all, don't let on that you're not comfortable and would like to get loose. For if you do, one shake of that bewhiskered head of Grecian design and Gothic beauty, and the lithe, sinuous creature will tear your jugular vein out. A gruesome thing to contemplate, but make no mistake about it: Cold-blooded murder lurks behind those big, round, docile-looking eyes.

The teeth of a sea lion are interlocking—grinders all—in the meanest sense of the word. When they close on a victim, it is the prelude to death. And that fearful shake, as potent as the jerk of the hangman's noose, is good for a one-way ride right out of this world. It is this technique—grab and shake—which enables the sea lion to handle up to its own weight in fish when hunting. There is only one escape—for either fish or man: Simply do as Roland Tiebor's father did.

He was headmaster of what might be called the Tiebor College of Sea Lion Knowledge at Tonawanda, New York. A freshman student grabbed him by the throat one day. But being a professor, he knew his sea lions. He played dead—simple as that. The sea lion, not willing to kill something already dead, released his grip on the professor's throat in disgust, and what had all the earmarks of first-degree manslaughter turned out to be nothing more than a high-powered pinch.

To bite is second nature with the sea lion, and anyone who has been bitten a thousand times and more should certainly qualify as an expert. Roland Tiebor has, and he does. What is more, he remembers the very first bite, although he was only a year and a half old at the time.

He was playing in his sand pile in the back yard when one of his father's sea lions on an impish spree got after him—chased him all over the place and nipped him right where in a few years the seat of his pants would most certainly be. That was some forty-odd years ago.

Today, Roland Tiebor, big, broad-shouldered, whimsical upstate New Yorker, is without peer as a trainer of sea lions. His troupes of performing sea lions (the average person thinks they're seals, but they're not) have awed and delighted millions under big-top canvas, in fairgrounds, and from music-hall stages all over the world.

As Flo Ziegfeld glorified the American girl, so has Roland Tiebor glorified the Pacific sea lion. The Atlantic and the Baltic types haven't got the IT of the Pacific type. And, exactly as it was in Ziegfeld's beauties, it is the IT that counts with Tiebor in sea lions. The Atlantic and the Baltic ones may be just as clever, but their flippers are too short to show their figures off as well.

If the Pacific Ocean can be called the sea lion's paradise, then Tonawanda, a small rural town of some 12,000 inhabitants of upstate New York could well be called the sea lion's Hollywood.

To Tonawanda, sea lions come fresh captured from the waters of the Pacific Ocean—that is, those that have passed the test. Many sea lions are taken but few meet the rigid Tiebor standards that warrant their being shipped to Tonawanda for training. Intelligence is reflected in the conformation of the head. Whiskers must be long, with the correct droop. Whisker-chewing is frowned on. The space between the eyes and the bridge of the nose must measure two—not three—fingers. The sea lion must be less than a year old. Age is determined by the teeth. Eyes should be bright. Nervous, high-strung animals are preferred.

It was by an odd coincidence that Tonawanda, a fresh-water town far removed from the Pacific Ocean, became the sea-lion training center of the world. Yet the story has a typically American ring to it. Some fifty years ago, John Tiebor, Sr. (now 85 and retired), was an assistant superintendent of the Tonawanda waterworks. He visited the Buffalo zoo one day, and the sea lions playing around in the pool fascinated him as sea lions have fascinated millions in every zoo in the world. The only difference between Tiebor and those millions being that he left the zoo determined to do something about it.

Of course, his wife thought he was crazy when he broached the subject of training a sea lion. She was sure he was crazy when, some days later, the local expressman informed her that there was a sea lion at the depot consigned to one John Tiebor.

The fad spread. "Thar's gold in them thar sea lions" was the rallying cry. Everybody in Tonawanda, from the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker down to the humblest citizen, went in for training sea lions. There was a sea lion in every back yard. Neighbors argued over the back fences as to the relative intelligence and stupidity of their sea lions. What had been a mere whistle stop on a main trunk line took on the aspect of a spur direct from the Pacific Coast as sea lions arrived on every train. Forty accredited schools for training sea lions sprang up, and as many more for training sea-lion trainers.

Patience the Key to Success

Time has taken its toll, however, until today Roland Tiebor alone carries on the tradition that made this little town famous and the name Tiebor synonymous with trained sea lions. It is a long, tough, exacting job, this business of educating and training sea lions. It requires, above all, the unflagging patience of a Job. That is the key to Tiebor's success with his odd seafaring creations.

Wild animals can be trained but seldom tamed. Sea lions must be tamed before they can be trained. Contrary to the most common of popular beliefs, sea lions are not born comedians, or acrobats, or musicians, or even jugglers. Certainly no one, even in his most irrational moments ever heard come floating over the ocean the strains of My Country 'Tis of Thee or The Star-Spangled Banner, or even How Dry I Am blown on brass horns by sea lions in a musical fiesta on the rocks off Catalina Island.

Nor for that matter has anyone dared tell of seeing a sea lion walking a tightrope stretched from the crest of one white-capped ocean wave to another while balancing a huge red-white-and-blue striped rubber ball on the end of its nose; or a sea lion doing the "muscle grind" on a horizontal bar running between two rocks; or the one-hand stand; or even the handshaking stunt, or the clapping of flippers in applause of another's performance—all this the repertoire of the Roland Tiebor troupe of performing sea lions.

It takes from one to two months to teach the newly captured sea lion its first lesson—to eat. To blow the French horns is the acme of perfection in training and sometimes takes years. The golden promise of a piece of fish always before them is the basic "how" of training.

Educating sea lions cannot be a hobby. It is a full-time job. Tiebor must get them up in the morning and put them to bed at night. He has to work on a schedule as precise as a timetable. It is uncanny the way sea lions adjust themselves to time.

For a publicity stunt, the Tiebor troupe of sea lions was taken out to a large public swimming pool one day. Much to the hilarious delight of the children, Frisco, Dolly, Johnny and Dewey had the time of their lives. (Dewey, juvenile of the troupe and just learning, is one of the few sea lions born and raised in captivity.) That spacious pool was a paradise compared to the mobile tank they were used to. After a while, there came the question of how to get them out.

"Simple!" replied Tiebor characteristically. "Just call them out!"

The publicity man doubted this. He ventured to bet Tiebor fifty dollars he couldn't get them out by calling them. The pool was too big, and they were having too good a time.

"Well, now," drawled Tiebor, "ordinarily I'm not a betting man, but if you want to lose fifty that easy, there's nothing I can do about it except co-operate."

With that, Tiebor called. There was no response. Again he called. Then he beat his stick on the edge of the pool to attract their attention. But the water kept on churning as the sea lions swam around and around at a gay clip. It appeared certain that Tiebor was going to lose the bet.

Never dropping his whimsical smile, Tiebor glanced at his watch. In five minutes he would have to leave for the matinee performance. He didn't bother to call again. In about two minutes, heads began popping up all over the pool at more and more frequent intervals. At exactly five minutes Tiebor put on his coat. "Come on, Frisco!" he said, turning and starting to walk away from the pool. "You and Dolly and Johnny get Dewey and come out of there!"

Instantly, the four sea lions were out of the pool and galloping along at his side barking excitedly.

"It wasn't my calling them that brought them out!" Tiebor confided to the amazed publicity agent, after pocketing the fifty dollars. "They knew the time the show started the same as I."

Tiebor is a practical man. He is not a scientist, but he is so in tune with his sea lions that he is almost one of them. He knows and caters to their every whim and fancy. He can detect when one of his charges is not feeling well before it actually goes off its feed. This has saved many a valuable life. He practices simple home remedies which to him represent common sense but which to the scientist represent utter nonsense.

Why does he, every so often, give his sea lions a dose of bicarbonate of soda? Not because they are suffering from any acute gastric disturbances. Certainly it is not because of a hang-over from too much imbibing the night before. Sea lions don't imbibe the type of firewater that calls for bicarbonate. But it is just because he has been giving them bicarbonate for years. The bicarbonate, he insists, forms a white coating on the lining of the sea lion's stomach and keeps the stomach sweet. But if you pin him down, he will admit that he never cut open one of his animals to prove it.

He gave Queenie an eight-inch length of broom handle one day to play with. She liked her new toy so much it interfered with her working. Roland went in to take it away from her. She protested vociferously, trying to hide it under her flipper. He persisted. She forthwith swallowed it, then plunged into the tank to take a swim. Tiebor knew the acids in Queenie's stomach couldn't be expected to digest a broom handle as they would a fishbone. So he gave her a shot of bicarbonate of soda, and two years later—one matinee when about to blow the horns before a packed house—Queenie coughed up the broomstick. It was none the worse for its long sojourn in the belly of the sea lion. Neither was Queenie.

No Love for Their Medicine

Sea lions enjoy pet hates, too. Cod-liver oil is one. Enter their cage with a vial containing cod-liver oil, and a riot ensues. They detect the smell, not to mention the taste. The poor victim of the dose is ostracized. Nor will they forgive the offense of a dose of cod-liver oil so long as any trace of the smell lingers in their quarters. All of which sums up to the fact that with sea lions there are fish smells and fish smells.

They have their allergies, too. Tiebor's educated sea lions become strangely allergic to anything but the best in fish. Each sea lion consumes about ten pounds of fish per day, including tips for doing things. Every fish is carefully scaled and washed. The head, tail, fins and backbone are removed. Then it is cut into two-inch squares.

One sea lion in the troupe has the dubious distinction of being the connoisseur of what is best in fish for the well-educated sea lion. He gets the first piece at every meal. If it meets the requirements of his taste, is fresh or at least fresh frozen, then all is okay, and the others partake gluttonously. On the other hand, if it is off in the slightest, or anything other than herring or mackerel, it makes him sick immediately, and the others shun the meal disdainfully.

In the main, the habits and complexities

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Bounce out of bed? Maybe *that's* a slight exaggeration! But *this is a fact*—thousands rely on this easy, effective way to wake up clear-eyed and buoyant, they simply drink a cup of Ovaltine night and morning.

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Third—it supplies extra vitamins and minerals in a delicious, *more natural* way for all-round health and vigor.

So why not turn to Ovaltine—starting *tonight*—for clear-eyed morning freshness that sees you through the day! Results may amaze you!

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A cup of Ovaltine at bedtime induces sleep in these natural ways, without drugs. Designed to relieve "nervous tension"—also to prevent digestive unrest that so often causes night-time tossing. Supplies food elements *known to be necessary* for sound, restful sleep.

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You get the good from Ovaltine when you're sleeping—to rebuild body and nerve cells, restore vigor and drive. It's specially processed for easy digestion—even during sleep!

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The A. C. Gilbert Co., New Haven, Connecticut, is also famous for "Erector," American Flyer trains and other well-known Gilbert educational and constructive toys.

of sea-lion life in the wild are of no great importance to Tiebor. It's enough for him to figure out how to keep the wheels turning in captivity.

He keeps a bucket of fresh drinking water before his sea lions at all times. Salt water makes sea lions deathly sick. They never drink the water they swim in unless forced to. In the wild, they get their drinking water from the catch pools among the rocks they use as their home.

Every morning the tank is filled with fresh water. Every other day a bucket of salt is added. Salt keeps the sea lions' coats in prime condition and their eyes clear and bright. When only fresh water is available for swimming, a dull film coats the eyes, which eventually leads to blindness.

Sea lions are susceptible to colds which often lead to pneumonia, most dreaded of all diseases. They must be kept out of drafts. The water in their tank is kept at an even temperature. A cold plunge is a death-defying stunt for a sea lion.

Being too long out of water produces a parched coat which results in skin trouble. The longer a sea lion is out of the water, the more nervous it becomes. The nervous system and the water tank are correlated in no small measure.

Sea lions have access to their tank for only a couple of hours each day. That is their play period. They live on the floor of their cage and not in the tank. In the wild, they live amongst the rocks and use the ocean merely as their hunting- and playgrounds.

While theorists are trying to fathom the mysteries of the sea lions' wild life in order to lengthen their span of life in captivity, Tiebor goes along in his practical, if unorthodox way, establishing longevity records that confound the expectations of scientific research.

Sparky was seventeen years old when he died. He was one of the greatest sea-lion characters that ever lived. He lies buried over in Ascot, England, and until the place was made into a German prison camp a year or so ago his grave was regularly tended by human admirers.

The last five years of his life, Sparky performed while stone-blind. Few realized the behind-the-scenes drama that was enacted whenever the troupe started a new engagement. Roland Tiebor would open the iron-grated door and call Sparky out of the tank where the animals were all enjoying a playful swim after their journey.

"Come on, Sparky!" he said, as the blind sea lion lumbered down the ramp from the wagon cage. "Let's find out where we are going to work."

Sparky responded with an enthusiastic bark. Ordinarily, the others would be out of the water and setting up a vociferous din if they weren't taken along, too. But on these occasions they knew that it was Sparky's job and his alone.

Step by step, proceeding slowly so the blind sea lion could feel his way, Roland would lead Sparky up the stairs and over the route to be followed to get onto the stage. Once he had traversed that route, no matter how long or how difficult it was, Sparky knew every inch of the way and when it came time for the performance, he led the others at a galloping pace.

Sparky literally died with his boots on. To the very end, he walked the tightrope balancing the huge rubber ball on his nose as the *pièce de résistance* of the entire act. Only in one particular did his blindness affect his performance. That was with the horns. At the very last he began to miss notes, much to his own chagrin. In running through The Star-Spangled Banner, he repeatedly hit sour notes, stopped and protested raucously at his luck. This slowed up the act to such an extent that the horn-blowing was left to Sparky's understudy.

But Sparky never knew the difference. Tiebor saved him from that. A set of dummy horns was placed in front of him at the cue, and when Roland gave the command, "Sparky, now play The Star-Spangled Banner and play it nice," Sparky blew on each horn with his nose, with gusto, the actual music coming from the horns of his understudy a few paces away. At the finish, Sparky lay over on his back in applause, then took his bows exactly as he had done in his heyday. It was in just such a position—on his back, clapping his flippers in applause of his own performance—that his career ended one night.

During the course of the year, Tiebor receives hundreds of letters from persons who, having marveled at his sea lions, think they want one for a pet. They mention all sorts of ingenious contraptions, ranging from sprinkling pot to bathtub, for providing the necessary water. But he has never sold a sea lion he has trained.

"Once you get them trained," he explains philosophically, "it's too much like selling off a member of the family. And you just don't do that!"

THE END

THE MARCH OF "ARCHIES" AND "CRACIES"

Since time immemorial, tribes of people and, later, states have had some form of government. In the left column you will find 20 words all ending in "archy" or "cracy"—which come from the Greek and mean "rule." In the right column you will find words denoting the people or groups of people by whom the various forms of government (shown in the left column) are exercised. Your task is to match both columns. A score of 18-20 is excellent; 15-17 good; 13-14 fair; 11-12 average. Answers on page 71.

1. Hierarchy	A privileged class
2. Autocracy	The few
3. Oligarchy	The many
4. Bureaucracy	The experts
5. Matriarchy	A woman
6. Democracy	The rich
7. Anarchy	Uncontrolled authority
8. Slavocracy	The mob
9. Monarchy	God
10. Aristocracy	Advocates of bondage
11. Polyarchy	Nobody
12. Stratocracy	Two leaders
13. Patriarchy	The priests
14. Technocracy	The officials
15. Plutarchy	The people
16. Theocracy	The father
17. Gynarchy	The mother
18. Ochlocracy	The workers
19. Duarchy	Military despotism
20. Ergatocracy	A sovereign

—Gerard Mosler

Obstacle Course

Continued from page 14

"Boy from Camp Cutler," the farmer said. "He's hurt his foot."

Dan sank onto the kitchen step and the breath sighed out of him. Their voices seemed to come from a distance. "He was out at the barn, by the stable door. . . . I don't know, Agnes. I don't know who he is. . . . He'll have to get back to the camp some way." Then the screen door swung and the voices faded.

There was a scurrying among the hens, and a black and white collie raced across the yard, making straight for Dan on the doorstep. Ten feet away he stopped. When Dan put out a hand, the dog backed away, barking.

Dan got to his feet. The pain was less now than the bitterness that boiled through him. He wasn't wanted here; even the dog was hostile. He crossed the grass with a jerking step, but at the road a wave of weakness washed him. He held to the mailbox like a drowning man.

It was there that Jason Stark found him. Silently he helped him back to the kitchen door. The farmer looked uncertainly toward the front part of the house.

"No," his wife said. "Not there."

In the half-open summerhouse connecting the kitchen and the woodshed, an old horsehair couch with a gray blanket folded at one end stood along with a separator, a hand churn and two bright milk pails. She spread the blanket with nervous hands.

When Dan was stretched out, the farmer fumbled at his foot and pulled off the binding shoe. "It's bad swelled," he said, staring at the ankle, then went into the house. He came back with a pail of water. "You better soak it." He set the pail down and went out.

Dan let his foot hang down. The water felt grateful, but the weakness stole through him, the way it had done when they first put him on a stretcher and carried him off the obstacle course. His eyes closed heavily.

WHEN he woke there was a chair beside him, and on it were bread and butter and a pitcher of milk. In the evening dusk, lamplight came from the kitchen. Outside, the chickens were fluttering somewhere, and from the barn he heard the stamping of a horse. It was like home, it tugged at all his longing; but he was outside of it.

He closed his eyes again and lay there, his foot faintly throbbing in the darkness. He tried to recall his own home to mind, but all he could seem to think of was plodding through dust and mud, of a jammed gun on the heat-hazed target range, and of the obstacle course. That's what it all came to. The Army was an obstacle course—an endless obstacle course—with moats and ditches yawning and blank walls rising in your way. . . . He was just eighteen and a long way from home, and next week they were shipping out.

In the morning, while he ate his eggs and bacon, the farmer stamped past him to the kitchen. "The colt," he said. "He's down, Agnes."

Dan looked over his coffee cup. "Mr. Stark," he said, "you mean that sorrel colt?"

The farmer stood in the doorway. "Yes. He's down and bloated."

"Green hay," Dan said.

The other nodded. "I gave him some fresh hay last night." Then he looked at Dan more sharply. "You know about horses?"

"We raise horses on our ranch," Dan said. "I had a colt like yours. I raised him."

"There was a vet in this township," the farmer said, "till last winter. Then the Army took him. I never had a sick colt before."

"I better look at him," Dan said.

Mrs. Stark stood beside her husband, peering down at Dan.

"You're hurt," she said.

"Yes, you're down yourself," the farmer said. "I ought to get a vet to look at you."

Dan grinned. "That's what I had at the camp hospital." He sat on the edge of the couch and tried his foot. "It's a lot better," he said. "Let's go."

In the dim, sweet-smelling stable he knelt beside the colt. His hands went over the swollen animal, gently, surely. "Easy," he said, when the eyes rolled white and frightened. "Easy—easy!" His voice was soothing, and his hands were light and firm.

The rigid ears came down, and the big dark eyes grew quiet.

Dan looked up. "We'll need hot water. And some rags and a blanket. And a syringe."

In half an hour, the swollen belly was reduced. The colt lay relaxed, breathing evenly, under steaming cloths and a big horse blanket. When Dan had the warm gruel ready, the animal opened its mouth and began to munch.

Dan stood up. "That's all there is to it. He'll be on his feet in an hour."

The farmer looked at him steadily. Some bleakness, some reluctant struggling hostility went out of his face. "Son," he said, "what's your name?"

"Dan—Dan Weld."

"You know how to handle horses, Dan."

"Yes, sir. We raise quarter horses, hundreds of them. But I've never seen a better colt than this one."

The farmer looked down at the floor. "Name's Velvet. He's a Morgan."

"I guess my pony is full grown now. When I left home he was like this. A little larger maybe, but the same build."

"He likes to run," the farmer said. "I've seen him race his shadow across the pasture."

Dan was staring off. "We used to race the shadow of the bombers from Lowry, all across the range. That's a big pasture—twelve hundred acres. Three waterholes in it."

HE STAYED in the stable all morning. When Jason Stark came in from the hayfield, the colt was standing in his stall. The rich color gleamed in his polished coat, and his mane was burnished as a blackbird's wing.

"Velvet," the farmer said, stroking a chestnut shoulder. "He's a real beauty. But he hasn't looked like that—" His voice trailed off. "Time for dinner, Dan."

It was not an easy meal. Jason talked a little of the colt. "You ought to see him, Agnes. Dan brushed him till he looks like a show horse."

But the woman stared stonily at her plate, and silence settled around them. It was a relief to hear a car drive into the barnyard.

Jason looked out. "Agnes," he said, "it's your cousins from the village."

She cast a swift, accusing look at Dan, and an appealing look at her husband.

"We can talk to them outside," he said.

Alone at the table, Dan sat in a confused and growing anger. It was plain he wasn't wanted here, and he could go now—out the front door, unnoticed. But he opened the wrong door. Before he could close it, he saw a spread pulled tight over an unused bed; he saw a boy's clothes hanging on the wall, and in the corner a baseball bat and on the wall a rifle. Then he noticed a picture of a tall boy standing beside a spindly-legged colt with a white blaze, and another picture of a boy in a G.I. uniform, smiling.

He stared into the room for a moment, and suddenly he understood—very plainly—the silence, the reluctance, the instinctive hostility of these people. He tried to imagine a stranger in that boy's place at the table between his father and mother, whistling to his dog, brushing Blaze till his coat shone like water. He looked at the G.I. photograph again; that smiling boy would be about his age. Perhaps he was in Italy, or France. It would be hard to have a stranger in his place.

He closed the door and opened another that led out of doors. He cut across the grass, keeping the house between him and the car in the barnyard, until he reached the road unseen. His foot seemed strong, and the road ran downhill. He could make a few miles before he'd have to rest. Maybe he could get back to camp by evening.

After an hour his foot was paining sharply, and no car had come by. The road was as empty as an unused cattle trail. At last he gave up, sinking down beside the road where a brook gushed out of the thicket. He had his foot in the water when the old sedan pulled up.

Jason got out, and all the sternness was gone from his face. "We missed you, Dan. Looked all over for you. I didn't think you'd leave without telling us goodby."

Dan looked up at him. "You were good to me. I thought I shouldn't stay longer."

From the car Mrs. Stark spoke with a sudden, brusque authority: "You need to rest that foot some more. I know what's good for you. Now get in here."

It was surprise as much as anything that overcame him. When they were back at the house, Mrs. Stark took charge. "Now, if you won't lie down, you can sit down. There"—the dog came in, sniffed at Dan's hand and lay down beside him—"Rex is going to keep you company. Here's the Boston paper." The way she looked at him, strict and gentle, she might have been his own mother.

Supper was a friendly, drawn-out meal. Someway he got to telling them how things went wrong: "I had a furlough coming up, two weeks, time enough for a lot of things at home. Then my gun jammed on the target range, and they put me in the dog squad. We drilled and we marched and we had target practice, and at night they took us over the course. Some of the boys ducked around the wall—it was dark and the sergeant couldn't see. But I went over it, and when I came down, I had a broken ankle. That put me in the hospital and I had to watch my furlough go by. When they let me out, I had just three days' leave. You see, we go overseas any day now."

Jason said, "That wall—what were you doing?"

"Running the obstacle course. It's a series of barriers—platforms, ditches, walls—hard ones. You have to get over them. It's a struggle all the way, and at the end is the wall. It's twelve feet high and it looks about a hundred."

"Obstacle course," the woman said, and her eyes went to her husband.

Dan thought of the photograph beyond the door.

"Our son Theron," Jason said in a careful voice, "told us something like that when he came home from Fort Benning. It's his colt in the barn," he added. "He was raising it."

"Oh," Dan said.

"Maybe you'd like to see his picture," Mrs. Stark said suddenly. Her eyes went to her husband again, and her face was soft in the lamplight.

That night Dan slept in the bedroom. The moon came in the window, and he could see the baseball bat in the corner and the rifle on the wall. He lay there in a happiness he had almost forgotten. It was like being home. He dreamed of the big cottonwood by the corral, sifting its faint snow on the trampled ground.

"IF YOU could stay a week," Mrs. Stark said, after breakfast, "we'd have you mended."

"I'm mended now," Dan said. "And I just had three days. My furlough's over."

He was ready to walk, but they had another idea. When the mail carrier came down the hill, they stopped him.

"Lem," Jason said, "here's a soldier with a bad foot. You got room for a passenger?"

"Mail's out," the little man said, staring past him. "I got all the room there is."

Dan reached down to pat the collie, and then he shook their hands. "I've had a swell furlough," he said. "It's been like home."

"Come back sometime, son," Jason Stark said, and his wife said, "Please come back."

Dan slid in beside the driver. The little man was silent till they reached the crossing. "I should've said something 'bout Theron," he said. "Only I couldn't."

Dan nodded. "He's in the Army."

"He was."

Dan looked at him. "You mean he's been—"

"That's it. Message came two days ago—the morning I passed you on the hill. I had to deliver it. Their boy was killed in France."

They turned into the Post Road. Dan stared down the long traffic lane and he saw two people, suddenly older than their years could make them, with darkness meeting in their eyes. He saw the struggle, waged in silence, and then, faint and distant, the beginning of light, shining through.

"How'd you get hurt?" the driver asked.

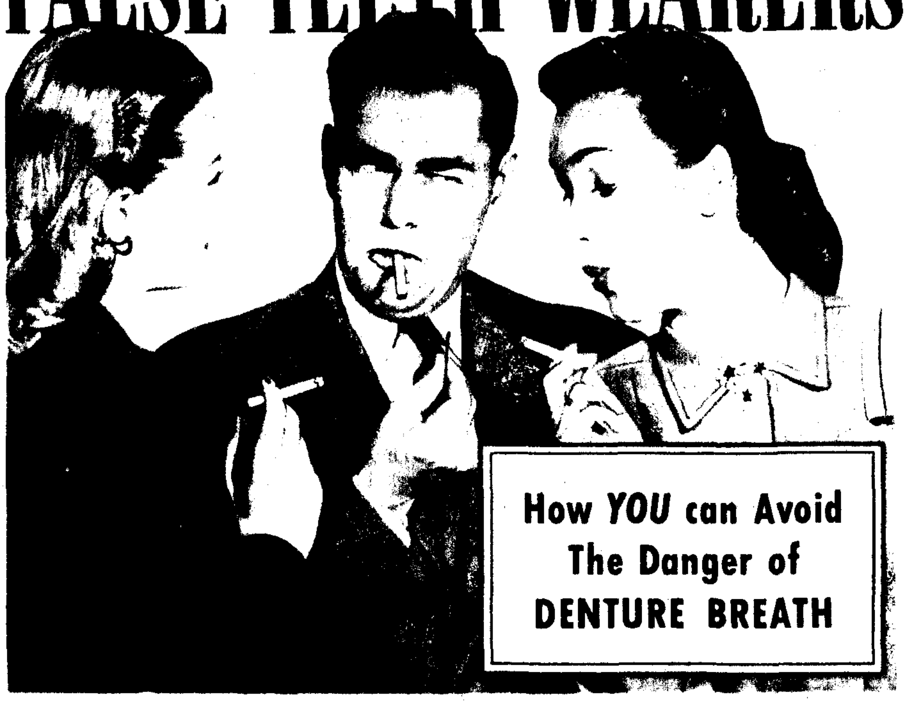
Dan started. "Oh—obstacle course."

"What's that?"

"It's a row of obstacles you have to get over. Not hard ones," he added quickly. "Not hard ones at all."

THE END

FALSE TEETH WEARERS



Three on a match? No, it isn't your blowing out the match he objects to. It's your . . . Denture Breath. Avoid offending this way. Don't trust brushing with ordinary cleansers that scratch your plate material. Such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK DENTURES IN POLIDENT DAILY

It's Easy! It's Quick!

NO BRUSHING

Soak your plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or overnight . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

What's more . . . your plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth,* and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And, besides, the *safe* Polident way is so easy and sure!

Later Now here's two on a perfect match! No offensive Denture Breath to spoil it. She's one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If *you* wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe. Use Polident every day to help maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate. Costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters; 30¢, 60¢.

NEW!
Another Polident Product
DENTU-GRIP
Pleasant Powder to Hold Plates Tight

Use POLIDENT *Daily* TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!

Patton at the Pay-Off

Continued from page 25

closed the lower jaw of the Falaise trap.

It was in light, highly mobile Sherman tanks that Patton's men galloped the four hundred miles across France from Avranches to the Moselle Valley. And Jeb Stuart's ghost was riding with Patton, because the sweep had all the elements of Stuart's famous ride around McClellan's Army in northern Virginia in 1861.

Patton knows everything about Stuart's famous ride, because, curiously enough, there is a direct link between Jeb Stuart and General Patton. The man who planned Stuart's ride and who was Stuart's scout on the ride was John Singleton Mosby, the Confederate raider. Mosby was the most daring of all the wild-riding Southern horsemen; he wore a plumed hat, a scarlet-lined cape, and two large Colt pistols "well-studded with brass." Long after the war, he was a close friend of George Smith Patton, father of the general, and was the idol of young George.

The Patton campaigns in this war have been distinguished, above all, by a factor he first learned to value from Mosby—thorough reconnaissance. The general demands personal knowledge of every foot of terrain he is to fight over. Throughout his career, wherever he has been stationed, he has driven himself, his family, and his men almost to exhaustion in his effort to get the "feel of the land."

When he was in Hawaii, he tramped over every foot of the islands. In the years he was stationed at Fort Myer, Virginia, he took his wife and three children to all the Civil War battlefields and re-enacted the battles. If a battle had lasted three days, the Pattons stayed three days while the general studied every fold, every cove, every ditch. When Patton rides through a countryside, he sees a spot here for an ambush, another fold there, behind which he could hide a tank and forty men.

While his Army was training in England, General Patton worked eighteen hours a day studying the terrain of Brittany, of the Seine and Loire valleys, of the battlefields of the last war. Himself a licensed airplane pilot and owner of his own planes, he flew many hours over the very country in which his troops were to maneuver. He came to France in advance of his Army and swept up every new detail which could be gained from German prisoners, French spies, and by additional low-level airplane flights.

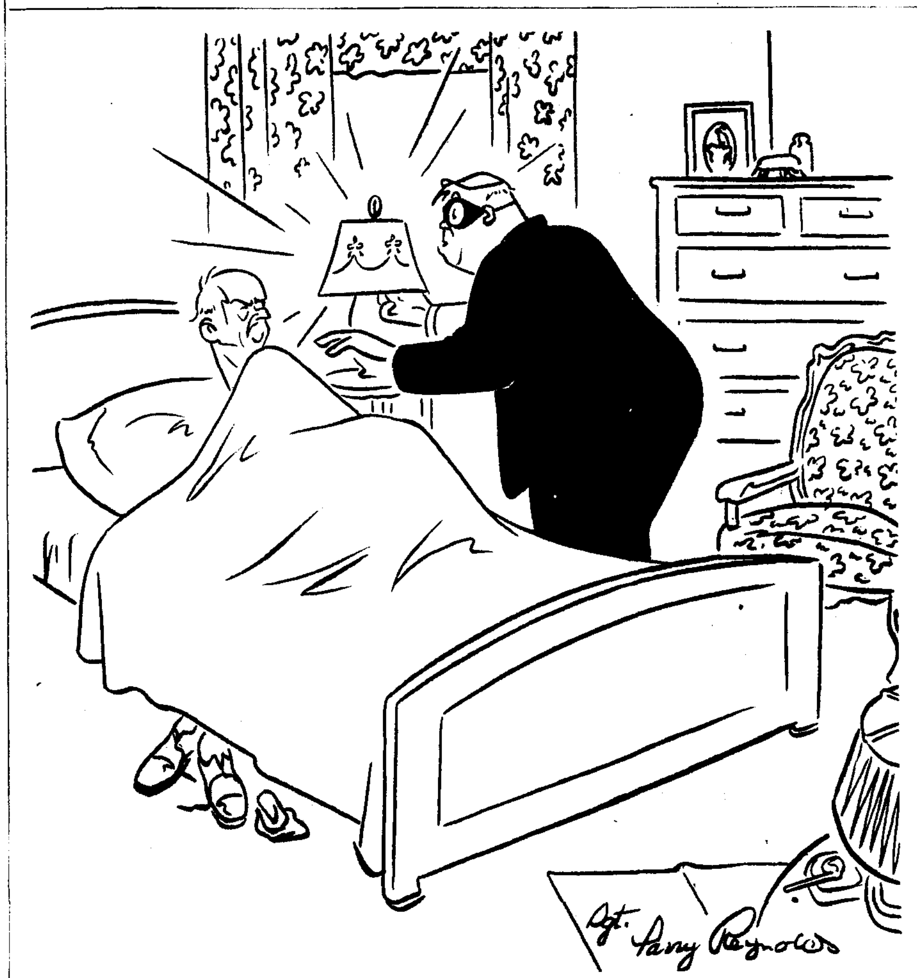
It is no exaggeration to say that when the Third Army began pouring through the German line at Avranches, Patton knew the width and depth of every stream he was going to cross, the location of every likely spot for ambush, and the thickness of every wall which might give him cover. It is no wonder that he moved so rapidly that new maps had to be dropped to him by plane as his forces drove to Brest in one direction and to the German border in the other.

The speed of Patton's advance was remarkable and was a result of teamwork by all our forces. A tank column is like a Fleet task force. In a modern Fleet task force, supply ships—called "fat girls"—go along with the warships. The same is true of a tank column. Trucks and trailers loaded with gasoline and ammunition rumbled along between Patton's tanks. Because of the impotence of the Luftwaffe and the potency of his own air umbrella, General Patton could carry big motor tankers in his column in broad daylight, a practice which would invite catastrophe if the enemy had plenty of strafing planes.

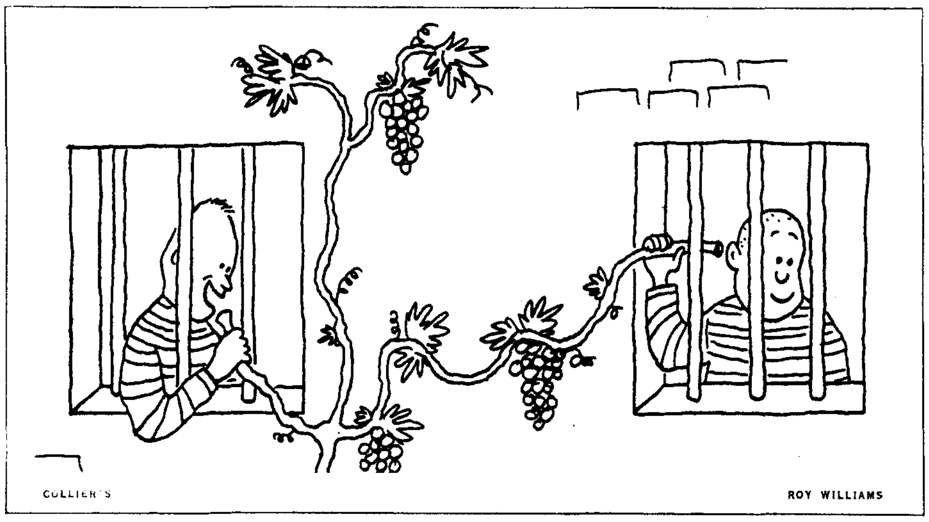
Miracles of Engineering

Also, the engineers with Patton's Army—and our other armies, too—can work fuel-line miracles. They can lay a fuel line along a safe road at the rate of better than a mile an hour, and this line is almost human in its operation. If the line is cut at any point, its safety valves are so arranged that only a few gallons of fuel will be lost, and the engineers can tell instantly where the break is. Of the millions of gallons of fuel required by one of our armies in action, only a small portion is trucked to the front. Most of the fuel is *pumped* to the front directly from tankers lying offshore or from port storage tanks.

BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S "I'll put it out in a minute. I just want to pick up a few things"



The fuel line, however, can be operated only over a safe road, and much of the mileage covered by Patton's columns certainly was not left safely in the hands of our troops. Where Germans still threatened the roads over which he had passed, General Patton used "armed convoys" to supply his spearheads. In short, just like two destroyers shepherding a fleet of supply ships through submarine-infested waters, Patton used tanks to shepherd convoys of fuel and ammunition trucks along roads still threatened by enemy ground forces. Planes, too, rode herd on these "armed convoys" as they raced along.

We now have fuel tanks and ammunition cases which can be dropped from planes without parachutes and still not be damaged. When Patton's tanks, racing for Brest, got ahead of their "fat girls," planes dropped a few "sticks" of gasoline and ammunition, and the column rolled on.

Of course all of these operations were possible only because the air overhead was unchallenged American air. When you can operate all types of planes, even heavy, unarmed, fuel-laden planes, over your column in daylight, almost anything is possible. The planes give the column extra firepower, superb reconnaissance, insurance against ambush, power to decimate the fleeing enemy, and supplies during the emergencies. Patton is in constant contact with his air weapons overhead, and no Allied general has given the Air Force more generous praise.

Patton's 400-mile dash from Avranches to the German border and, later, the slow pounding assault on Metz were not accomplished by a leader who is simply Old Blood and Guts. It was performed by a scientific soldier, a tireless student of warfare, a man who has devoted his life to studying how to move large bodies of dangerous men across great distances in the shortest possible time.

Old Blood and Guts was there all right, hurling curses against the enemy, imploring his men with elegant oaths to "rip Kraut belly buttons" and to boot Kraut rear ends "up one hill and down another." But it was the calculating soldier who set a record for moving an army against a stubborn enemy and won a gamble for Eisenhower.

Now fifty-nine, Patton drove himself no less tirelessly than his men. The shorter the action, the fewer the casualties! The Germans halted Patton's sweeping flank movements and fiercely sudden thrusts only after he had crossed all of France but, when position warfare became necessary at Metz, the general again showed his industry, his determination and his ability to adapt himself and his men to less spectacular fighting—and to drive out the enemy from almost impregnable positions.

There is a picture of General Patton painted by himself. It is his regular habit to write letters of advice and instruction to his corps, division and regimental commanders. The War Department forbids publication of passages that deal with strategy and tactics, but what can be printed is typical of the man.

"Attack rapidly, ruthlessly, viciously and without rest. Your own fire reduces the effectiveness and volume of the enemy's fire, while rapidity of attack shortens the time of exposure. A pint of sweat will save a gallon of blood.

"Our mortars and artillery are superb weapons when firing. When silent, they are junk."

Fire and movement. That is the essence of the Patton principle. Shoot, shoot, shoot. By-pass the points that cannot be captured swiftly, and press on after the quarry like hounds baying for the kill. There will be plenty of time to rest after the war is won.

"Infantry must move in order to close with the enemy. It must shoot in order to move. When physical targets are not visible, the fire of all infantry weapons must search the area probably occupied by the enemy. Use marching fire. It reduces the accuracy of the enemy's fire, and increases our confidence. Shoot short. Ricochets make nastier sounds and wounds. To halt under fire is folly. To halt under fire and not fire back is suicide. Discipline is based on pride in the profession of arms, on meticulous attention to detail, and on mutual respect and confidence. Discipline must be a habit so ingrained that it is stronger than the excitement of battle or the fear of death.

"Officers must set the example. More emphasis will be placed on the hardening of officers and men. All soldiers and officers should be able to run a mile with combat pack in ten minutes, and march eight miles in two hours.

"Officers are responsible not only for the conduct of their men in battle, but also for their health and contentment when not fighting. An officer must be the last man to take shelter from fire, and the first to move forward. He must be the last man to look after his own comfort at the close of a march. The officer must constantly interest himself in the welfare of his men and their rations. He should know his men so well that any sign of sickness or nervous strain will be apparent to him. He must look after his men's feet and see that they have properly fitting shoes in good condition; that their socks fit, for loose or tight socks make sore feet. He must anticipate change of weather and see that proper clothing and footgear are asked for and obtained."

Solicitude is Efficiency

Yes, those are Patton's ideas on how to run a war. "See that their socks fit." If you didn't stop to think that a soldier whose socks don't fit can't march, you might think Patton was getting soft or had been changed by the public reaction to the soldier-slapping incident. In fact, that suspicion was in the minds of some men who accompanied Undersecretary Patterson to Patton's headquarters in France.

The day had seen one of Patton's spectacular advances, and the visitors twiddled thumbs while he made the rounds, seeing to it that the sick and wounded had proper care, taking a look at the chow, and dropping a gruff word of praise here and there. What solicitude, thought the guests. How the man has been misjudged! A half hour later, the general was telling how he meant to ride infantry battalions on the tanks, thereby hastening the speed of an advance.

"But how in the name of heaven are they going to hang on?" asked Patterson.

"That," came the grim answer, "is their problem."

No, he hasn't changed. You can take him or leave him, but he's the same guy.

THE END

Twelve Thousand times around the World

Clippers have now carried the U. S. flag on more than 312,000,000 miles of overseas flight . . . a distance greater than 12,500 times around the earth at the equator

When Pan American began regularly scheduled, over-ocean flying in 1927, there was practically no previous experience to go by. Pan American had to learn the hard way—by pioneering.

Then, after fourteen years, came war.

Almost overnight, the global air routes pioneered by Pan American World Airways, and its network of some 200 long-range radio stations, proved of outstanding importance to the war effort.

Since then, in the operation of contract services to India, China, the South Pacific, Africa and Europe, Pan American flight crews have flown hundreds of thousands of miles on war duty.

Some day soon, peace will come. And with it, once again, competition with the unified air transport systems of foreign nations.

Pan American is ready for that competition . . . Fitted for it by seventeen years of over-ocean flying experience, gained both in war and peace.

Wings of Democracy

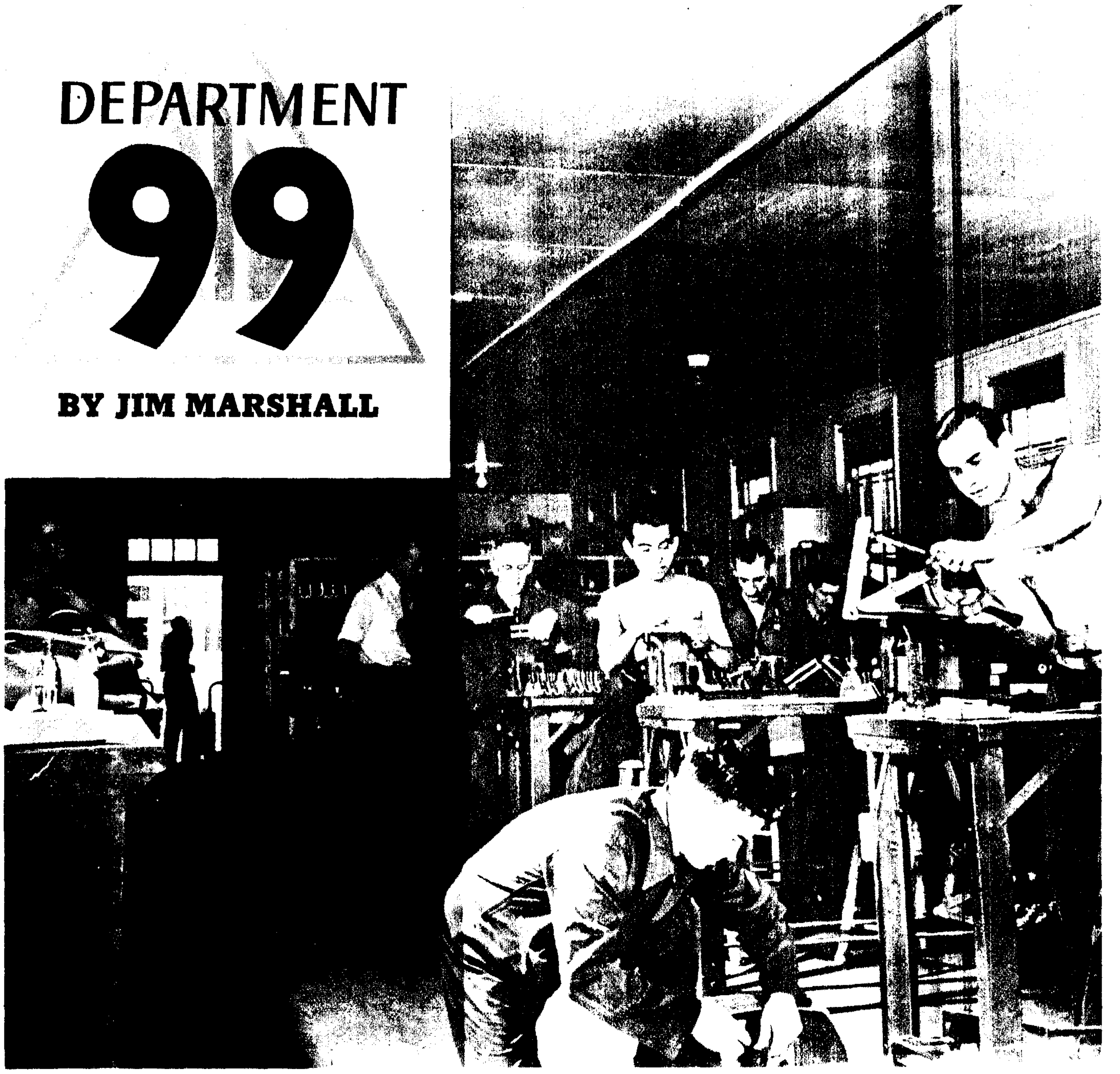
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

The System of the Flying Clippers

-pioneers of air service to 68 countries, territories and possessions.

DEPARTMENT 99

BY JIM MARSHALL



This machine shop is also a ward of the Birmingham General Hospital. Here wounded veterans help produce Black Widow fighters for Northrop Aircraft

Helping to build things their buddies can use in the war is one of the best reconditioners yet found for wounded men

THE best way to cure wounded men—mentally and physically—is this: Let them work at making weapons for their friends still on the firing lines and pay them for it at regular rates.

That regular pay is important. It's the convincer that they're actually producing something to help win the war, and not being guinea pigs for "ocupational therapy, diversive," or some similar hocus-pocus.

Turning hospital wards into machine shops is working out almost perfectly at the sprawling Birmingham General Hospital in southern California's San Fernando Valley. The Army is studying results there, and the system is likely to be installed at other cure centers.

One ward at Birmingham is a ward no more. It's Department 99 of Northrop Aircraft. The men who work in it feel—and are—just as necessary in production of the P-61, the famous Black Widow night fighter, as anyone on the plant-production line at Hawthorne, miles away over the range.

That's why young Dan Carney, his leg stuck out straight before him and his knee in a white cast, whacks so heartily at a sheet of aluminum fitted over a wooden mold. That might be a Jap's head under the mallet, and although Danny, like most soldiers, isn't a good hater, it sort of loosens him up to whack away. Danny got his out on Saipan and it made him a little bitter and what-the-hell about life. It wouldn't bring sunshine into *your* life, either. Something used to be all balled up inside Danny's head—sadness for the kids who stayed on Saipan, anger at the brutal stupidity of wars . . .

Now he's whacking away at part of a Black Widow that somebody is going to fly over Tokyo or Yokohama to protect the big B-29s. And this isn't just play work, like weaving rugs or stringing beads. It's the real thing.

They're not fooling Danny and the other wounded veterans at Birmingham—not taking these parts out one door at night and bringing them back through another door in the morning. Danny and his fellow soldier workers know. They've been out to the main plant at Hawthorne and seen the parts they made go right into the big sky devils.

Some of the cured wounded have been given jobs at the main plant, following discharge from the Army. The records show their production pace is 'way above the average and their absentee record far below.

If they'd let the boys at Birmingham really go, they would make records, too. But the doctors hold them down to three hours a day, and there is supposed to be a ten-minute rest period every hour. Very few of the boys take the rest period and all of them would work longer if the medics would let them.

The idea that useful work will cure a lot of things and help cure a lot more isn't new. It has just been hidden under a lot of $10 words. At Birmingham some intelligent women of the Volunteer Army Canteen Service brushed away the long words, and there was the notion. They took it to Colonel Alvin C. Miller, the commandant, and Major Daniel R. Mishell, in charge of the reconditioning department. These two agreed that starting a branch airplane plant right in their cure factory might help. But who would start it?

Well, said the women, there's Mr. Cohu, out at Northrop. Why not ask him?

This LaMotte Turck Cohu is a remarkable fellow, born wealthy, a Princeton grad, onetime amateur lightweight wrestling champ, millionaire one year and broke the next. A Quaker, he flew on submarine patrol off Scotland in the last war. After that, he came home, bought a soda stand in New York, parlayed it into seventeen, sold out, started a securities firm and sailed for Europe worth $2,000,000. He came back $100,000 in the red after the big crash.

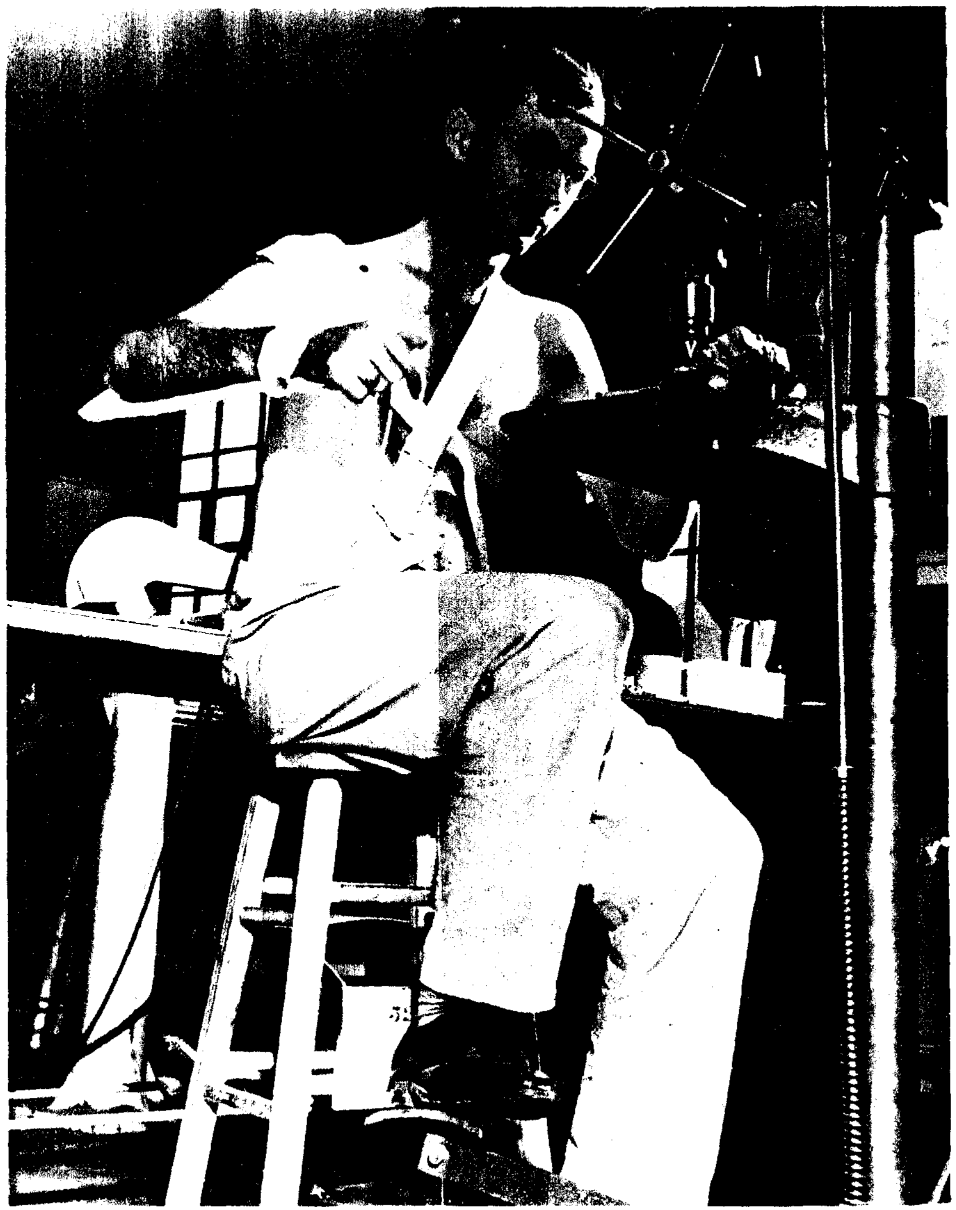
He took what jobs he could find during the depression, because he was not quite happy about things, and work seemed a good cure. He financed and managed several concerns and finally teamed up with John K. Northrop, who had the reputation of being the greatest airplane designer alive, and Gage H. Irving, a production expert. This was in 1939, and the plant they put up and operated managed to exist on foreign orders until America started building planes in quantity.

With this background, and remembering what work had done for him, Cohu joined Colonel Miller and Major Mishell in organizing Department 99 at Birmingham. He even put bed cases to work where the doctors would allow it. To enable one-armed or one-legged men to work, Cohu and James L. McKinley, head of Northrop's training program, have rejiggered a lot of machinery. They have drill presses that a man with one arm and one leg can operate by a foot pedal. They have hydraulic vises to replace the old type where you hold the material in place with one hand and screw the jaws together with the other. There are pulleys, conveyors, straps to help crippled boys work. Tables are built to special heights to make jobs easier. Even the boys with arms in casts hammer away.

Men in Department 99 are paid 85 cents an hour and clocked in and out like anyone else. Whether the wounded man is a rear-rank buck private or a colonel makes no difference. They all get the same treatment and the same pay.

Men confined to beds work at sorting bolts, nuts and small parts which have be-

Corporal Floyd Brewer, wounded on Biak Island, operates a specially made drill press. Like the other veterans, he may work only three hours daily



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

come pied in broken containers, or at assembling gadgets—jobs which used to take the time of hale and hearty factory workers. Bed patients keep their own time on an honor system and tell Northrop each week how much they've earned. They could cheat, but not one of them has cheated or is likely to. The main incentive is helping the lads still out in the foxholes.

When Birmingham got its first wounded, it used the old familiar exercises, games and such occupations as rug weaving and other jobs that seemed, to most patients, to be merely make-work motions. There were high-school classes under supervision of the Los Angeles school system, and many patients were graduated in a score of subjects. These curative measures still are used, but everyone agrees that Department 99 tops them all.

They Still Want to Serve

A recent quiz showed that most of the men wanted to be doing something useful and that a boy set to rug weaving never could be convinced he was doing anything to help win the war which, as he still was in the Army, seemed to be a reasonable objective. Instead, the boys wanted to help build airplanes—legs or no legs, arms, one arm or no arms.

This, of course, meant a reversal of the practice of fitting men into jobs. The jobs had to be rearranged to fit the capacities of the men.

This was done mainly by Lawrence W. Danenberg, a veteran of the Army pilots training program, and has been done so successfully that 98 per cent of the veterans started on the rearranged jobs last May still are working at them.

In Department 99, Dan Carney is still whacking away.

"Time's up, Dan. You've had three hours," says the doctor.

Danny brings down the mallet with a final thud and grins at the medic.

"I sure hammered a lot of hell out of myself today, Doc," he says. "Finished thirty-five parts—two more than yesterday. Boy! Do I feel good!" ★★★

William A. Bulaich, below, one of the hospital's "graduates." He got a good job in the Northrop drafting department when he was discharged from the Army

Lieuts. David Brickles and Jack B. Fosdyke, below, can't get around much, but they can assemble electrical apparatus and lines for hydraulic landing gear

Super Supper...

easy, thrifty, zesty

with Swift's Brookfield

Swift's Brookfield
PURE PORK
Sausage
LINKS
Pre-War Quality

Combine 2½ c. drained whole kernel corn, 2 beaten eggs, 1 c. milk, 1½ t. salt, ⅛ t. pepper and ¼ c. chopped green pepper. Bake in 350° oven for about 1 hr. After 20 min., top with partially cooked Swift's Brookfield Sausage and complete baking.

A Martha Logan Recipe

The sausage with the Just-right Seasoning!

Add one more to your list of **DINNER FAVORITES**—famous Swift's Brookfield Sausage! Made from *selected cuts* of pork, it gives you the **FINE NUTRITION** of high-quality proteins. And lady, lady, is it *good!* For Swift's Brookfield is America's most popular **PURE PORK** sausage . . . the kind with the *just-right seasoning.* You'll marvel at its master blend of **DELICACY** and **ZEST.** Next time you're at your dealer's, look for the handsome package with the red-plaid ends; ask for *Swift's Brookfield* Sausage!

A SWIFT QUALITY FOOD

Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS

America's Greatest Naval Battle

Continued from page 13

breath of concussion stung the men's faces, and they smelled the stimulating odor of gunpowder, which comes in time to associate itself only with excitement and fear.

A Japanese dive bomber made one short run off Mitscher's starboard quarter, dropped his bomb, and pulled up hastily into the overcast as a small geyser erupted from the sullen seas. Swiftly came the word over the rasping TBS: "Emergency turn. Again I say, emergency turn."

Still in formation, the ships headed into the protective cover of a rain squall. There, shrouded in soupy weather, they maneuvered patiently as the screening vessels fired periodically at bogeys lurking on the edges of the squall.

Probably the enemy had dispatched, all told, well over two hundred planes from his land bases in the Philippines to cripple Sherman's carriers. Yet, strangely enough, many Japanese airmen seemed reluctant to close for the attack. Were they afraid? One can hardly judge their motives, yet it is a matter of record that one large group of very unfriendly aircraft—perhaps forty to sixty bombers, torpedo planes and fighters—would come no closer than thirty miles to our formation. There they began to orbit as seven Hellcats, led by Commander David McCampbell of Los Angeles, plunged into their midst. As McCampbell and his cohorts watched in open-mouthed amazement, the bogeys headed back for Luzon!

The Hellcats took up the pursuit, in the course of which Dave McCampbell is officially credited with shooting down nine Japanese fighter planes, an amazing event all by itself. Not once, he revealed later, did the enemy offer to engage in aerial combat, as the Hellcats sniped at straggling Zeros, one by one.

But the law of averages struck. At 9:38 A.M., the light carrier Princeton, one of several built from converted cruiser hulls, was hit.

At first, the impending tragedy was not clearly foretold. A thin wisp of smoke, seeping out of her hangar deck, became black and thick. Red flames could be seen as the Princeton charged indomitably through the seas like a wounded mustang bolting over the endless prairie, black and white smoke streaming behind her. She was a proud, scrappy ship, small in size but big in spirit. More than one hundred and fifty enemy aircraft had fallen prey to her guns and undersized air groups in recent months.

Men aboard the Princeton awaited developments calmly, continuing their work until they could no longer breathe in the smoke; then they made their way to the open air.

Below, Chief Commissary Steward Frederick W. Plath of McAllen, Texas, ruefully contemplated two hundred mince pies he had baked the previous night. Chief Plath sighed; just two years ago, aboard the old Hornet, he had baked a batch of mince pies the night before she was sunk. In the engine rooms, Chief Machinist's Mate Leo J. Sobodo of Baltimore groped blindly in the smoke which had drifted below through the ship's blowers. He obtained permission from his superior officer to secure the main throttle, and made his way topside, joining lines of men who were crawling on their hands and knees through the smoke.

Twenty minutes after the Princeton was hit, she called for destroyers to come alongside with fire-fighting equipment. Hardly had the call gone out when she was wrenched by a terrible explosion; the flames had reached those loaded torpedo planes. Great chunks of her flight deck peeled back.

Another explosion shook her frame at 10:05, and an officer standing beside me on our carrier bridge two thousand yards from the Princeton, whispered: "Oh . . . oh, those poor bastards." The Princeton fell behind Sherman's formation, with her captain, executive officer and a damage-control party still aboard.

On board the Princeton, Captain John M. Hoskins, who was scheduled to take over command of the carrier, was personally directing the efforts to save her. Captain Hoskins wanted her to live to fight another day. But it was a losing struggle. As the skipper watched his men fighting several fires, a terrific blast rocked the carrier from stem to stern. The after ammunition magazine had gone up.

Stunned for a moment, Captain Hoskins felt a burning sensation all over his body. Looking down he saw a naked foot lying on the deck. It was his own right foot, blown off by the explosion and now hanging by a tendon to the rest of his leg. Reaching for a line, he twisted a tourniquet around his thigh and waited for medical help.

A ship's doctor rushed over and sized up the situation. Unsheathing an abandon-ship knife from his belt, he started to sever the tendon. The knife blade wasn't sharp, but finally he cut through and then bound up the stump with a gauze bandage. Captain Hoskins watched the operation calmly. "Thanks, Doctor," he said at last. "I'm sure lucky it wasn't my head."

They knew then that the Princeton was doomed. The order to abandon ship was given. Other ships stood by to pick up survivors. One of these was in trouble herself. The Birmingham, a light cruiser, had rushed to the stricken carrier shortly after the bombs struck, and her crew were manning hoses, trying to douse the carrier's fires, when the magazine went up. That blast swept over the decks of the cruiser alongside the Princeton like a gigantic, flaming broom, inflicting heavy casualties on the fire fighters and gun crews topside.

Despite such handicaps, most of the Princeton's crew were removed to other ships, the light cruiser Reno, the destroyers Irwin, Cassin Young, Morrison and Gatling. One of the last to leave was Captain Hoskins who was lowered over the side on a line to a rescue boat.

An hour later, destroyers and cruisers, circling about the broken Princeton in the twilight of the Philippine seas, launched their torpedoes and fired their guns. Slowly, she turned over, illumined by the fires in her, and slipped below the waters.

As the Princeton disappeared from view that morning of October 24th, the Americans were still under attack. One enemy bomber, flaming from a direct hit by ship's guns, plunged ahead in his dive, pulled out over a cruiser, then dropped reluctantly into the sea. None of the American ships, however, suffered damage.

The task force's chief of staff, blond and cheerful Captain (now Commodore) Arleigh A. Burke, acquired the nickname of "Thirty-one Knot" Burke for his daring and imaginative handling of a destroyer squadron in the Solomons. Now he spoke up angrily: "This is the time to stay and fight and beat their goddamned heads off!"

Yes, it was the time to stay and fight. Even at that moment, Mitscher was considering the import of a message from a land-based patrol plane that approximately twenty-seven enemy warships, including battleships and carriers, had been sighted north of Luzon. At last, enemy reinforcements were coming from the north. It was the third enemy fleet unit sighted that day and, to judge from this report, the most powerful. This was what Mitscher had been waiting for.

Meanwhile action was under way in Ring One to the south. In fact, Commander Frederick E. Bakutis of Brockton, Massachusetts, may have fired the first shot in the entire struggle between the two surface fleets. Taking off from his carrier in a Hellcat fighter just after dawn, he and his close friend, Commander Emmet Riera, were leading a search mission south of Negros Island.

It was 8:30 on the morning of October 24th, and the sun was shining brightly over the Sulu Sea; in the distance rose the blue, cloud-capped peaks of Negros. This was the sector assigned to a carrier air group which we shall designate as Air Group "Y." This air group had dispatched a search to the adjoining area, led by Lieutenant Ray Moore of Atlanta, Georgia.

Both groups sighted the first enemy surface force about the same time, near the end of their assigned radius.

"You could damn' near tell those big battleships right away with their pagoda masts and all," says Riera. "Someone called up and said, 'There they are.' I called back, 'Okay, I see 'em.' "

As the Americans circled twelve miles away, great bursts of smoke around them told of an angry and aroused enemy. It was fourteen-inch antiaircraft fire, the first of many times that Japanese battleships were to hurl main-battery salvos against American aircraft in the next two days. The *Yamashiro* and Fuso class battlewagons were firing all guns.

"About 9:05, we attacked out of the sun," Commander Riera recalls. "The Japs started to turn toward us, and they broke loose with everything. When I pushed over and got to six thousand feet in my dive, I saw the fighters' rockets splashing into the lead battleship."

On their pull-outs, the bombers and fighters strafed the smaller warships. Riera later expressed doubt that the enemy ships sustained much damage. "We were only carrying five-hundred-pound bombs because it was such a damned long search. It really takes a larger bomb to do any real good on a battleship."

A fire was burning briskly on the stern of the battleship Fuso as the bombers wheeled away to the west, but the Japs continued on westward toward Surigao Strait.

Admiral Kinkaid's Seventh Fleet wasn't as big or as powerful as Halsey's mighty Third, but he was waiting for the Japs at Surigao Strait and he used every ship to good advantage as darkness closed over the battle.

As a first line of defense in Ring One, he fanned out flotillas of PT boats—speedy eighty-foot warbugs with torpedo stingers—in the Mindanao Sea just outside the strait. In the strait itself, he stationed a gantlet of destroyers along its 35-mile length and, at the end of the narrow slot, within sight of Leyte Gulf, Kinkaid placed his heavyweights, the Seventh Fleet's battleships and cruisers. It was superb strategy.

Around midnight, Ensign Dudley J. Johnson of Kerrville, Texas, on the tiny bridge of his PT 127, sighted the Jap task force. By radio he alerted the flagship and other members of the reception committee, then moved in to attack with his fragile craft. Soon PTs were closing in from all directions. The Japs tried to hunt down the fleet skimmers with searchlights, but the PTs were zigzagging at better than fifty knots as they moved in. Then star shells hurled by the Jap ships lighted up the scene with the brilliance of daylight, and their big guns rained explosive shells on the torpedo boats. The PTs answered with small-caliber machine guns. Peashooters against cannon!

Driving directly into the beam of a searchlight, a PT boat commanded by Lieutenant (jg) Ed Wakelin of Holyoke, Massachusetts, let go with torpedoes at less than two thousand yards. Then, sighting a half dozen destroyers, Wakelin fired his remaining torpedo at one of them, while shells from the Jap ships dropped so close to his boat they splashed water down the open engine-room hatch.

PTs led by Lieutenant Commander F. T. Tappan of Los Angeles directed their torpedoes at a battleship, a heavy cruiser and two destroyers. Alfred A. Berube, ship's cook of one boat, watched the maneuvers and sighed: "It's just like something you see in the movies—PTs attacking a task force—but this is real!"

The night was black, but the PT boats got two hits, although they did not stop the Jap task force from proceeding in a double column into the narrow waters of Surigao Strait. These ships were making twenty knots when our destroyers on picket duty in the strait made contact with them. Now came the hardest part. Despite the temptation, destroyers held their fire. Rear Admiral Jesse B. Oldendorf was waiting at the other end of the strait with his battleships and cruisers, and he wanted the Japs to get deep into the trap.

The crews of Oldendorf's ships waiting in the darkness had been at their battle stations for hours and they were understandably trigger-happy, eager to open up on the Japs. Particularly tense were hundreds of men aboard five American battleships which had been sunk or damaged at Pearl Harbor three years ago.

Now raised, repaired and in better fighting condition than ever, these ships and crews were anxious for revenge. Oldendorf kept them at the ready, waiting for the crucial moment. Waiting, waiting . . .

As Oldendorf prepared, Admirals Halsey and Mitscher in Ring Two, up north, had made their decision—a hard decision, and probably the most important of the entire battle. They had decided to take the main strength of the Third Fleet north to meet the expected attack by the Jap carrier force coming from the Formosa area. They knew of the impending action in Surigao Strait and figured that Kinkaid's Seventh Fleet was capable of repelling it. Their last reports from the all-day action in Ring Two specified that the central Jap force had been badly crippled and had been seen at dusk retreating to the west across the Sibuyan Sea. Presumably this force was out of the picture and could not carry out its intended attacks on the Leyte landings.

Why not, then, concentrate striking power on the enemy carrier force to the north? Of course, this would leave the Leyte beachhead covered only by the little escort carriers in the Seventh Fleet. They would be helpless against a strong surface attack, but Halsey figured they were safe because the Japs had retreated in Ring Two. He ordered several of his carrier task groups to rendezvous and steam north. Other units, refueling far to the east, could be called upon in case of emergency.

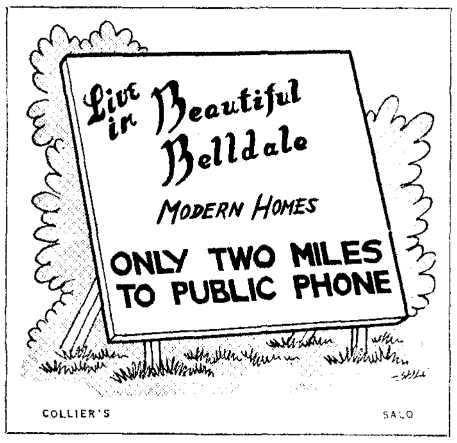
The decision was made—and it became the subject of hot controversy, but that was later, after we had narrowly escaped disaster.

Meanwhile, back at the northern end of Surigao Strait in Ring One, Admiral Oldendorf was ready to spring the trap. He lined up his battleships across the mouth of Leyte Gulf. They were steaming in column for a very good reason: Oldendorf hoped the approaching Jap ships would give him a chance to "cross the T," a maneuver every naval man dreams of executing some day. His battleship column would form the crossbar of the T, and its stem, he hoped, would be the twin columns formed by the enemy. In this classic position, Oldendorf's battlewagons could bring *all* their turrets to bear on the targets, while the Japs could use only their forward turrets, a deadly contrast in firepower.

The enemy ships blindly steamed into the trap. On either side of them, our cruisers and destroyers were lined up in the darkness ready to pounce as soon as our battleships opened up.

Admiral Oldendorf gave the order grimly: "Let 'em have it. Commence firing!"

The second installment of America's Greatest Naval Battle will appear in Collier's next week.



COLLIER'S

A Toast To Health

Eat wisely for radiant good health. Make sure your family's diet is properly balanced. Let each day's meals include the 7 basic food groups. Whole grain products. Leafy green or yellow vegetables. Meat or eggs. Oranges, tomatoes or cabbage. Other vegetables and fruits. Butter or margarine. Milk or milk products. Serve some of each, every day—and top it all off with cool, sparkling Canada Dry Ginger Ale! There's wonderful refreshment, delicious flavor in every taste-tingling sip—it's invigorating!

Just as soon as conditions permit, we hope to be able to fully meet the ever-increasing demand for Canada Dry Ginger Ale...and again make "The Champagne of Ginger Ales" available to you in the handy 5¢ individual bottle.

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Cracker-Barrel Railroaders

Continued from page 16

all-steel, modernized Maine Central train.

Inside its wooden coach, this gaiety reaches thumbed-nose proportions. The color scheme would shame the most modern of roads: its walls and ceilings are a yellowish cream, the seats a bright blue plush, and the brown-painted floor is spotlessly clean. In one corner sits an old-fashioned, egg-shaped coal stove, glorified by a coat of aluminum paint and trimmed in black.

It is at Burnham Junction that you first see Conductor Pat Shaw, a jovial, roly-poly man of fifty-odd years who obviously has been railroading all his life. He's the head man of the B. & M.L. passenger and freight crews. He also helps make the Belfast & Moosehead Lake different. He knows nearly all his passengers, tousles the heads of small boys, kids with regular customers. No woman gets on the train carrying her bags while Pat's around, and he is a sort of unofficial welcomer for Belfast to strangers.

On that cold 5:30 A.M. trip, he's apt to brew a pot of coffee on the coal stove and serve it. He will stop the train to let a mother and her kids off near their house and sometimes, in hunting season, he'll make a special stop to give hunters a lift or let them off at a point where he has seen deer.

Until recently Pat wore a freight brakeman's work cap on both his daily runs. Then a retiring Maine Central conductor gave him a regulation conductor's cap. The B. &. M.L. came through with a resplendent brass plate reading: "Conductor, Belfast & Moosehead Lake R.R." Today Pat is strictly "varnish" to his co-workers: he wears his brakeman's cap on the morning freight and his conductor's cap on the passenger train.

Life on the Belfast & Moosehead Lake, Pat says, is never dull because the "country's too wild for it." Once a moose got on the tracks ahead of the train and wouldn't get off. The engineer blew his whistle, made his engine snort and bellow white clouds of steam. All the moose did was break into a lope and run a couple of miles down the track just ahead of the engine. Finally he came to a clearing and stepped out of the way.

The toughest experience Pat remembers was the time seven freight cars were derailed on a bridge near Burnham Junction. Luckily, they all remained upright. Lacking the wrecking equipment the big railroads have, the Belfast & Moosehead Lake solved the problem with the same ingenuity that has made the road a paying proposition.

"What we did was simple," Pat says. "We simply jacked up one car at a time and laid track under it. When we got all the track laid, we put in a switch, and then just switched her back onto the regular track. It took us over twenty-four hours, though, and no one got any sleep."

That was a good many years ago and, with the exception of a wooden bridge washed out in the floods three years ago and since replaced by a steel one, there have been no other mishaps. In the seventy-five years of its existence, no B. & M.L. passenger has been injured.

This is as good a place as any to tell you about the Belfast & Moosehead Lake's track. It is gradually being replaced by heavier track, but most of it was laid three quarters of a century ago, and in those days they made the end of each rail fall exactly opposite the end of the parallel rail. In modern track-laying there is a never-never rule against this because a heavy train might spread the tracks, and rails are always laid so that the end of one falls in the middle of the opposite rail. The B. & M.L. has had no derailments due to its ancient track-laying. But each section of track is either higher or lower than the preceding section. Therefore, the train doesn't go "clickety-clip," but "clops" along with a bounce which, at high speeds, is akin to riding a bucking bronco.

The railroad started out from Belfast seventy-five years ago for Moosehead Lake, nearly a hundred miles inland, to get the inside track on that region's potato and lumber business. Although the city sank $850,000 into its construction, the road ran out of funds when it was still some seventy miles short of its goal. Finally, after considerable finagling, a junction was effected with the Maine Central at Burnham, and Belfast decided to let it go at that. Happily for Belfast, the Maine Central then leased the entire line for fifty years at an annual rental of $36,000, and supplied all the locomotives and rolling stock. So Belfast was in clover. The annual $36,000 was applied to taxes and eased the taxpayers' load slightly. In the years between 1871 and 1926, the city received close to $1,500,000.

A Threat to Local Ownership

The only real squabble came in 1915 when the fighting editor of the Waldo County Herald smelled out something that looked like a scheme among the directors to sell the road to the Maine Central. In a "no holds barred" editorial, he called for "immediate action to prevent another Opera House deal on a large scale. . . ." The move to sell the road was beaten off and the Opera House deal (whatever it was) has long been forgotten.

Then on July 1, 1925, the Maine Central gave Belfast six months notice that it was discontinuing service beginning Jan. 1, 1926. Because it had operated the line on a lease, there was no case for a protest to the state public service commission. The Maine Central was losing $40,000 a year operating the line and wasn't going to continue. For Belfast, it was either operate the road successfully or disappear. All that remained of the city's once prosperous shipping and shipbuilding industry were the beautiful old houses, with their cupolas giving a view of the harbor, which had been built by the schooner captains.

Things were pretty gloomy. The city was without any railroad equipment, not even a lantern. All it had was a corporation, the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad, thirty-three miles of track, and four stations. But the directors made up their minds that the railroad had to be operated—and successfully. The first thing done was to hire a man named H. P. Crowell, who is now an adviser to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation on railroads. Crowell, rising from a lowly station agent's job, had converted another nearly bankrupt short line, the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain, into a going concern. With Crowell as general superintendent, the directors borrowed $5,000 from a local wood-working manufacturer, Orlando Frost, and rented three old freight engines and passenger cars from the Maine Central. Pat Shaw, who happened to be in town to bid his mother goodby before setting off for South America, was hired as a conductor, and the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad was in business for itself.

At the end of the first month it was ahead $140, at the end of a year $1,450. The next year it lost $9,305. In 1928 it made $5,379. This nip-and-tuck period ended in 1929 as a result of a struggle to get the Maine Central to make some adjustment in divvying up freight rates. That year they made $24,063. Since then, excepting 1931, '33, '34, '36, it has more than made up for those losses.

Today the road is breaking all its financial success records. In 1943, freight, of which 47 per cent either originates or terminates in Belfast, brought in $79,000, passengers $10,000, mail $14,000, express $4,700, and milk $5,000. For the first eight months of 1944, freight revenues increased $8,002 over the same period in the previous year.

The battle was won with three freight engines, all over fifty years old. Their parts have been replaced so frequently that in the roundhouse the road is called "The Broken and Mended." Then there are two mail cars, two flatcars, a caboose and a snowplow. Last but most spectacular is "Motor 90," a secondhand car equipped with flanged wheels. Its name stems from the fact that it cost $90. It was purchased and named after the victory had been won.

All the B. &. M.L.'s directors—local businessmen elected by the city council directors—serve without being paid, unless you could call $100 a year for the treasurer and $25 a year for the secretary pay. They serve out of public spirit, knowing that without the B. & M.L., Waldo County's lumber industry, fish canneries and potato farms would dwindle and possibly die.

Their last big argument was over whether they should convert the rear end of one of the old coaches into something like a club car as a special treat for Belfast's summer visitors. The convertees won, and today one of the coaches has six upholstered maple easy chairs in a rear compartment. The renovation cost almost as much as the original coach, but it is one of the sights of Belfast. And, after all, a railroad has got to keep pace with modern design.

THE END

The Cause of China's Tragedy

Continued from page 19

one day, misery will shatter the dam of fear. If at that time it acquires a tough, competent, farseeing leadership, armed with catchy slogans, it will form one of the most destructive social tidal waves in China's history.

From rural distress, turn to the field of foreign affairs. American observers charge in unison that the Chinese government has gradually estranged its three great allies. Some of Chungking's actions and statements stem from a healthy nationalism. But most can probably be traced to the strong antiforeign feeling shrouding official Chungking.

Typical of this spirit were the secret regulations issued last year by the National Military Council in Chungking. Intended to govern the contacts of Chinese with foreigners, the regulations said: "People in charge of guiding foreign visitors must prevent them, as much as possible, from meeting and talking with foreigners already residing at those points."

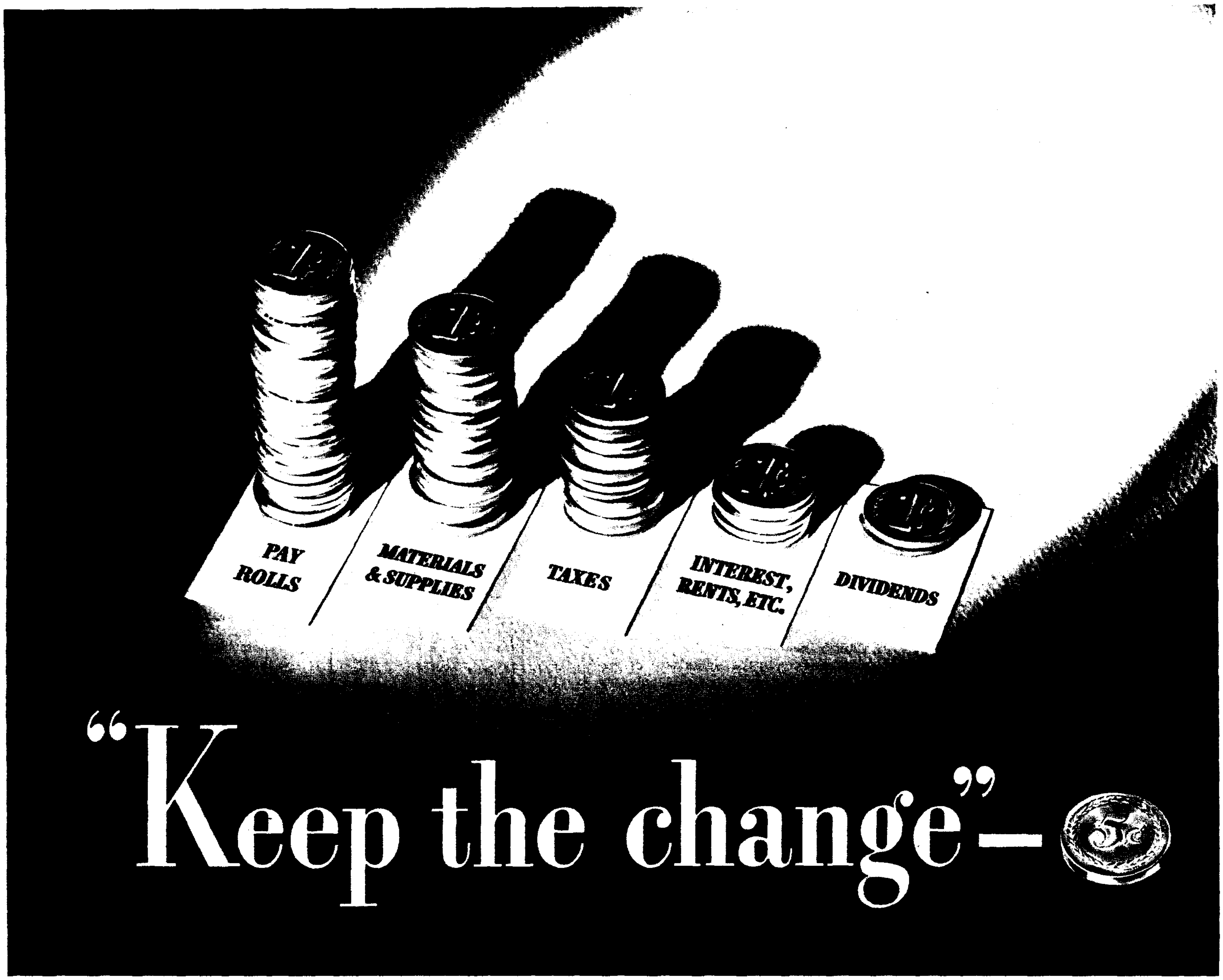
With a fine sense of what constituted news, a Chengtu daily printed the item, after clearing it with an unwary censor. General Chang Chun, governor of Szechwan and Chiang Kai-shek's intimate, at once angrily ordered a court-martial. The censor received five years' imprisonment. The guilty editor and reporter were ordered fired and blacklisted, so that they could work on no other newspaper in China.

Persistently, Britain has been accused by the Chinese of not fighting the war, of hindering China's war-making, of holding that which should be China's—including portions of Burma. Even more open and vigorous have been the attacks on Russia. It took the combined influence of Henry Wallace and Donald Nelson to convince Chungking that the United States will neither fight Russia nor back the Kuomintang in a civil war on the Chinese Reds.

American pressure has curbed the anti-Russian campaign. It has also led to the removal of the trouble-making, anti-Soviet governor of Chinese Turkestan. But it has not prevented the government-controlled press from perceptibly, if shrewdly, playing down news of Russian victories.

But even the United States, China's warmest and most disinterested friend, has not escaped without bruises. These have been caused by selfish haggling in Chungking, by official corruption, by endless obstructions. The withdrawal of General Stilwell and Ambassador Clarence Gauss was, in a way, a measure of the deep and bitter frustration felt by the Americans working in and for China. No Americans have tasted more of bitterness than the officers and men desperately trying to whip the Chinese military effort into shape.

One of China's major contributions to the



{ *A simplified Annual Report of the American Railroads in their third year at war* }

IN 1944, the railroads rendered to the American public the greatest volume of service ever performed by any agency of transportation.

For doing this job, they received about 9½ billion dollars. That's a lot of money — but most of it was earned by hauling tremendous tonnages of freight for less than one cent per ton per mile and carrying passengers for even less than before the first World War.

Out of every dollar the railroads received—

38¢ was paid out in pay rolls.

29¢ was paid for materials and supplies of all sorts and other operating expenses.

19¢ was paid in taxes — federal, state and local.

7¢ was paid in interest, rents and other charges — a great share of which went to insurance companies, savings banks, endowed institutions.

2¢ was paid in dividends to stockholders.

5¢ was left over in "change" to cover all such things as restoring roadways and equipment after the war, paying off debts, and providing reserves for the improvement of plant and the modernization of service necessary to keep pace with American progress.

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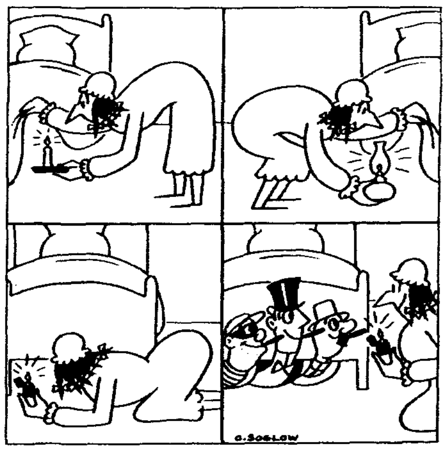

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I don't like to talk about worms, Boss. But I thought you ought to know. Worms are *bad*—they sap a dog's strength, leave him too weak to fight serious illness.

Clean out those thieves, Boss, with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules (Puppy Capsules for young dogs). They're easy to take, and how they work! In no time at all, I'll be my old self again.

After worming, I'll need Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) to help me get back in shape.

Get both at drug or pet store and keep them on hand. Get Sergeant's Dog Book, too—free at stores or with this coupon.

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Thanks, Boss, you're a great guy—*Snuffy*

Allied war effort has been to allow the Americans to build and use air bases. But Chungking took no steps to protect the Americans from vicious and wholesale profiteering. This is a typical instance:

A Chinese concern which undertook to build an air base in south China sublet the contract. The subcontractor in turn sublet it. By the time the contract had filtered down to the fourth subcontractor, the margin of legitimate profit had been almost eliminated. The subcontractor solved the problem simply by cutting the pay of the thousands of men, women and children corralled to build the base, explaining to them the Americans did not want to pay more. Naturally, American prestige in this area sank to an all-time low.

As it earlier failed to make effective use of Russian equipment, the Chinese command now misused such American equipment as they received. This was partly the fault of the poor training of the soldiers and partly the ineptness of generals. But also heavily involved in it was Chungking's anxiety to arm itself for the expected domestic disputes.

Equipment flown into China at such fantastic cost has often been hoarded by the Chinese far behind the front. Authenticated instances, now in the possession of the editors of Collier's, cannot be published only because they would give valuable information to the enemy.

Competent Americans further report instances of China's refusal to permit U.S. forces to use American matériel, consigned to China but deteriorating in India for lack of transportation.

In China's own war effort, the picture has been even darker. In the eighth year of the war, China still has no service of supply, no truly unified command, no modern system of training reserves, no adequate medical corps. An utterly corrupt conscription system fills the army with the least fit, for the ablest and the strongest can either buy their way out or desert. Throughout China, exemption has a market quotation, ranging from $4,000 to $50,000, Chinese—perhaps $7 to $80 in American money. Once the recruits are in the army, they are starved and maltreated to a degree unimaginable anywhere else in the world. One observer in China estimates that only one recruit in twenty reaches the front.

In the wave of reform which followed General Stilwell's recall, the Chinese set up a Ministry of Conscription and promised other changes, long urged by "Vinegar Joe." The most important of these was the reduction of the armies to a size which could be commanded, trained, equipped and fed adequately.

These reforms would do much good, but the Americans in China are not too sanguine. The universal draft requires a degree of central control and efficiency which Chungking does not possess. Too, armies in China are political instruments, and the semi-independent war lords will fiercely oppose any attempt to reduce their forces.

An Impenetrable Economic Web

But it is in the field of economics that things are blackest. Even before the soldiers go into battle, their striking power is sapped by inflation, by hoarding and unbridled speculation, by an antiquated and rapacious tax system, by crippled transportation and unashamed trading with the enemy. Most of these problems are interlocked. They must not be tackled halfheartedly or piecemeal. Yet one of the chief criticisms against Chungking is that it has done precisely that.

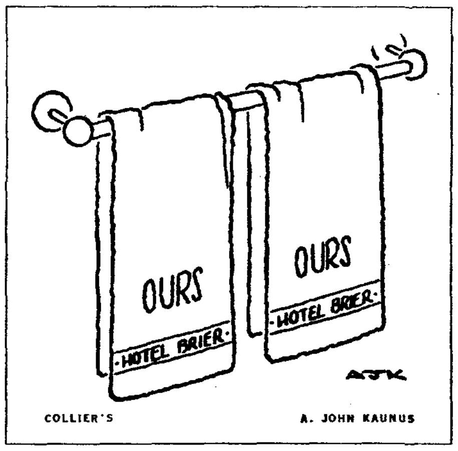
Take inflation: Last month the prices were 450 times those of 1936. The exchange value of one American dollar had gone up from $3.50 to $600, and may yet climb to $800. Knowing that the Chinese dollar is barely worth the American paper on which it is printed, the speculators refuse to hold on to it. Industrial investment is not sufficiently attractive. Therefore, the speculators turn to greener pastures.

In huge chunks, land is falling into the hands of city speculators. In China this development is political dynamite, compared to which our own "Okie" problem is a penny firecracker. Speculators who do not buy land hoard raw materials. Meanwhile, the industries languish for lack of capital. (Chiang Kai-shek, it is said, looked startled when Donald Nelson told him China's industrial plant was running at only 30 per cent to 70 per cent of its meager capacity.)

Chungking's ventures into wartime controls have thus far been ill-advised and poorly executed. Typical, perhaps, has been Chungking's attempt to control the price of salt in Fukien. So high was the price set in this rich salt-producing area that the man in the street could not afford it. Now salt is bootlegged on such a scale that special troops have to be posted to compel the salt makers to turn their product over to the government at the prescribed prices—and to keep a nightly vigil for thieves.

Case of Haves and Have-Nots

Rationing, when it had been tried, proved inefficient. That has also been true of the mobilization of resources—though Mr. Nelson may now have better luck with it. Almost nothing has been done to control the manufacture of and trade in luxury goods. No effective effort has been made to reduce the budgetary deficit or to boost revenues by taxing excess profits. China's poor are starving; China's rich are obscenely rich. (Typical is the case of a speculator who ordered a piano smuggled from Canton, across two battle lines—and got it.)



China's tax machinery has bogged down in corruption and inefficiency. An American expert estimates that possibly only a third of the revenues collected reaches the government. Yet the number and variety of taxes defy imagination. Taxes have been imposed on funerals, on weddings and on family-raising, on prostitution, gambling and monasteries, on religious feasts and pig slaughter, on the remarriage of widows and the sale of dried mushrooms.

In a town in southeast China an American, hungry for beef, discovered there was none on the market because of a prohibitive tax imposed on freshly quartered meat by the local branch of the Kuomintang. The official explanation for the tax: "To prevent tainted beef from reaching the customer."

In a Fukien hamlet, another American met a soldier loudly proclaiming a "new government tax on freshly cut lumber." In sight of the American, the soldier collected the "tax" on two loads of timber from protesting owners. The American is still uncertain whether the "tax" went to the ingenious soldier himself, or to his officer.

Not all the blame rests on Chungking's shoulders. The most vicious imposts are decreed by the local war lords and officials, but Chungking's taxes, too, are high and tragically inequitable. Together with prohibitive taxes marches usury. A Chungking bank solicits idle funds, repaying the investors 30 per cent *a month*. In southeast China, peanut-oil traders, needing cash at peanut harvest time, pay $1.60 for a dollar borrowed two months previously. A dollar trebling itself within a year excites no comment.

But the most malodorous scandal of wartime China concerns her trading with the enemy. This trade, computed in billions of Chinese dollars, flows freely across the front lines. It benefits the Japanese, causes famine in key areas, saps Free China's industrial strength, demoralizes her armies. It is open knowledge that many Chinese semiofficial organs, a flock of Chungking dignitaries and numerous generals are involved in the traffic.

Chungking informally divides the trade with the enemy into "legitimate" and "illegitimate." The former includes the imports of essential items: Nippon-made cloth, thread, medicines. Some of these imports are handled by huge semiofficial trading and shipping firms, and by smaller merchants asked to do so by the government.

"Legitimate" imports go through Chinese customs stations and pay duty to China. Frequently, the "legitimate" importers are organized in smugglers' guilds and they do not hesitate to bring their grievances to official attention.

Most of the imports, however, filter through the Chinese lines. This, of necessity, required the connivance of the military, from the lowly *lao ping*—China's G.I. Joe—to his general. Each collects his cut, each in the process violates army regulations.

The poison of mercantilism spreads wide and deep. It creates groups interested in "normalcy" at the front. A high Allied officer told me of a talk he had with the governor of a province in which he intended to set up a base.

The governor protested sharply: "No, I cannot allow you to do it. Now everything is peaceful, the people are working, and what we lack we can buy from the Japanese dwarfs. If you set up your base here, the first thing you know, the Japanese airplanes will come and bomb us to bits."

A good case, certainly, could be built for the "legitimate" smuggling—*if* it could be funneled through a few rigidly controlled points; *if* it included only the items which Free China really needs; *if* nothing important were given to the enemy in return. But unfortunately an alarming ratio of the smuggled goods includes luxury items: lipsticks and cigarettes, talcum powder and table delicacies, gadgets for the home and exquisite silks.

In return, China pays Japan with things she cannot afford to give up: rice, tin and wolfram, cotton and tung oil, timber, paper, and alum, tobacco and wheat, quicksilver and copper. (A single port in Indo-China handles 100 tons of Chinese copper a month. Raw cotton exported to Japanese-held China is spun into cloth and thread by Japanese mills, and then smuggled back into Free China, with the enemy collecting on both transactions. In some areas in southern China, tobacco and opium are being grown specially for export into the Japanese-held territory.)

Starving—to Feed the Enemy

Even worse is the traffic in rice. Free China goes hungry while rice by the thousands of tons flows into Japanese hands. The trade flourishes wherever rice is grown, and it fills the enemy bins in Hankow, Shanghai and Canton. This rice is not surplus. Every grain of it is needed to feed Free China. Yet little is done to check the traffic, and great fortunes are piled up by the traders.

The result is inevitable. Famine stalks vast areas, people eat clay and grass, and die, and *those who survive would be better off dead.* In such areas, rice is sold by the grain: 250 grains for $1, Chinese. In other areas, men unable to feed their families sell them into slavery by the catty (1¾ pounds): $8, Chinese (the price of a Coke in your corner drugstore) a catty for boys, $6 a catty for girls, $4 a catty for infants. Pork is quoted at $14 a catty. Recent reports show women and children are being shipped inland from the coast for sale.

Last summer an American observer estimated that a third of Kwangtung's 36,000,000 population were facing famine. Later, a missionary who had traveled across south China predicted widespread hunger this winter. He listed three main causes: drought, destruction by the Japanese, sale of rice to the enemy.

The richest rice-producing areas fell to Japan last summer. The Japanese, no doubt, will continue to tempt traders to smuggle what little rice there is out of shrunken Free China. Does the Central Government, as constituted at the time this article is written, hold out any promise of military, political and economic reform?

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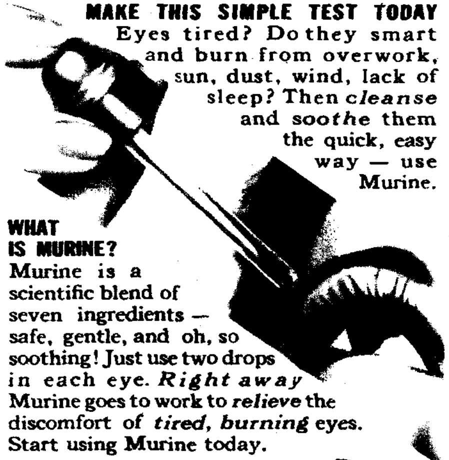

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This must be explained at the outset: The Central Government is not a democratic government, nor does it claim to be one. All its important posts are held by members of a single party, the Kuomintang; it declines to introduce wide democratic reforms until a year after the war.

This monopoly of political power is one of the main complaints hurled at Chungking. The critics point out that the 2,000,000 members of the Kuomintang hold almost every key political job in Free China. They point out that all officials—and professors—are required to take Kuomintang political training and obey the party leaders. They complain that the Kuomintang has developed an omnipotent secret service and filled huge concentration camps with political suspects.

This indictment is severe. Almost all of it is true. But it errs in blanketing the entire Kuomintang. Actually the Kuomintang is united no more than our political parties. It has its own progressives and reactionaries, its willful men and reformers, its bosses and cliques.

Democrats Without a Party

It has, for instance, Sun Fo, the chubby, 53-year-old son of China's revolutionary saint, Sun Yat-sen. Sun Fo shows a strong concern for the common man, an outspoken interest in social reform, a firm belief in the world's oneness. However, he has no effective backing. No more has the Kuomintang's T. V. Soong, who last month was appointed Acting Premier (he is also Foreign Minister). A brother of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, he is as Western, up-to-date and honest as any banker in a fair-sized Middle Western town.

The Kuomintang has such men as the French-trained geologist Wong Wen-hao (now helping Donald Nelson to set up a Chinese War Production Board), and the able and moderate lawyer Wang Shih-chieh, educated in London and Paris. Both Wong and Wang hold cabinet jobs, both are friends of the United States, both are progressive.

But the Kuomintang also has its vast and dark region of obdurate reaction. It is in this area that one finds the enemies of reform, the foes of China's Communists.

Here stands the 56-year-old General Ho Ying-chin, a foe of Stilwell, a confidant of Chiang Kai-shek and for fourteen years the Minister of War. Until he was ousted a few weeks ago, Americans in Chungking regarded him as the chief obstacle to army reorganization. Here, too, is Major General Tai Li, the sharp-faced, sharp-witted ruthless chief of the secret service whose 40,000 agents do a thorough job of hunting down liberals, Reds and dissidents.

Here, finally, are the famous two Chen brothers—the tough and able masterminds of reaction in Chungking. Close friends of Chiang Kai-shek for two decades, the Chens wield their great power through the Kuomintang party machinery, whose every function—from patronage to the secret service—they control. They are the party bosses to whom democratic reform is anathema, the men whose ideal is the paternalistic, disciplined rural China of Confucian days.

Atop the Kuomintang, with its turbulence, and intrigue, its secret services and its voices desperately crying for reform, sits the most important and the most enigmatic figure of all—Chiang Kai-shek.

Now fifty-seven, Chiang has grown weary. National and domestic difficulties weigh heavily on him. He flies into rages. He canes a soldier who has roped three recruits; he beats officers who have maltreated their men; he hurls teacups at brother-in-law T. V. Soong in an angry argument.

His mind is still razor-keen, and his political hand agile, but he has found the crisis engulfing China a heavy strain on his resources. He has sought escape by trying to put himself above the indecent scramble for power, but even that has been difficult.

Constantly under pressure endured by no other Allied leader, he has made errors of judgment. Possibly one of them was the famous tea party he gave in Chungking some months ago to a group of government leaders and a handful of foreigners.

After the refreshments had been served, Chiang rose. He and Madame Chiang, he said, had been aware of malicious rumors regarding his family life and his neglect of official duties. Specifically he denied the report that he had taken a 16-year-old concubine.

He admitted that he had been spending little time at his office. This, he explained, was caused by the acute pain in his back, injured in 1936 in an attempt to escape his kidnapers in Sian. He had been unable to sit still for more than a couple of hours, but he continued to maintain a strenuous working schedule.

He was, Chiang said, a good Christian, a loyal husband, and a faithful servant of his country. The few correspondents present were forbidden to report the incident, but the stunned and embarrassed listeners did not keep their secret well. Madame Chiang soon left for Brazil and New York, where last month she was still receiving medical attention.

Chiang has been adamantly anti-Communist. As late as last August, when the Japanese were already deep in south China, he continued to focus his attention on the Communist problem. He blamed the Communists for the reports of internal unrest and accused American military personnel of encouraging Communist intransigence.

He rejected Ambassador Gauss' shrewd suggestion for a limited war council, embracing representatives of other parties. Gauss argued that a share in responsibility would sober up the critics of the government.

Until the overpowering demands of China's crisis forced a reluctant change, Chiang held fast to his old conception of China as a big, happy family, adhering to the old virtues and philosophy, being ruled by one party, and paying fealty to the family's head. This picture of political bliss was suggested in a book, China's Destiny, published under Chiang's name in 1943, which demonstrated a definite antiforeign, antidemocratic, anti-Allied tone. Despite a ban on exportation, some copies have been smuggled out to the U. S.

But whatever Chiang's views, he still remains the only man around whom the nation's war effort can be centered. More than ever he is the symbol of China's resistance and courage, for whom neither the Communists nor any other faction can offer a substitute. With all his limitations, he is still a great leader.

Our Bargain with Chiang

Chiang's government, to survive, must depend heavily on American aid. In September, Donald Nelson told Chiang that such aid would be given and that the American government was anxious to see China emerge as Asia's dominant power—headed by Chiang. But he also made it plain that no assistance could be granted unless Chiang embarked on extensive house cleaning and political reform.

In the end, Chiang accepted the proposals of Nelson and General Patrick Hurley, but he traded his consent for the recall of forthright and unbending Vinegar Joe Stilwell. Out with Stilwell went Gauss, who had taken so much undeserved abuse from the ill-informed ever since he moved into the Chungking embassy.

After the departure of Stilwell and Gauss, Chungking announced many reforms. Some were puny, some important, such as General Chen Cheng's appointment as War Minister. Chen has worked closely with Stilwell, and has been China's leading advocate of army reorganization.

But more important than any appointments were the moves toward a compromise with the Communists, the use of the blockade garrisons to fight Japan, and the slow, halting steps toward industrial reorganization.

It would be idle to say now that the steps taken thus far assure a revitalized, united China. The men who have fought democratic reform so bitterly for so long are still in control of the government and the party. The army command has not been unified, and the foes of army reorganization still wield great power. The only hope is that Chiang Kai-shek will realize the gravity of the crisis, the desperate need for drastic action. The hour of decision is here.

THE END

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Name..Age.......
Home Address..
City..............................State..............
Present Position..............Working Hours..........A.M. to.......P.M.

There hardly breathes a man with soul so dead, who hasn't to himself said: "When am I gonna see Jane Russell in a movie? Is Hollywood crazy or somethin'?" The answers, respectively, are "Soon" and "No"

IF THEY will have a little patience, the world's quarter of a billion movie fans soon will have a chance to see the world's most publicized movie star actually moving and talking in a photoplay. This delight has hitherto been denied to everyone except about fifty thousand San Franciscans, for whom the lady's charms and dramatic attainments were displayed, briefly, in 1943.

Queen of the motionless pictures is Miss Jane Russell, a quiet, kindly, dark-haired girl from the San Fernando Valley. For the past few years, pictures of Miss Russell flooded the known world and were printed in almost every newspaper and magazine between Stockholm and Shanghai. Miles of explanations of her success—most of them unnecessary—were published. All this was at the instigation of a man named Howard Hughes, a millionaire impresario.

Mr. Hughes had bought a story called The Outlaw, a somewhat misty-eyed rendition of the life and times of William Bonney, a repugnant character prominent in early Western cattle wars and known colloquially as Billy the Kid. Miss Russell played in this epic as Mr. Bonney's sweetheart and managed to do it without losing any of her sweet, girlish charm.

After the picture was made, floods of still photographs flowed out of Hollywood aboard every train, plane, bus and steamship. They are, incidentally, still flowing out to foxholes every place. But hardly a soldier ever has seen Miss Russell in motion—not that any soldier considers this as a life-blighting misfortune.

Then it was announced that San Francisco had been chosen for the world *première* of The Outlaw, an honor the Bay City took with its usual modest demeanor. Billboards portraying Miss Russell in her role—and not much else—were displayed for miles around the Golden Gate, many of them within eyeshot of commuters' trains and ferries.

The billboards depicted Miss Russell at bay, with a rather tigerish expression and holding a gun. For some reason the pictures on many of the boards were reversed, so that on Market Street, Jane was a right-hander, and on Potrero Avenue she was a southpaw. However, only a few people ever noticed the gun at all, and no permanent harm was done. A few days later it was announced, with a straight face, that

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

the cops had been shocked and brought to blush.

The notion that a San Francisco cop could be astounded by a billboard was so fantastic that no one gave it a second thought. The picture was shown for several days to students of early Western lore and others of lighter mentality. It was adjudged pretty bad and soon disappeared from public ken. It never was shown anywhere else, and where it is today few people know and millions don't care.

Jane Russell was still under contract, at a small salary, to Mr. Hughes, and for some reason he refused to release her, lend her to other movie concerns, make another picture or do very much of anything. She became just a poor little poor girl, owning the biggest publicity build-up ever known and unable to cash in on it.

It was a situation to drive anyone to nail-biting and preliminary nonoccupational neurosis—and any other girl would have had her nails gnawed down to the elbows before the break came.

After The Outlaw was shelved, Miss Russell simply went back to school to learn some more about acting, speaking, singing and other attainments often useful in the great world of the cinema. Being an even-tempered girl, she did little worrying.

The low-downers had fearsome tales to tell. Jane, they said, had become a nervous wreck. She was drinking herself to death. She was vowing vengeance on "them," and a lot more besides.

She laughs at all this. "I'm calm to the point of laziness," she says. "And if anything does get irritating enough to rile me, there's always Mother. Mother is calm to the point of complete world detachment. Her favorite advice is 'Relax!' If she was caught in a combined earthquake, typhoon and bombing, it probably wouldn't ruffle her."

The Words That Make a Glow

After Miss Russell had practiced being glacially calm about everything for months and months, Mr. Hughes was persuaded to come down out of the clouds long enough to lend her to Hunt Stromberg, an independent producer who is now filming her as the star of Young Widow. This film, Mr. Stromberg says, will positively be shown at theaters all over the world. When he says this in Miss Russell's hearing, she feels a glow that lasts her the whole day.

Aware of this reaction, Mr. Stromberg frequently steals up behind Miss Russell and says, "You will be shown on screens all over the world." Miss Russell is beginning to believe it, too.

She was born in Bemidji, Minnesota, her mother winning a stork race from Edmonton, Canada, in order to have her child under the Stars and Stripes. Her mother was Geraldine Jacobi Russell, a Broadway actress, who named her child for Jane Cowl. The family soon moved down to Burbank, California, where four brothers were born. The home became a sort of dramatic unit, with a family orchestra that was famous up and down the San Fernando Valley.

Jane started on the stage of the Joaquin Miller High School in Burbank in a Gilbert & Sullivan musical. She learned more dramatics from Maria Ouspenskaya's and Max Reinhardt's schools, but her father's death turned her toward making a living as a model and later as a receptionist.

She is married to Bob Waterfield, a high-school sweetheart, who is back at his studies at the University of California at Los Angeles, but who hopes to become a football coach. He has a medical discharge from the Army. Her home life often develops into an evening of football talk between Bob and other pigskin fanatics, and when this begins to seem a bit dreary, she goes away and listens to symphony records, with a glass of red wine, a chunk of crusty bread and some Monterey Jack cheese. That's her idea of swell food.

Miss Russell got into the movies because of a still picture made for advertising purposes. It was hanging on the wall of an advertising agency. An agent saw it, lifted it and took it, frame and all, to Howard Hughes. Hughes thought the girl might have possibilities and tried to find her. She was finally located as a receptionist in a doctor's office with, it was reported, highly therapeutic effects on the patients.

There followed The Outlaw episode, with its anticlimax, leaving Miss Russell as queen of the motionless pictures and nothing much else.

Then, as if she didn't have troubles enough, Miss Russell discovered last summer that she had become a myth or legend. Being a legend is all right if you are Lionel Barrymore or Theda Bara or Alla Nazimova, but it doesn't do you any good if you are barely out of bobby-sox.

Anyway, Miss Russell and her cousin were living in Columbus, Georgia, being Army wives and minding their own business, when the cousin began coming home with strange tales. It seems she resembled Miss Russell, and this often turned the conversation at Army parties to Miss Russell herself. Everybody, it seemed, knew the low-down on Jane and confided it to her cousin, who used to come home and say things like: "D'you know you have seven children and have been divorced three times?" or "Why didn't you tell me that you once ran away from a school in Sapulpa, Oklahoma, after setting fire to it?"

This sort of thing got monotonous after a while, although there was always a sort of morbid curiosity about what "people who knew the low-down about Jane Russell" would say next.

As a matter of fact, she was quite happy with Bob, had no children, had never burned down any schools or even been present at a Hollywood brawl—being one of the four stars still holding this distinction.

She loves sport clothes, but almost got conditioned against them because cameramen were always demanding she wear them for pictures.

"When they said 'sport clothes' they meant a bathing suit and not much of that," says Jane, "and I'd just as soon never see another bathing-suit picture of myself."

She finds it hard to dress to suit people. "I go down to the university to meet Bob," she explains, "and if I wear college things, people say I'm out of character, and if I dress up, I'm a snob and think I'm better than other people. . . . Well, thank heaven, I'm too lazy to get mad."

Despite all her hard luck, a recent survey showed that Miss Russell has "the best-known feminine face in America;" that she has occupied more space in American publications than any other woman; and that her biography has been published twice as often as that of the next Hollywood star.

If the little girl could accomplish all that without moving a muscle or speaking a word, something ought to pop when she becomes a movie instead of a myth. It took her a couple of years just to achieve mythdom.

Bob often works as a stunt man in pictures. She went out with him recently to one lot where he was supposed to start work at seven and be through by eight. She just sat around, unnoticed, and time went by. It came near midnight, and an assistant director noticed her and sympathized.

"It often takes a long, long time to get anything done in the movies," he explained.

"You're telling me!" commented Miss Russell.

THE END

Answers to "Archies" and "Cracies" (Page 58)

1. The priests
2. Uncontrolled authority
3. The few
4. The officials
5. The mother
6. The people
7. Nobody
8. Advocates of bondage
9. A sovereign
10. A privileged class
11. The many
12. Military despotism
13. The father
14. The experts
15. The rich
16. God
17. A woman
18. The mob
19. Two leaders
20. The workers

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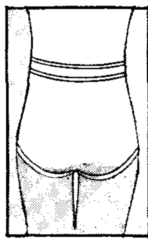

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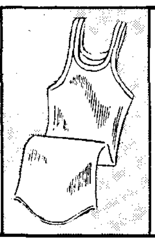

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LEPAGE'S PAPERHANGER'S PASTE

LEPAGE'S GLUE

LEPAGE'S PAPERHANGER'S WALL SIZE

Safety in Danger

Continued from page 23

Unless the powder meets these and other exacting standards, shells might fall short or overshoot their marks. That's why each batch is tailor-made, from the tiny grains smaller than a pencil point to chunky cylinders bigger than a man's thumb.

The powder line starts in a frame warehouse near a railroad siding where bales of cotton linters are stacked to the ceiling. Workmen weigh it into chrome-iron pots and drench it with a brew of nitric and sulphuric acids. The result: nitrocotton.

Since concentrated acid goes through non-woolen clothing like a hot coal through butter—and through the skin about as easily—workmen protect themselves from splashes with masks, goggles, bibs, and woolen underwear. Two steps from every machine is a pull chain which even a blinded workman can grope for. When you take a shower in a nitrating house you don't wait for Saturday night—and you don't bother to undress.

Still looking like harmless fluffy stuff from your medicine cabinet, the nitrocotton is now ready for further treatment. It is whirled, "drowned," washed, and "poached" to remove the last trace of acid.

Everywhere neat blue-uniformed women with brooms and dustpans are sweeping, mopping, scrubbing. You learn that housekeeping is the most important single job in a powder plant; it prevents splatterings of explosive materials from accumulating.

"If we let 'slurry' dry out on the floor," a house foreman told me, "it could carry fire at lightning speed through the whole building. *Zzzzt!* Like a firecracker fuse, only faster. How fast? A good deal faster than a man can run."

In the dehydrating building are hydraulic presses capable of a 3,500-pounds-per-square-inch squeeze. Raw nitrocotton and 190-proof alcohol go into them. The product is a cylindrical cheeselike block of sudden destruction.

Press operators, like other workers in other parts of the plant, do their jobs by remote control. Gauges are read and valves adjusted behind a reinforced barrier. The machines can be seen only by reflection in a mirror. A bell rings and a red light flashes while the press is operating and a sign warns: "Do Not Pass This Building When the Light is On."

Press shots are one of the most feared powder accidents. Although the quantities are kept to a minimum—sixty pounds in each batch—it is still enough to heave a battleship six inches out of water. When such an explosion is confined in an unyielding steel chamber the result is best left to imagination.

The "dehy" bays have flyweight roofs but heavy concrete side walls designed to resist the force of a blast. To the rear is a plywood "punch panel" intended to blow out under pressure. Not only does this deliberately flimsy wall save the building but the blast is deflected in a direction in which there is nothing in its path for a set distance.

No Concentration of Workers

A powder plant looks like no other kind of factory. Instead of concentrating operations, as most plants attempt to do, the aim is dispersion. This lessens risk to workers and confines damage to the fewest units possible. Occupant limits printed in bold letters are posted everywhere. Such a sign will read, *"Operators—4. Transients—1. Maximum pounds powder—1,500."* When I entered a nitroglycerin shed which already contained its permitted number, a workman left his machine and stepped outside. The most dangerous areas of the plant are virtually deserted all of the time. A single operator tends three or four huge barricaded buildings and no more workers are permitted.

An employee's attitude toward explosives changes after the first few weeks. Preconceived notions of danger built upon superstition and exaggeration disappear with familiarity. Respect for the product replaces fear, and it is kept alive by repeated safety lectures and warnings.

Almost always a violation of the safety rules is committed to accomplish more work. Employees feel they can establish a short cut—something that would be commendable in almost any other industry. Every innovation is carefully scrutinized by the management to make sure no hazard is involved.

Exhaust pipes suck out mix-house fumes 24 hours of the day, yet there is a marked smell of the ether which is used as a solvent. Workers sit unconcernedly munching sandwiches while the visitor reels. Such tolerance is developed that when one man went to the hospital for an operation the doctors had to give him spinal anesthesia after trying for an hour to knock him out with ether.

For the safety of the men on upper floors most powder-plant buildings are equipped with galvanized iron chute-the-chutes, deeper and steeper than the playground variety. It is the boast of every Radford house foreman that he can clear his building in six seconds or less. The men go off shift via the chutes to keep in practice. They hit the trough feet first, and when they get to the sand pit at the bottom, they keep on running.

Freshly made powder contains alcohol and ether, which must be removed before the powder assumes proper firing characteristics. A two-weeks hot-water bath is a part of the "drying" process. Then warm inert gas is blown gently over the powder to evaporate the water. The final product is coated and glazed, blended and packed, and stored in buried magazines called "igloos." It is now ready to send a rifle bullet whistling toward its mark or a salvo of one-ton shells screaming over the horizon.

The solvent-recovery area where tons of powder are processed at one time is the plant's biggest danger spot. Buildings are barricaded on four sides with only access portals to permit the flow of materials. Heavy timbers enclosing a screened-earth fill form a solid wall twelve feet thick to absorb the shock of any possible explosion. The combination of wood and earth has a tendency to absorb energy through disintegration, thus confining the force of the blast to the limits of the structure. In disintegrating, the wood does not become a missile and for that reason it is better than either masonry or steel.

Heating arrangements in a powder plant are enough to make a fuel-conservation expert tear his hair. There is no provision for return circulation of air which would permit an accumulation of powder dust. In sheds where dry powder is processed there is no heat at all. Workers dress as if on an outdoor job. Between batches of powder in winter they retire to warming rooms to thaw out.

Flashproof uniforms are only one of several safety garments designed for explosives workers. Nailless shoes with conductive rubber soles carry off the body's charge of static electricity. Even the manner of lacing them is prescribed. The buttons on overalls are of wood instead of metal. Though there are no cuffs or heavy seams in which powder might lodge, uniforms are laundered every three days and those worn by TNT workers every shift. Even the sludge from the laundry settling tanks is trundled to the burning ground and destroyed.

Explosives safety progress has always been dearly bought. "Blue lips"—a form of anemia—was once considered an unavoidable occupational disease of powder workers. Physicians traced the trouble to fragrant, spicy-smelling DNT, near cousin to TNT, used as a powder-coating agent. Warned of its toxic properties, the men who handle it wear respirators and put on freshly laundered overalls, socks, cap and underwear every time they report to work, and take as many as four shower baths daily, using soap which produces a brilliant stain so long as DNT is present.

Powder blasts are so violent that they destroy all evidence of what caused them. In the Kenvil, N. J., explosion in 1940, entire buildings vanished *without a trace.* Heavy equipment was made unrecognizable. One theory is that 16,000 pounds of green powder blew up in a solvent recovery building and set off an additional 50,000 pounds in other buildings. The blasts followed one another so quickly that there was one continuous mounting explosion which lasted thirty seconds or more.

New Basis for Safety Rules

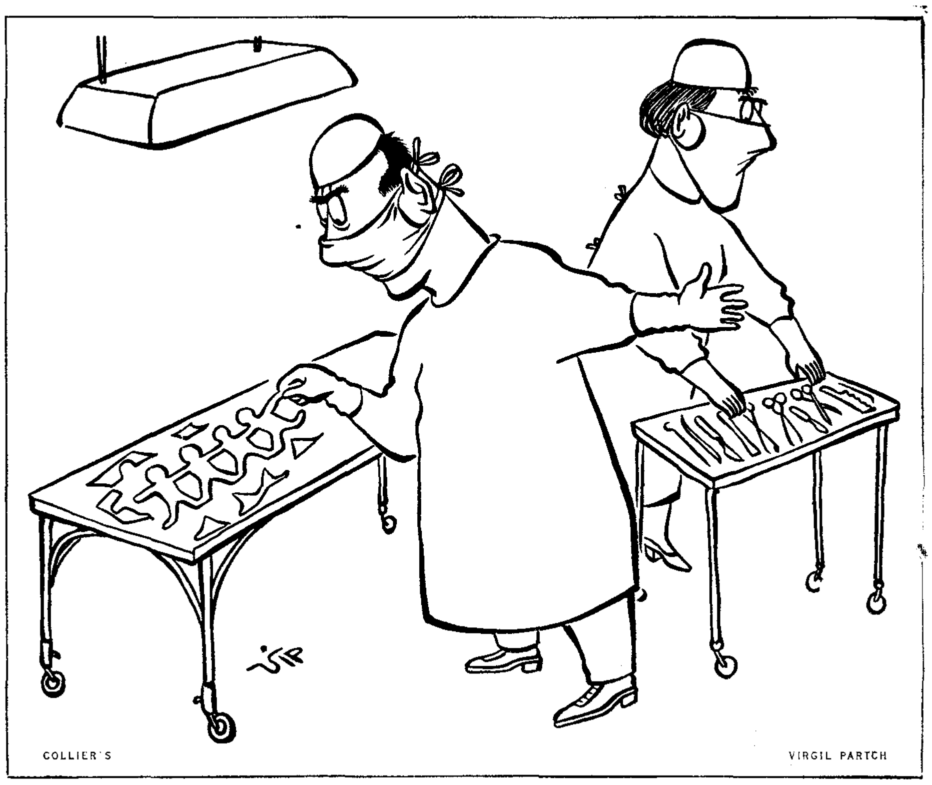
Kenvil's two powder lines—the second had been completed only eight days before the accident in order to double plant capacity—occupied a site of less than 500 acres. Radford—with three powder lines—takes in 4,000 acres. In other new plants, buildings are equally widely spread. The spacing is determined by the American Table of Distances, which is based on a confidential exchange of data about accidents among powder makers.

The Kenvil disaster, in which explosions ripped up and down two powder lines, spaced according to the existing safety notions, profoundly modified the application of the American Table. Because of incomplete experience the previous safety factor had been tragically inadequate. Today powder makers tend to be, if anything, overcautious. A shed housing 500 pounds of explosives, for example, can be no closer to another powder building than 160 feet.

No person even slightly intoxicated is permitted on powder-works premises. When a mix-house worker at Radford showed up bleary-eyed he was sent to the medical office for an alcohol test. Within twenty minutes, I later learned, he was out of a job. Before he was escorted through the main gate he was shown a series of before-and-after photos of the Kenvil disaster.

"A drunk can destroy materials in any plant," the safety superintendent told him. "Where explosives are being made, he can destroy the plant itself."

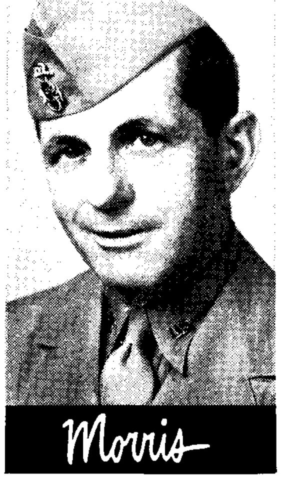
THE END



The Week's Work

IN BUILDING the big over-all story of the greatest naval battle in our hisory (beginning on p. 11), Collier's adapted newspaper echnique to magazine puroses. The newspaper custom to send out several reportrs to cover various phases of big story, with each man reorting to a rewrite man, who o-ordinates the information ll of them have gathered.

The procedure was much the same in the case of America's Greatest Naval Battle. Coler's asked four veteran war orrespondents to cover the prawling action in the Pacific rom four scattered points.



Quentin Reynolds, whose eat in this war up to now, as been the European theter, worked out of Pacific Fleet Headquarters at Pearl Harbor. He interviewed Rear Admiral Sprague and other ey men — including Commander David McCampbell, he man officially credited with shooting down nine Jap fighter planes.

George E. Jones, United Press correspondent, was board Vice-Admiral Marc A. Mitscher's flagship. Standng right at Mitscher's elbow s the admiral's famous carier task force bore down on he north end of Leyte Island, he was able to report even he little "asides" Mitscher spoke during tense moments. Ralph Teatorth, also of the United Press, was in on he shooting in another sector, as correspondent aboard Vice-Admiral Thomas C. Kincaid's flagship.

Frank D. Morris, intimately acquainted with Pacific battle conditions after many months of service in that theater as Collier's correspondent, worked on the story in New York and Washington, integrating the reports of the three other men, analyzing official battle reports, and adding fresh material gleaned from a lengthy interview with Commodore Arleigh A. "Thirty-one Knot" Burke, ust back from the battle.

In this composite article, it is impossible o say precisely where one man's word ends and another's begins, but Collier's editors have used marginal notes to indicate in a general way what material came from which one of the four sources.

A later installment will include the work of still other men — Frank Taylor, who from San Francisco contributes the story of crew members of a destroyer which scored fifty direct hits and pulled in at the West Coast for repairs, and Robert De Vore of Collier's Washington office, who contributes details of the final day of action as told by returned Navy men.

The two United Press men who helped develop this story have served in the Pacific for something over two years apiece. They both have traveled thousands of miles by plane and ship, covering many major battles and participating in landings.

Teatsorth started his newspaper career by way of a paper route in his home town of Findlay, Ohio. After some experience on the paper there, he joined the United Press, serving in Cleveland, Chicago and New York before going overseas.

George Jones hit the beaches with assault troops so often that his fellow correspondents nicknamed him "First Wave" Jones. From Rendova, Treasury Island, Bougainville, Arawe, Cape Gloucester and Kwajalein, his eyewitness dispatches gave play-by-play accounts of the Pacific island invasions. In October he reported the bombing of Formosa by the U. S. Navy. He watched the heavy air assault from a U. S. carrier off the Japanese stronghold.

Jones is twenty-seven, a native of Eugene, Oregon. He started his newspaper career while a senior at the University of Oregon, working for various West Coast dailies until he joined the United Press in 1939.

One of his first major stories from the Pacific was an interview with Admiral William F. Halsey, during which Halsey said, "The only way we can win this war is to kill Japs, then kill some more, and then still some more."

WE ARE happy to announce the formation of a Collier's Squawk Club. Do you yearn to swat Aunt Julie when she tells you the plot of the movie she just saw? Do you feel strongly about supercilious sales clerks, waiters, receptionists?

Then you're our man. Just write us all about it and we'll take the matter up with Squawk President Rube Goldberg, who will send you a handsome signed and countersigned certificate of membership in the Squawk Club. He will also, as on p. 44, start various reform movements by way of his cartoons.

Squawks are a new field for "Uncle Rube," whom you doubtless know for his fearsome inventions. He began his adult life as an engineer, designing sewers for the city of San Francisco, and gravitated naturally from that to invention. His latest inventions, offering "help for buffet-supper balancers" and "control of Sinatra squealers" are assembled in a new volume called The Rube Goldberg Plan for the Postwar World. When not inventing something or attending to squawks, he is a political cartoonist for the New York Sun and other papers throughout the country. . . . A. P.

An old portrait of Rube Goldberg

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"Wait'll he starts smoking Sir Walter Raleigh—then go in and ask him for a raise."

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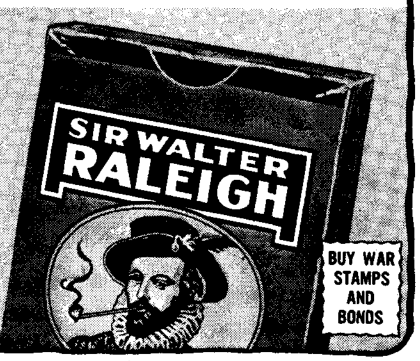

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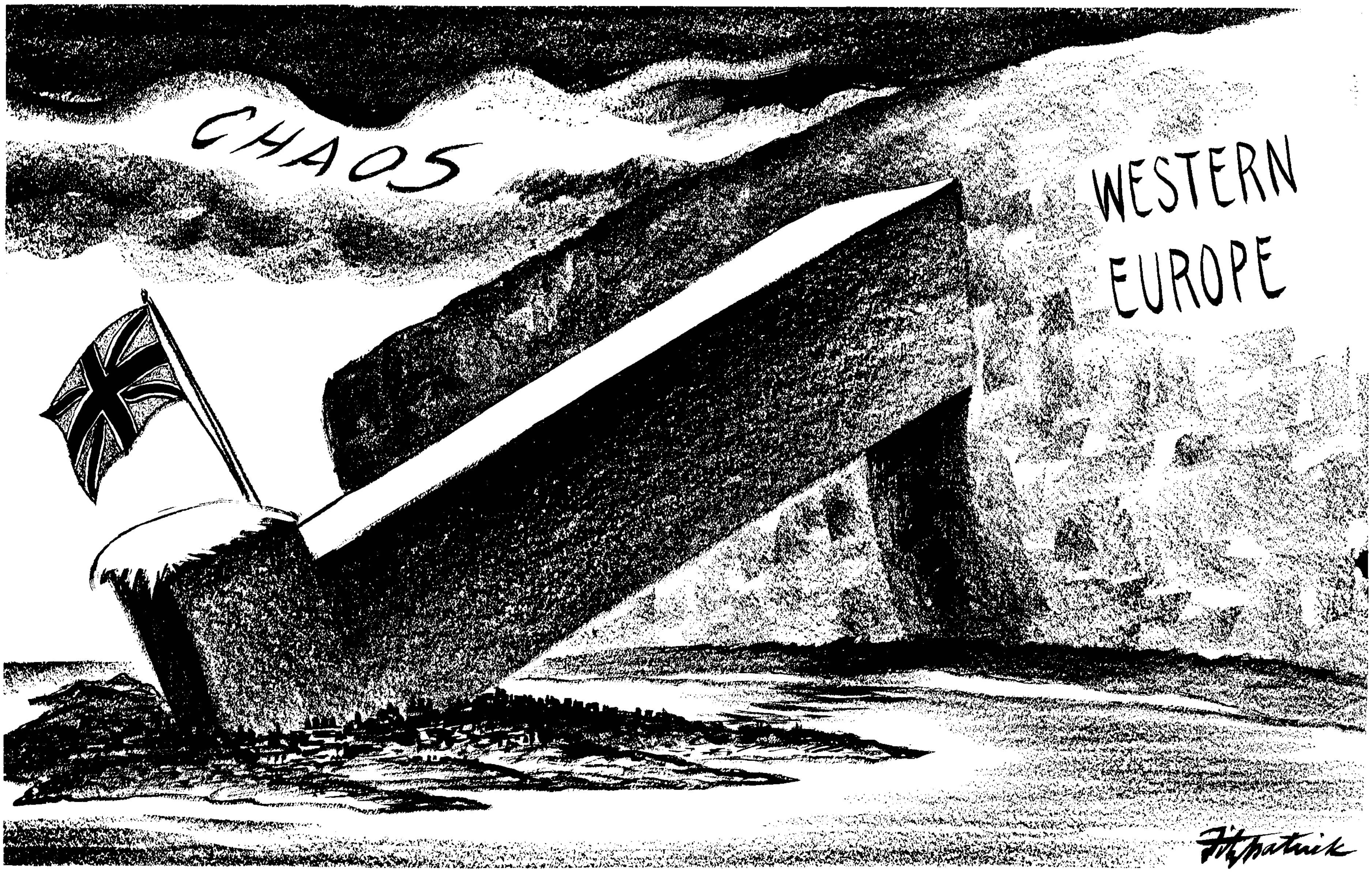


Our Stake in British Recovery

The prolongation of the war into what will be for us the sixth and seventh year means that certain improvements are essential if our national economy is to be as fully effective as possible for the prosecution of the war. Fatigue and abstinence carried too far, endured too long, can impede the effectiveness of a people at war at least as much as a more sensational form of privation.

—*Winston Churchill, House of Commons, November 30, 1944.*

STEPPING gingerly, the Administration appears to be moving to persuade Congress and the people to make some major changes in the operation of the Lend-Lease law.

Some of these changes go into effect as 1945 begins. British manufacturers will henceforth be able to export for sale articles which are made entirely or partly from Lend-Lease iron, steel and nonferrous metals paid for by Great Britain.

The really big Lend-Lease changes, however, are scheduled for June, when the present law expires, and Congress is expected to renew it for another year.

At this writing, the Administration has not publicized in detail the changes it wants made in June. But the changes asked for will be based on these propositions: (1) Britain has taken a body blow to its entire economy in this war, a blow from which it probably could not recover unassisted; (2) it is to our interest to see Britain recover as rapidly as possible after the war.

These Lend-Lease changes, if adopted, will turn Lend-Lease into a mechanism for keeping British efficacy at peak during the rest of the war and for aiding British economic recovery after the war. That's the long and short of it, and why not?

How hard Britain has been hit in this war, as dourly touched on by Mr. Churchill in the statement quoted above, is indicated in detail by a White Paper recently issued by the British government, entitled Statistics Relating to the War Effort of the United Kingdom, and obtainable on request from British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

The war has roweled every part of Britain's economy. More than one third of all the United Kingdom's men between 14 and 64 are in the British armed forces; almost half of its women between 14 and 59 are in the armed forces, in full-time civil defense work, or in industry.

One out of every three houses in Britain has been either destroyed or damaged in air raids or the roblitz. No new dwelling houses have been built during the war, and no major repairs have been feasible. Civilian casualties to August 31, 1944, totaled 57,298 killed and 78,818 wounded.

It is in the foreign-trade and finance departments that Britain has been hit most pertinently to this Lend-Lease discussion. Its exports (lifeblood of Great Britain) fell in value by 50 per cent between 1938 and 1943, and in quantity by 71 per cent.

British central government expenditures skyrocketed from $4,000,000,000 in 1938 to 23 billions in 1943. So did its number of income-tax payers—from 4,000,000 to 13,000,000.

The war has gutted Britain of huge amounts of real wealth at home; and, in addition, the British have had to liquidate $4,260,000,000 worth of overseas assets, and have piled up new overseas debts totaling $9,200,000,000.

Our contribution is nothing to be ashamed of. We've built our own huge war machine, are maintaining it, and the fall and winter have taken casualties which ought to satisfy all but the most bloodthirsty onlookers. Besides that, we have contributed in Lend-Lease goods and services up to last June 30th a total of $28,270,351,000. This figure breaks down to $13,300,000,000 to the British Empire, $5,900,000,000 to Russia, and $1,000,000,000 to China, and is offset in part by $3,348,000,000 in reverse Lend-Lease from the British Empire nations.

It is a fact, though, that Britain held out as an advance base for western Allied operations against Germany until American, British and Canadian strength could be massed in the United Kingdom for the smash into France. Had Britain not held out, it is anybody's guess where the Allied cause might be today.

In the years just following the war, it is pretty generally agreed that the world will most likely be rolling along an extremely rocky road. If world trade cannot be revived swiftly after the war, the situation will probably deteriorate into chaos, with more and worse wars hatching.

Well, Britain will have its Commonwealth of Nations and the trade routes linking those nations. British business and financial talents are world famous. We'll have a lot of merchant shipping, huge production facilities and our own able business and financial leaders.

Here would seem to be a couple of economic organisms which, teamed up loosely together, could be expected to get world trade going in a hurry and keep it at a satisfactory tempo for a long time to come.

On the other hand, if we go in for a trade war with Britain after the shooting war stops, we can pretty well paralyze both Britain and ourselves, and can wreck any hopes of setting up a world organization to keep the peace.

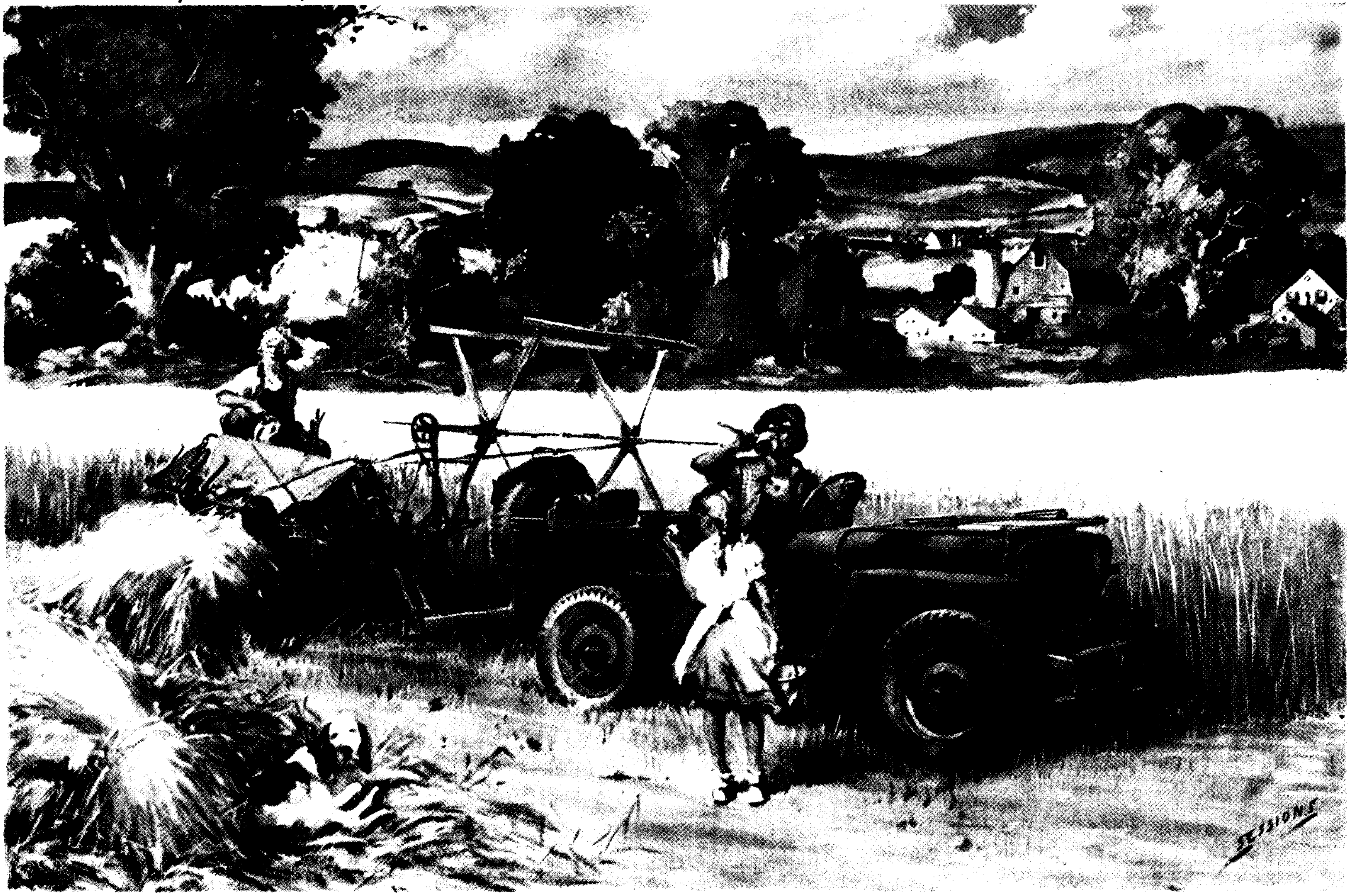
Those are the facts in this situation, whether you love the British, hate them, or are neutral in your feelings about them.

So what the Administration is aiming at is to help Britain get back on its feet after this war as a matter of cold dollars-and-cents advantage to the United States.

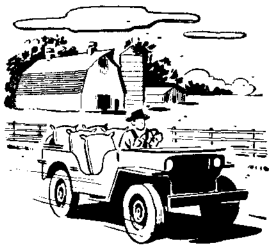
Congress should repeal the Johnson Act, which prohibits loans of American money to nations in default on debts to the United States—meaning chiefly nations which didn't and, in fact, could not pay all of their World War I debts to us.

The notions that lay behind the Johnson Act were repudiated in the last election. The slate should be wiped clean of that and similar products of isolationist thinking.

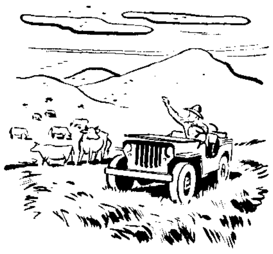
• • In every country in the world · · · to millions of people · · · "JEEP" means WILLYS • •



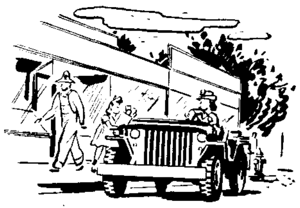
The Sun Never Sets On the Mighty "Jeep"



HAULING GRAIN



HERDING CATTLE



GOING TO TOWN

"JEEP" INVADES MIDWEST FARM

Demonstrates Post-War Possibilities

"Yes, we had a real, genuine 'Jeep' at our farm for a few days. It was the biggest event that ever occurred in our section, in my opinion.

"We hooked the 'Jeep' to the reaper and when we gave her the gas she walked right away with it.

"Close as I could figure it, we saved the best part of a day on the cutting of our grain—and that means a lot with conditions what they are.

"One important thing about the 'Jeep' is that it doesn't get tired. We didn't have to stop at the far turns for breathers. *We just kept going.*

"The 'Jeep' gives you a nice, steady, smooth pull and *moves right along,* hour after hour.

"We hauled feed over to a neighbor's. We hooked it up to a manure spreader. Then we drove out to the pasture to round up the cows—and the 'Jeep' made nothing of it.

"On the highway she went like a scared Jack Rabbit. *Talk about fast!* I certainly will try to have a 'Jeep' if they are available after the war. Willys has done a great job."

* * *

"Jeeps" of war are still rolling off the production lines at Willys plants. But the war's end comes nearer and nearer. We look forward to the post-war days when the priceless things we have learned from the Willys Scout Car, which the whole world calls the "Jeep," and the Willys Go-Devil "Jeep" Engine, in 10-billion miles of war service, can be built into exclusive Willys power units for work and transportation under post-war conditions.

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